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A ROMAN SINGER.

V.

Nino was thoroughly frightened, for he knew that discovery portended the loss of everything most dear to him. No more lessons with Hedwig, no more parties to the Pantheon — no more peace, no more anything. He wrung his fingers together and breathed hard.

"Ah, signora!" he found voice to exclaim, "I am sure you cannot believe it possible" —

"Why not, Signor Cardegna?" asked the baroness, looking up at him from under her half-closed lids with a mocking glance. "Why not? Did you not tell me where you lived? And does not the whole neighborhood know that you are no other than Giovanni Cardegna, commonly called Nino, who is to make his *début* in the Carnival season?"

"Dio mio!" ejaculated Nino in a hoarse voice, realizing that he was entirely found out, and that nothing could save him. He paced the room in an agony of despair, and his square face was as white as a sheet. The baroness sat watching him with a smile on her lips, amused at the tempest she had created, and pretending to know much more than she did. She thought it not impossible that Nino, who was certainly poor, might be supporting himself by teaching Italian while studying for the stage, and she inwardly admired his

sense and twofold talent, if that were really the case. But she was willing to torment him a little, seeing that she had the power.

"Signor Cardegna" — she called him in her soft voice. He turned quickly, and stood facing her, his arms crossed.

"You look like Napoleon at Waterloo, when you stand like that," she laughed. He made no answer, waiting to see what she would do with her victory. "It seems that you are sorry I have discovered you," she added presently, looking down at her hands.

"Is that all!" he said, with a bitter sneer on his pale young face.

"Then, since you are sorry, you must have a reason for concealment," she went on, as though reflecting on the situation. It was deftly done, and Nino took heart.

"Signora," he said in a trembling voice, "it is natural that a man should wish to live. I give lessons now, until I have appeared in public, to support myself."

"Ah — I begin to understand," said the baroness. In reality, she began to doubt, reflecting that if this were the whole truth Nino would be too proud — or any other Italian — to say it so plainly. She was subtle, the baroness!

"And do you suppose," he continued, "that if once the Conte di Lira had an idea that I was to be a public singer he

would employ me as a teacher for his daughter?"

"No, but others might," she objected.

"But not the count" — Nino bit his lip, fearing he had betrayed himself.

"Nor the contessina," laughed the baroness, completing the sentence. He saw at a glance what she suspected, and instead of keeping cool grew angry.

"I came here, Signora Baronessa, not to be cross-examined, but to teach you Italian. Since you do not desire to study, I will say good-morning." He took his hat, and moved proudly to the door.

"Come here," she said, not raising her voice, but still commanding. He turned, hesitated, and came back. He thought her voice was changed. She rose, and swept her silken morning-gown between the chairs and tables, till she reached a deep divan on the other side of the room. There she sat down.

"Come and sit beside me," she said kindly, and he obeyed in silence.

"Do you know what would have happened," she continued, when he was seated, "if you had left me just now? I would have gone to the Graf von Lira and told him that you were not a fit person to teach his daughter; that you are a singer, and not a professor at all; and that you have assumed this disguise for the sake of seeing his daughter." But I do not believe that she would have done it.

"That would have been a betrayal," said Nino fiercely, looking away from her. She laughed lightly.

"Is it not natural," she asked, "that I should make inquiries about my Italian teacher, before I begin lessons with him? And if I find he is not what he pretends to be, should I not warn my intimate friends?" She spoke so reasonably that he was fain to acknowledge that she was right.

"It is just," he said sullenly. "But you have been very quick to make your inquiries, as you call them."

"The time was short, since you were to come this morning."

"That is true," he answered. He moved uneasily. "And now, signora, will you be kind enough to tell me what you intend to do with me?"

"Certainly, since you are more reasonable. You see I treat you altogether as an artist, and not at all as an Italian master. A great artist may idle away a morning in a woman's boudoir; a simple teacher of languages must be more industrious."

"But I am not a great artist," said Nino, whose vanity — we all have it — began to flutter a little.

"You will be one before long, and one of the greatest. You are a boy yet, my little tenor," said she, looking at him with her dark eyes, "and I might almost be your mother. How old are you, Signor Nino?"

"I was twenty on my last birthday," he answered, blushing.

"You see! I am thirty — at least," she added, with a short laugh.

"Well, signora, what of that?" asked Nino, half amused. "I wish I were thirty myself."

"I am glad you are not," said she. "Now listen. You are completely in my power, do you understand? Yes. And you are apparently very much in love with my young friend, the Contessina di Lira" — Nino sprang to his feet, his face white again, but with rage this time.

"Signora," he cried, "this is too much! It is insufferable! Good-morning," and he made as though he would go.

"Very well," said the baroness; "then I will go to the Graf and explain who you are. Ah — you are calm again in a moment? Sit down. Now I have discovered you, and I have a right to you, do you see? It is fortunate for you that I like you."

"You! You like me? In truth, you act as though you did! Besides, you

are a stranger, Signora Baronessa, and a great lady. I never saw you till yesterday." But he resumed his seat.

"Good," said she. "Is not the Signorina Edvigia a great lady, and was there never a day when she was a stranger too?"

"I do not understand your caprices, signora. In fine, what do you want of me?"

"It is not necessary that you should understand me," answered the dark-eyed baroness. "Do you think I would hurt you — or rather your voice?"

"I do not know."

"You know very well that I would not; and as for my caprices, as you call them, do you think it is a caprice to love music? No, of course not. And who loves music loves musicians; at least," she added, with a most enchanting smile, "enough to wish to have them near one. That is all. I want you to come here often and sing to me. Will you come and sing to me, my little tenor?"

Nino would not have been human had he not felt the flattery through the sting. And I always say that singers are the vainest kind of people.

"It is very like singing in a cage," he said, in protest. Nevertheless, he knew he must submit; for, however narrow his experience might be, this woman's smile and winning grace, even when she said the hardest things, told him that she would have her own way. He had the sense to understand, too, that whatever her plans might be, their object was to bring him near to herself, a reflection which was extremely soothing to his vanity.

"If you will come and sing to me, — only to me, of course, for I would not ask you to compromise your *début*, — but if you will come and sing to me, we shall be very good friends. Does it seem to you such a terrible penance to sing to me in my solitude?"

"It is never a penance to sing," said

Nino simply. A shade of annoyance crossed the baroness's face.

"Provided," she said, "it entails nothing. Well, we will not talk about the terms."

They say women sometimes fall in love with a voice: *vox et præterea nihil*, as the poet has it. I do not know whether that is what happened to the baroness at first, but it has always seemed strange to me that she should have given herself so much trouble to secure Nino, unless she had a very strong fancy for him. I, for my part, think that when a lady of her condition takes such a sudden caprice into her head, she thinks it necessary to maltreat the poor man a little at first, just to satisfy her conscience, and to be able to say later that she did not encourage him. I have had some experience, as everybody is aware, and so I may speak boldly. On the other hand, a man like Nino, when he is in love, is absolutely blind to other women. There is only one idea in his soul that has any life, and every one outside that idea is only so much landscape; they are no better for him — the other women — than a museum of wax dolls.

The baroness, as you have seen, had Nino in her power, and there was nothing for it but submission; he came and went at her bidding, and often she would send for him when he least expected it. He would do as she commanded, somewhat sullenly and with a bad grace, but obediently, for all that; she had his destiny in her hands, and could in a moment frustrate all his hopes. But, of course, she knew that if she betrayed him to the count, Nino would be lost to her also, since he came to her only in order to maintain his relations with Hedwig.

Meanwhile, the blue-eyed maiden of the North waxed fitful. Sometimes two or three lessons would pass in severe study. Nino, who always took care to know the passages they were reading, so that he might look at her instead of

at his book, had instituted an arrangement by which they sat opposite each other at a small table. He would watch her every movement and look, and carry away a series of photographs of her, — a whole row, like the little books of Roman views they sell in the streets, strung together on a strip of paper, — and these views of her lasted with him for two whole days, until he saw her again. But sometimes he would catch a glimpse of her in the interval, driving with her father.

There were other days when Hedwig could not be induced to study, but would overwhelm Nino with questions about his wonderful cousin who sang; so that he longed with his whole soul to tell her it was he himself who had sung. She saw his reluctance to speak about it, and she blushed when she mentioned the night at the Pantheon; but for her life she could not help talking of the pleasure she had had. Her blushes seemed like the promise of spring roses to her lover, who drank of the air of her presence till that subtle ether ran like fire through his veins. He was nothing to her, he could see; but the singer of the Pantheon engrossed her thoughts and brought the hot blood to her cheek. The beam of moonlight had pierced the soft virgin darkness of her sleeping soul, and found a heart so cold and spotless that even a moon ray was warm by comparison. And the voice that sang "*Spirto gentil dei sogni miei*" had itself become by memory the gentle spirit of her own dreams. She is so full of imagination, this statue of Nino's, that she heard the notes echoing after her by day and night, till she thought she must go mad unless she could hear the reality again. As the great solemn statue of Egyptian Memnon murmurs sweet, soft sounds to its mighty self at sunrise, a musical whisper in the desert, so the pure white marble of Nino's living statue vibrated with strange harmonies all the day long.

One night, as Nino walked homeward with De Pretis, who had come to supper with us, he induced the maestro to go out of his way at least half a mile, to pass the Palazzo Carmandola. It was a still night, not over-cold for December, and there were neither stars nor moon. As they passed the great house Nino saw a light in Hedwig's sitting-room — the room where he gave her the lessons. It was late, and she must be alone. On a sudden he stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked De Pretis.

For all answer, Nino, standing in the dark street below, lifted up his voice and sang the first notes of the air he always associated with his beautiful contessina. Before he had sung a dozen bars, the window opened, and the girl's figure could be seen, black against the light within. He went on for a few notes, and then ceased suddenly.

"Let us go," he said in a low voice to Ercole; and they went away, leaving the contessina listening in the stillness to the echo of their feet. A Roman girl would not have done that; she would have sat quietly inside, and never have shown herself. But foreigners are so impulsive!

Nino never heard the last of those few notes, any more than the contessina, literally speaking, ever heard the end of the song.

"Your cousin, about whom you make so much mystery, passed under my window last night," said the young lady the next day, with the usual display of carnation in her cheeks at the mention of him.

"Indeed, signorina?" said Nino calmly, for he expected the remark. "And since you have never seen him, pray how did you know it was he?"

"How should one know?" she asked scornfully. "There are not two such voices as his in Italy. He sang."

"He sang?" cried Nino, with an affectation of alarm. "I must tell the

maestro not to let him sing in the open air; he will lose his voice."

"Who is his master?" asked Hedwig, suddenly.

"I cannot remember the name just now," said Nino, looking away. "But I will find out, if you wish." He was afraid of putting De Pretis to any inconvenience by saying that the young singer was his pupil. "However," he continued, "you will hear him sing as often as you please, after he makes his debut next month." He sighed when he thought that it would all so soon be over. For how could he disguise himself any longer, when he should be singing in public every night? But Hedwig clapped her hands.

"So soon?" she cried. "Then there will be an end of the mystery."

"Yes," said Nino gravely, "there will be an end of the mystery."

"At least you can tell me his name, now that we shall all know it?"

"Oh, his name — his name is Cardagna, like mine. He is my cousin, you know." And they went on with the lesson. But something of the kind occurred almost every time he came, so that he felt quite sure that, however indifferent he might be in her eyes, the singer, the Nino of whom she knew nothing, interested her deeply.

Meanwhile he was obliged to go very often to the baroness's scented boudoir, which smelled of incense and other Eastern perfumes, whenever it did not smell of cigarettes; and there he sang little songs, and submitted patiently to her demands for more and more music. She would sit by the piano and watch him as he sang, wondering whether he were handsome or ugly, with his square face and broad throat and the black circles round his eyes. He had a fascination for her, as being something utterly new to her.

One day she stood and looked over the music as he sang, almost touching him, and his hair was so curly and soft

to look at that she was seized with a desire to stroke it, as Mariuccia strokes the old gray cat for hours together. The action was quite involuntary, and her fingers rested only a moment on his head.

"It is so curly," she said, half playfully, half apologetically. But Nino started as though he had been stung, and his dark face grew pale. A girl could not have seemed more hurt at a strange man's touch.

"Signora!" he cried, springing to his feet. The baroness, who is as dark as he, blushed almost red, partly because she was angry, and partly because she was ashamed.

"What a boy you are!" she said, carelessly enough, and turned away to the window, pushing back one heavy curtain with her delicate hand, as if she would look out.

"Pardon me, signora, I am not a boy," said Nino, speaking to the back of her head as he stood behind her. "It is time we understood each other better. I love like a man and I hate like a man. I love some one very much."

"Fortunate contessina!" laughed the baroness, mockingly, without turning round.

"It does not concern you, signora, to know whom I love, nor, if you know, to speak of her. I ask you a simple question. If you loved a man with your whole soul and heart, would you allow another man to stand beside you and stroke your hair, and say it was curly?" The baroness burst out laughing. "Do not laugh," he continued. "Remember that I am in your power only so long as it pleases me to submit to you. Do not abuse your advantage, or I will be capable of creating for myself situations quite as satisfactory as that of Italian master to the Signorina di Lira."

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning suddenly upon him. "I suppose you would tell me that you will

make advantages for yourself which you will abuse, against me? What do you mean?"

"I do not mean that. I mean only that I may not wish to give lessons to the contessina much longer." By this time the baroness had recovered her equanimity; and as she would have been sorry to lose Nino, who was a source of infinite pleasure and amusement to her, she decided to pacify him, instead of teasing him any more.

"Is it not very foolish for us to quarrel about your curly hair?" said she. "We have been such good friends, always." It might have been three weeks, her "always."

"I think it is," answered Nino gravely. "But do not stroke my hair again, Signora Baronessa, or I shall be angry." He was quite serious, if you believe it, though he was only twenty. He forthwith sat down to the piano again and sang on. The baroness sat very silent and scarcely looked at him; but she held her hands clasped on her knee, and seemed to be thinking. After a time Nino stopped singing, and sat silent also, absently turning over the sheets of music. It was warm in the room, and the sounds from the street were muffled and far away.

"Signor Nino," said the lady at last, in a different voice, "I am married."

"Yes, signora," he replied, wondering what would come next.

"It would be very foolish of me to care for you."

"It would also be very wicked," he said calmly; for he is well grounded in religion. The baroness stared at him in some surprise, but seeing he was perfectly serious, she went on.

"Precisely, as you say, very wicked. That being the case, I have decided not to care for you any more—I mean, not to care for you at all. I have made up my mind to be your friend."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship," he answered, without moving a

muscle. For you see, he did not believe her.

"Now tell me, then, Signor Nino, are you in earnest in what you are doing? Do you really set your heart on doing this thing?"

"What?" asked Nino, annoyed at the persistence of the woman.

"Why need you be afraid to understand me? Can you not forgive me? Can you not believe in me, that I will be your friend? I have always dreamed of being the friend of a great artist. Let me be yours, and believe me, the thing you have in your heart shall be done."

"I would like to hope so," he said. But he smiled incredulously. "I can only say that if you can accomplish what it is in my heart to do, I will go through fire and water at your bidding; and if you are not mocking me, I am very grateful for the offer. But if you please, signora, we will not speak any more of this at present. I may be a great artist, some day. Sometimes I feel sure that I shall. But now I am simply Giovanni Cardegna, teacher of literature; and the highest favor you can confer on me is not to deprive me of my means of support, by revealing to the Conte di Lira my other occupation. I may fail hopelessly at the outset of my artistic career, and in that case I shall certainly remain a teacher of language."

"Very well," said the baroness, in a subdued voice; for, in spite of her will and willfulness, this square-faced boy of mine was more than a match for her. "Very well, you will believe me another day, and now I will ask you to go, for I am tired."

I cannot be interrupted by your silly questions about the exact way in which things happened. I must tell this story in my own way, or not at all; and I am sacrificing a great deal to your taste in cutting out all the little things that I really most enjoy telling. Whether

you are astonished at the conduct of the baroness, after a three weeks' acquaintance, or not, I care not a fig. It is just the way it happened, and I dare say she was really madly in love with Nino. If I had been Nino, I should have been in love with her. But I would like you to admire my boy's audacity, and to review the situation, before I go on to speak of that important event in his life, his first appearance on the boards of the opera. At the time of his début he was still disguised as a teacher of Italian to the young *contessina*. She thought him interesting and intelligent, but that was all. Her thoughts were entirely, though secretly, engrossed by the mysterious singer, whom she had heard twice, but had not seen, as far as she knew. Nino, on the other hand, loved her to desperation, and would have acted like a madman had he been deprived of his privilege of speaking to her three times a week. He loved her with the same earnest determination to win her that he had shown for years in the study of his art, and with all the rest of his nature besides, which is saying much — not to mention his soul, of which he thinks a great deal more than I do.

Besides this, the baroness had apparently fallen in love with him, had made him her intimate, and flattered him in a way to turn his head. Then she seemed to have thought better of her passion, and had promised him her friendship, — a promise which he himself considered of no importance whatever. As for the old Conte di Lira, he read the German newspapers, and cared for none of these things. De Pretis took an extra pinch of his good snuff, when he thought that his liberal ideas might yet be realized, and a man from the people marry a great lady by fairly winning her. Do not, after this, complain that I have left you in the dark, or that you do not know how it happened. It is as clear as water, and it was about four months

from the time Nino saw Hedwig in St. Peter's to the time when he first sang in public.

Christmas passed by, — thank Heaven, the municipality has driven away those most detestable *pifferari*, who played on their discordant bagpipes at every corner for a fortnight, and nearly drove me crazy, — and the *Befana*, as we call the Epiphany in Rome, was gone, with its gay racket, and the night fair in the Piazza Navona, and the days for Nino's first appearance drew near. I never knew anything about the business arrangements for the début, since De Pretis settled all that with *Jacovacci*, the *impresario*; but I know that there were many rehearsals, and that I was obliged to stand security to the theatrical tailor, together with De Pretis, in order that Nino might have his dress made. As for the cowl in the last act, De Pretis has a brother who is a monk, and between them they put together a very decent friar's costume; and *Mariuccia* had a good piece of rope, which Nino used for a girdle.

"What does it matter?" he said, with much good sense. "For if I sing well, they will not look at my monk's hood; and if I sing badly, I may be dressed like the Holy Father, and they will hiss me just the same. But in the beginning I must look like a courtier, and be dressed like one."

"I suppose so," said I; "but I wish you had taken to philosophy."

VI.

I shall never forget the day of Nino's first appearance. You may imagine whether we were in a state of excitement or not, after all these years of study and waiting. There was much more trouble and worry than if he had written a great book, and was just to publish it, and receive the homage of all the learning and talent in Europe;

which is the kind of *début* I had hoped he would make in life, instead of putting on a foolish dress, and stamping about on a stage, and squalling love songs to a packed house, making pantomime with his hands, and altogether behaving like an idiot, — a crowd of people ready to hiss him at the slightest indication of weakness, or to carry him on their shoulders if they fancied his voice to their taste.

No wonder Nino was sad and depressed all day, and when he tried his voice in the afternoon thought it was less clear than usual, and stared at himself in the looking-glass, wondering whether he were not too ugly altogether, as I always told him. To tell the truth, he was not so ugly as he had been; for the months with the *contessina* had refined him singularly, and perhaps he had caught a certain grace of manner from the baroness. He had grown more silent, too, and seemed always pre-occupied, as well he might be; but he had concealed his affair with the *Lira* family from me until that day, and I supposed him anxious about his appearance.

Early in the morning came De Pretis, and suggested that it would be better for Nino to take a walk and breathe the fresh air a little; so I bade him go, and I did not see him again until the afternoon. De Pretis said that the only cause for anxiety was from stage fright, and went away taking snuff and flourishing his immense cotton handkerchief. I thought a man must be a fool to work for years in order to sing, and then, when he had learned to do it quite well, to be afraid of showing what he knew. I did not think Nino would be frightened.

Of course, there was a final rehearsal at eleven, and Nino put off the hour of the lesson with the *contessina* to three in the afternoon, by some excuse or other. He must have felt very much pressed for time, having to give her a

lesson on the very day of his coming out; and besides, he knew very well that it might be the last of his days with her, and that a great deal would depend on the way he bore himself at his trial. He sang badly, or thought he did, at the rehearsal, and grew more and more depressed and grave as the day advanced. He came out of the little stage door of the Apollo theatre at *Tor di Nona*, and his eyes fell upon the broad bills and posters announcing the first appearance of "*Giovanni Cardegna*, the most distinguished pupil of the *Maestro Ercole De Pretis*, in Verdi's opera the *Favorita*." His heart sank at the sight of his own name, and he turned towards the Bridge of Sant' Angelo to get away from it. He was the last to leave the theatre, and De Pretis was with him.

At that moment he saw Hedwig von Lira sitting in an open carriage, in front of the box office. De Pretis bowed low; she smiled; and Nino took off his hat, but would not go near her, escaping in the opposite direction. He thought she looked somewhat surprised, but his only idea was to get away, lest she should call him and put some awkward question.

An hour and a half later he entered her sitting-room. There she sat, as usual, with her books, awaiting him perhaps for the last time, a fair, girlish figure with gold hair, but oh, so cold! — it makes me shiver to think of how she used to look. Possibly there was a dreaminess about her blue eyes that made up for her manner; but how Nino could love her, I cannot understand. It must have been like making love to a pillar of ice.

"I am much indebted to you for allowing me to come at this hour, *signorina*," he said, as he bowed.

"Ah, professore, it looks almost as though it were you yourself who were to make your *début*," said she, laughing and leaning back in her chair. "Your name is on every corner in Rome, and I

saw you coming out of a side door of the theatre this morning." Nino trembled, but reflected that if she had suspected anything she would not have made so light of it.

"The fact is, signorina, my cousin is so nervous that he begged me earnestly to be present at the rehearsal this morning; and as it is the great event of his life, I could not easily refuse him. I presume you are going to hear him, since I saw your carriage at the theatre."

"Yes. At the last minute, my father wanted to change our box for one nearer the stage, and so we went ourselves. The baroness — you know, the lady who went with us to the Pantheon — is going with us to-night." It was the first time Hedwig had mentioned her, and it was evident that Nino's intimacy with the baroness had been kept a secret. How long would it be so? Mechanically he proceeded with the lesson, thinking mournfully that he should never give her another. But Hedwig was more animated than he had ever seen her, and often stopped to ask questions about the coming performance. It was evident that she was entirely absorbed with the thought of at last hearing to its fullest extent the voice that had haunted her dreams; most of all, with the anticipation of what this wonderful singer would be like. Dwelling on the echo of his singing for months had roused her interest and curiosity to such a pitch that she could hardly be quiet a moment, or think calmly of what she was to enjoy; and yet she looked so very cold and indifferent at most times. But Nino had noticed all this, and rejoiced at it; young as he was, however, he understood that the discovery she was about to make would be a shock that would certainly produce some palpable result, when she should see him from her box in the theatre. He trembled for the consequences.

The lesson was over all too soon, and

Nino lingered a moment to see whether the very last drops of his cup of happiness might not still be sweet. He did not know when he should see her again, to speak with her; and though he determined it should not be long, the future seemed very uncertain; and he would look on her loveliness while he might.

"I hope you will like my cousin's singing," he said, rather timidly.

"If he sings as he has sung before, he is the greatest artist living," she said calmly, as though no one would dispute it. "But I am curious to see him, as well as to hear him."

"He is not handsome," said Nino, smiling a little. "In fact, there is a family resemblance; he is said to look like me."

"Why did you not tell me that before?" she asked quickly, and fixed her blue eyes on Nino's face, as though she wished to photograph the features in her mind.

"I did not suppose the signorina would think twice about a singer's appearance," said Nino quietly. Hedwig blushed and turned away, busying herself with her books. At that moment Graf von Lira entered from the next room. Nino bowed.

"Curious is it," said the count, "that you and the about-to-make-his-appearance tenor should the same name have."

"He is a near relation, Signor Conte, — the same whom you heard sing in the Pantheon. I hope you will like his voice."

"That is what we shall see, Signor Professore," answered the other severely. He had a curious way of bowing, as though he were made only in two pieces, from his waist to his heels, and from his waist to the crown of his head. Nino went his way sadly, and wondering how Hedwig would look when she should recognize him from her box in the theatre, that very evening.

It is a terrible and a heart-tearing thing to part from the woman one loves. That is nothing new, you say. Every one knows that. Perhaps so, though I think not. Only those can know it who have experienced it, and for them no explanations are in any way at all necessary. The mere word "parting" calls up such an infinity of sorrow that it is better to draw a veil over the sad thing and bury it out of sight, and put upon it the seal on which is graven "No Hope."

Moreover, when a man only supposes, as Nino did, that he is leaving the woman he loves, or is about to leave her, until he can devise some new plan for seeing her, the case is not so very serious. Nevertheless, Nino, who is of a very tender constitution of the affections, suffered certain pangs which are always hard to bear, and as he walked slowly down the street he hung his head low, and did not look like a man who could possibly be successful in anything he might undertake that day. Yet it was the most important day of his life, and had it not been that he had left Hedwig with little hope of ever giving her another lesson, he would have been so happy that the whole air would have seemed dancing with sunbeams and angels and flowers. I think that when a man loves he cares very little for what he does. The greatest success is indifferent to him, and he cares not at all for failure, in the ordinary undertakings of life. These are my reflections, and they are worth something, because I once loved very much myself, and was parted from her I loved many times, before the last parting.

It was on this day that Nino came to me and told me all the history of the past months, of which I knew nothing; but, as you know all about it, I need not tell you what the conversation was like, until he had finished. Then I told him he was the prince and chief of donkeys, which was no more than the truth, as every-

body will allow. He only spread out his palms and shrugged his shoulders, putting his head on one side, as though to say he could not help it.

"Is it perhaps my fault that you are a little donkey?" I asked; for you may imagine whether I was angry or not.

"Certainly not, Sor Cornelio," he said. "It is entirely my own doing; but I do not see that I am a donkey."

"Blood of Bacchus!" I ejaculated, holding up my hands. "He does not believe he is a great stupid!" But Nino was not angry at all. He busied himself a little with his costume, which was laid out on the piano, with the sword and the tinsel collar; and all the rest of it.

"I am in love," he said. "What would you have?"

"I would have you put a little *giudizio*, just a grain of judgment and common sense, into your love affairs. Why, you go about it as though it were the most innocent thing in the world to disguise yourself, and present yourself as a professor in a nobleman's house, in order to make love to his daughter! You, to make love to a noble damigella, a young countess, with a fortune! Go back to *Serveti*, and marry the first *contadina* girl you meet; it is much more fitting, if you must needs marry at all. I repeat it, you are an ignorant donkey!"

"Eh!" cried Nino, perfectly unmoved, "if I am ignorant, it is not for lack of your teaching; and as for being the beast of burden to which you refer, I have heard it said that you were once in love yourself. Meanwhile, I have told you this, because there will perhaps be trouble, and I did not intend you to be surprised."

"Surprised?" said I. "I would not be surprised at anything you might fancy doing, now. No, I would not dream of being surprised!"

"So much the better," answered Nino

imperturbably. He looked sad and weary, though, and as I am a prudent man I put my anger away to cool for a little while, and indulged in a cigar until it should be time to go to the theatre; for of course I went with him, and Mariuccia too, to help him with his dress. Poor old Mariuccia! she had dressed him when he was a ragged little boy, and she was determined to put the finishing touches to his appearance now that he was about to be a great man, she said. His dressing-room was a narrow little place, sufficiently ill lighted, and there was barely space to turn round. Mariuccia, who had brought the cat and had her pocket full of roasted chestnuts, sat outside on a chair until he was ready for her; and I am sure that if she had spent her life in the profession of adorning players she could not have used her fingers more deftly in the arrangement of the collar and sword. Nino had a fancy to wear a mustache and a pointed beard through the first part of the opera; saying that a courtier always had hair on his face, but that he would naturally shave if he turned monk. I represented to him that it was needless expense, since he must deposit the value of the false beard with the theatre barber, who lives opposite; and it was twenty-three francs. Besides, he would look like a different man — two separate characters.

"I do not care a cabbage for that," said Nino. "If they cannot recognize me with their ears, they need not trouble themselves to recognize me at all."

"It is a fact that their ears are quite long enough," said Mariuccia.

"Hush, Mariuccia!" I said. "The Roman public is the most intelligent public in the world." And at this she grumbled.

But I knew well enough why he wanted to wear the beard. He had a fancy to put off the evil moment as long as possible, so that Hedwig might not recognize him till the last act, — a

foolish fancy, in truth, for a woman's eyes are not like a man's; and though Hedwig had never thought twice about Nino's personality, she had not sat opposite him three times a week for nearly four months without knowing all his looks and gestures. It is an absurd idea, too, to attempt to fence with time, when a thing must come in the course of an hour or two. What is it, after all, the small delay you can produce? The click of a few more seconds in the clock-work, before the hammer smites its angry warning on the bell, and leaves echoes of pain writhing through the poor bronze, — that is Time. As for Eternity, it is a question of the calculus, and does not enter into a singer's first appearance, nor into the recognition of a lover. If it did, I would give you an eloquent dissertation upon it, so that you would yawn and take snuff, and wish me carried off by the diavolo to some place where I might lecture on the infinite without fear of being interrupted, or of keeping sinners like you unnecessarily long awake. There will be no hurry then. Poor old diavolo! he must have a dull time of it among all those heretics. Perhaps he has a little variety, for they say he has written up on his door, "*Ici l'on parle francais*," since Monsieur de Voltaire died. But I must go on, or you will never be any wiser than you are now, which is not saying overmuch.

I am not going to give you a description of the Favorita, which you may hear a dozen times a year at the theatre, for more or less money — but it is only a franc if you stand; quite enough, too. I went upon the stage before it began, and peeped through the curtain to see what kind of an audience there was. It is an old curtain, and there is a hole in it on the right-hand side, which De Pretis says was made by a foreign tenor, some years ago, between the acts; and Jaccovacci, the impresario, tried to make him pay five francs to have it repaired,

but did not get the money. It is a better hole than the one in the middle, which is so far from both sides of the house that you cannot see the people well. So I looked through, and there, sure enough, in a box very near to the stage, sat the Contessina di Lira and the baroness, whom I had never seen before, but recognized from Nino's description; and behind them sat the count himself, with his great gray mustaches and a white cravat. They made me think of the time when I used to go to the theatre myself and sit in a box, and applaud or hiss, just as I pleased. Dio mio! what changes in this world!

I recognized also a great many of our noble ladies, with jewels and other ornaments, and it seemed to me that some of them were much more beautiful than the German contessina whom Nino had elected to worship, though she was well enough, to be sure, in white silk and white fur, with her little gold cross at her throat. To think that a statue like that, brought up with all the proprieties, should have such a strange chapter of life! But my eye began to smart from peering through the little hole, and just then a rough-looking fellow connected with the stage reminded me that, whatever relation I might be to the primo tenore, I was not dressed to appear in the first act; then the audience began to stamp and groan because the performance did not begin, and I went away again to tell Nino that he had a packed house. I found De Pretis giving him blackberry syrup, which he had brought in a bottle, and entreating him to have courage. Indeed, it seemed to me that Nino had the more courage of the two; for De Pretis laughed and cried and blew his nose, and took snuff with his great fat fingers, and acted altogether like a poor fool; while Nino sat on a rush-bottomed chair and watched Mariuccia, who was stroking the old cat and nibbling roasted chestnuts, declaring all the while that Nino was the most beau-

ful object she had ever seen. Then the bass and the baritone came, together, and spoke cheering words to Nino, and invited him to supper afterwards; but he thanked them kindly, and told them that he was expected at home, and would go with them after the next performance — if there ever were a "next." He thought he might fail at the last minute.

Nino had judged more rightly than I, when he supposed that his beard and mustaches would disguise him from Hedwig during the first two acts. She recognized the wondrous voice, and she saw the strong resemblance he had spoken of. Once or twice, as he looked toward her, it seemed indeed that the eyes must be his, with their deep circles and serious gaze. But it was absurd to suppose it anything more than a resemblance. As the opera advanced, it became evident that Nino was making a success. Then in the second act it was clear that the success was growing to be an ovation, and the ovation a furore, in which the house became entirely demoralized, and vouchsafed to listen only so long as Nino was singing — screaming with delight before he had finished what he had to sing in each scene. People sent their servants away in hot haste to buy flowers wherever they could, and he came back to his dressing-room, from the second act, carrying bouquets by the dozen, small bunches and big, such as people had been able to get, or had brought with them. His eyes shone like the coals in Mariuccia's scaldino, as he entered, and he was pale through his paint. He could hardly speak for joy; but, as old habits return unconsciously at great moments in a man's life, he took the cat on his knee and pulled its tail.

"Sing thou also, little beast," he said gravely; and he pulled the tail till the cat squeaked a little, and he was satisfied.

"Bene!" he cried; "and now for the

tonsure and the frock." So Mariuccia was turned out into the passage while he changed his dress. De Pretis came back a moment later, and tried to help him; but he was so much overcome that he could only shed tears and give a last word of advice for the next act.

"You must not sing it too loud, Nino mio," he said.

"Diavolo!" said Nino. "I should think not!"

"But you must not squeak it out in a little wee false voice, as small as this;" the maestro held up his thumb and finger, with a pinch of snuff between them.

"Bah! Sor Ercole, do you take me for a soprano?" cried the boy, laughing, as he washed off the paint and the gum, where the beard had stuck. Presently he got into his frock, which, as I told you, was a real one, provided by Ercole's brother, the Franciscan — quite quietly, of course, for it would seem a dreadful thing to use a real monk's frock in an opera. Then we fastened the rope round his waist, and smoothed his curly hair a little to give him a more pious aspect. He looked as white as a pillow when the paint was gone.

"Tell me a little, my father," said old Mariuccia, mocking him, "do you fast on Sundays, that you look so pale?" Whereat Nino struck an attitude, and began singing a love song to the ancient woman. Indeed, she was joking about the fast, for she had expended my substance, of late, in fattening Nino, as she called it, for his appearance, and there was to be broiled chickens for supper that very night. He was only pale because he was in love. As for me, I made up my mind to stand in the slides, so that I could see the contessina; for Nino had whispered to me that she had not yet recognized him, though she stared hard across the footlights. Therefore I took up a good position on the left of the stage, facing the Lira box, which was on the right.

The curtain went up, and Nino stood there, looking like a real monk, with a book in his hand and his eyes cast down, as he began to walk slowly along. I saw Hedwig von Lira's gaze rest on his square, pale face at least one whole minute. Then she gave a strange little cry, so that many people in the house looked toward her; and she leaned far back in the shadow of the deep box, while the reflected glare of the footlights just shone faintly on her features, making them look more like marble than ever. The baroness was smiling to herself, amused at her companion's surprise, and the old count stared stolidly for a moment or two, and then turned suddenly to his daughter.

"Very curious is it," he was probably saying, "that this tenor should so much your Italian professor resemble." I could almost see his gray eyes sparkle angrily across the theatre. But as I looked, a sound rose on the heated air, the like of which I have never known. To tell the truth, I had not heard the first two acts, for I did not suppose there was any great difference between Nino's singing on the stage and his singing at home, and I still wished he might have chosen some other profession. But when I heard this, I yielded, at least for the time, and I am not sure that my eyes were as clear as usual.

"Spirto gentil dei sogni miei" — the long sweet notes sighed themselves to death on his lips, falling and rising magically like a mystic angel song, and swaying their melody out into the world of lights and listeners; so pathetic, so heart-breaking, so laden with death and with love, that it was as though all the sorrowing souls in our poor Rome breathed in one soft sigh together. Only a poor monk dying of love in a monastery, tenderly and truly loving to the bitter end. Dio mio! there are perhaps many such. But a monk like this, with a face like a conqueror, set square in its whiteness, and yet so wretched to see

in his poor patched frock and his bare feet; a monk, too, not acting love, but really and truly ready to die for a beautiful woman not thirty feet from him, in the house; above all, a monk with a voice that speaks like the clarion call of the day of judgment in its wrath, and murmurs more plaintively and sadly in sorrow than ever the poor Peri sighed at the gates of Paradise — such a monk, what could he not make people feel?

The great crowd of men and women sat utterly stilled and intent till he had sung the very last note. Not a sound was heard to offend the sorrow that spoke from the boy's lips. Then all those people seemed to draw three long breaths of wonder — a pause, a thrilling tremor in the air, and then there burst to the roof such a roar of cries, such a huge thunder of hands and voices, that the whole house seemed to rock with it, and even in the street outside they say the noise was deafening.

Alone on the stage stood Nino, his eyes fixed on Hedwig von Lira in her box. I think that she alone of all that multitude made no sound, but only gripped the edge of the balcony hard in her white hands, and leaned far forward with straining eyes and beating heart to satisfy her wonder. She knew well enough, now, that there was no mistake. The humble little Professor Cardegna, who had patiently explained Dante and Leopardi to her for months, bowing to the ground in her presence, and apologizing when he corrected her mistakes, as though his whole life was to be devoted to teaching foreigners his language; the decently clad young man, who was always pale, and sometimes pathetic when he spoke of himself, was no other than Giovanni Cardegna the tenor, singing aloud to earth and heaven with his glorious great voice — a man on the threshold of a European fame, such as falls only to the lot of a singer or a conqueror. More, he was the singer of

her dreams, who had for months filled her thoughts with music and her heart with a strange longing, being until now a voice only. There he stood looking straight at her, — she was not mistaken, — as though to say, "I have done it for you, and for you only." A woman must be more than marble to feel no pride in the intimate knowledge that a great public triumph has been gained solely for her sake. She must be colder than ice if she cannot see her power when a conqueror loves her.

The marble had felt the fire, and the ice was in the flame at last. Nino, with his determination to be loved, had put his statue into a very fiery furnace, and in the young innocence of his heart had prepared such a surprise for his lady as might have turned the head of a hardened woman of the world, let alone an imaginative German girl, with a taste for romance — or without; it matters little. All Germans are full of imagination, and that is the reason they know so much. For they not only know all that is known by other people, but also all that they themselves imagine, which nobody else can possibly know. And if you do not believe this, you had better read the works of one Fichte, a philosopher.

I need not tell you any more about Nino's first appearance. It was one of those really phenomenal successes that seem to cling to certain people through life. He was very happy and very silent when it was over; and we were the last to leave the theatre, for we feared the enthusiasm of the crowd. So we waited till every one had gone, and then marched home together, for it was a fine night. I walked on one side of Nino, and De Pretis on the other, all of us carrying as many flowers as we could; Mariuccia came behind, with the cat under her shawl. I did not discover until we reached home why she had brought the beast. Then she explained that, as there was so much food in the

kitchen, in anticipation of our supper, she had been afraid to leave the cat alone in the house, lest we should find nothing left to eat when we returned. This was sufficiently prudent, for a scat-

ter-brained old spendthrift like Mariuccia.

That was a merry supper, and De Pretis became highly dramatic when we got to the second flask.

F. Marion Crawford.

EN PROVINCE.

III.

FROM BOURGES TO LA ROCHELLE.

I.

I KNOW not whether the exact limits of an excursion, as distinguished from a journey, have ever been fixed; at any rate, it seemed none of my business, at Tours, to settle the question. Therefore, though the making of excursions had been the purpose of my stay, I thought it vain, while I started for Bourges, to determine to which category that little expedition might belong. It was not till the third day that I returned to Tours, and the distance, traversed for the most part after dark, was even greater than I had supposed. That, however, was partly the fault of a tiresome wait at Vierzon, where I had more than enough time to dine, very badly, at the *buffet*, and to observe the proceedings of a family who had entered my railway carriage at Tours and had conversed, unreservedly, for my benefit, all the way from that station — a family whom it entertained me to assign to the class of *petite noblesse de province*. Their noble origin was confirmed by the way they all made *maigre* in the refreshment-room (it happened to be a Friday), as if it had been possible to do anything else. They ate two or three omelettes apiece, and ever so many little cakes, while the positive, talkative mother watched her children as the waiter handed about the roast fowl. I was des-

tined to share the secrets of this family to the end; for when I had taken place in the empty train that was in waiting to convey us to Bourges, the same vigilant woman pushed them all on top of me into my compartment, though the carriages on either side contained no travelers at all. It was better, I found, to have dined (even on omelettes and little cakes) at the station at Vierzon than at the hotel at Bourges, which, when I reached it at nine o'clock at night, did not strike me as the prince of hotels. The inns in the smaller provincial towns in France are all, as the term is, commercial, and the *commis-voyageur* is in triumphant possession. I saw a great deal of him for several weeks after this; for he was apparently the only traveler in the southern provinces, and it was my daily fate to sit opposite to him at tables d'hôte and in railway trains. He may be known by two infallible signs: his hands are fat, and he tucks his napkin into his shirt-collar. In spite of these idiosyncrasies, he seemed to me a reserved and inoffensive person, with singularly little of the demonstrative good-humor that he has been described as possessing. I saw no one who reminded me of Balzac's "illustre Gaudisart;" and indeed, in the course of a month's journey through a large part of France, I heard so little desultory conversation that I wondered whether a change had not come over the spirit of the people. They seemed to me as silent as Americans when Americans have not

been "introduced," and infinitely less addicted to exchanging remarks in railway trains and at tables d'hôte than the colloquial and cursory English; a fact perhaps not worth mentioning were it not at variance with that reputation which the French have long enjoyed of being a preëminently sociable nation. The common report of the character of a people is, however, an indefinable product; and it is apt to strike the traveler who observes for himself as very wide of the mark. The English, who have for ages been described (mainly by the French) as the dumb, stiff, unapproachable race, present to-day a remarkable appearance of good-humor and garrulity, and are distinguished by their facility of intercourse. On the other hand, any one who has seen half a dozen Frenchmen pass a whole day together in a railway-carriage without breaking silence is forced to believe that the traditional reputation of these gentlemen is simply the survival of some primitive formula. It was true, doubtless, before the Revolution; but there have been great changes since then. The question of which is the better taste, to talk to strangers or to hold your tongue, is a matter apart; I incline to believe that the French reserve is the result of a more definite conception of social behavior. I allude to it only because it is at variance with the national fame, and at the same time is compatible with a very easy view of life in certain other directions. On some of these latter points the Boule d'Or at Bourges was full of instruction; boasting, as it did, of a hall of reception in which, amid old boots that had been brought to be cleaned, old linen that was being sorted for the wash, and lamps of evil odor that were awaiting replenishment, a strange, familiar, promiscuous household life went forward. Small scullions in white caps and aprons slept upon greasy benches; the Boots sat staring at you while you fumbled, in a row of pigeon-

holes, for your candlestick or your key; and, amid the coming and going of the commis-voyageurs, a little sempstress bent over the under-garments of the hostess, the latter being a heavy, stern, silent woman, who looked at people very hard.

It was not to be looked at in that manner that one had come all the way from Tours; so that within ten minutes after my arrival I sallied out into the darkness to get somehow and somewhere a happier impression. However late in the evening I may arrive at a place, I cannot go to bed without an impression. The natural place, at Bourges, to look for one seemed to be the cathedral; which, moreover, was the only thing that could account for my presence *dans cette galère*. I turned out of a small square, in front of the hotel, and walked up a narrow, sloping street, paved with big, rough stones and guiltless of a footway. It was a splendid starlight night; the stillness of a sleeping *ville de province* was over everything; I had the whole place to myself. I turned to my right, at the top of the street, where presently a short, vague lane brought me into sight of the cathedral. I approached it obliquely, from behind; it loomed up in the darkness above me, enormous and sublime. It stands on the top of the large but not lofty eminence over which Bourges is scattered — a very good position, as French cathedrals go, for they are not all as nobly situated as Chartres and Laon. On the side on which I approached it (the south) it is tolerably well exposed, though the precinct is shabby; in front, it is rather too much shut in. These defects, however, it makes up for on the north side and behind, where it presents itself in the most admirable manner to the garden of the Archevêché, which has been arranged as a public walk, with the usual formal alleys of the *jardin français*. I must add that I appreciated these points only on the fol-

lowing day. As I stood there in the light of the stars, many of which had an autumnal sharpness, while others were shooting over the heavens, the huge, rugged vessel of the church overhung me in very much the same way as the black hull of a ship at sea would overhang a solitary swimmer. It seemed colossal, stupendous, a dark leviathan. The next morning, which was lovely, I lost no time in going back to it, and found, with satisfaction, that the daylight did it no injury. The cathedral of Bourges is indeed magnificently huge, and if it is a good deal wanting in lightness and grace it is perhaps only the more imposing. I read in the excellent handbook of M. Joanne that it was projected "*dès 1172*," but commenced only in the first years of the thirteenth century. "The nave," the writer adds, "was finished *tant bien que mal, faute de ressources* ; the façade is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in its lower part, and of the fourteenth in its upper." The allusion to the nave means the omission of the transepts. The west front consists of two vast but imperfect towers ; one of which (the south) is immensely buttressed, so that its outline slopes forward, like that of a pyramid, being the taller of the two. If they had spires, these towers would be prodigious ; as it is, given the rest of the church, they are wanting in elevation. There are five deeply recessed portals, all in a row, each surmounted with a gable ; the gable over the central door being exceptionally high. Above the porches, which give the measure of its width, the front rears itself, piles itself, on a great scale, carried up by galleries, arches, windows, sculptures, and supported by the extraordinarily thick buttresses of which I have spoken, and which, though they embellish it with deep shadows thrown sidewise, do not improve its style. The portals, especially the middle one, are extremely interesting ; they are covered with curi-

ous early sculptures. The middle one, however, I must describe alone. It has no less than six rows of figures — the others have four — some of which, notably the upper one, are still in their places. The arch at the top has three tiers of elaborate imagery. The upper of these is divided by the figure of Christ in judgment, of great size, stiff and terrible, with outstretched arms. On either side of him are ranged three or four angels, with the instruments of the Passion. Beneath him, in the second frieze, stands the angel of justice, with his scales ; and on either side of him is the vision of the last judgment. The good prepare, with infinite titillation and complacency, to ascend to the skies ; while the bad are dragged, pushed, hurled, stuffed, crammed, into pits and caldrons of fire. There is a charming detail in this section. Beside the angel, on the right, where the wicked are the prey of demons, stands a little female figure, that of a child, who, with hands meekly folded and head gently raised, waits for the stern angel to decide upon her fate. In this fate, however, a dreadful big devil also takes a keen interest ; he seems on the point of appropriating the tender creature ; he has a face like a goat and an enormous hooked nose. But the angel gently lays a hand upon the shoulder of the little girl — the movement is full of dignity — as if to say, "No, she belongs to the other side." The frieze below represents the general resurrection, with the good and the wicked emerging from their sepulchres. Nothing can be more quaint and charming than the difference shown in their way of responding to the final trump. The good get out of their tombs with a certain modest gayety, an alacrity tempered by respect ; one of them kneels to pray as soon as he has disinterred himself. You may know the wicked, on the other hand, by their extreme shyness ; they crawl out slowly and fearfully ; they hang back, and seem to say,

"Oh, dear!" These elaborate sculptures, full of ingenuous intention and of the reality of early faith, are in a remarkable state of preservation; they bear no superficial signs of restoration and appear scarcely to have suffered from the centuries. They are delightfully expressive; the artist had the advantage of knowing exactly the effect he wished to produce. The interior of the cathedral has a great simplicity and majesty, and above all a tremendous height. The nave is extraordinary in this respect; it dwarfs everything else I know. I should add, however, that I am, in architecture, always of the opinion of the last speaker. Any great building seems to me, while I look at it, the ultimate expression. At any rate, during the hour that I sat gazing along the high vista of Bourges, the interior of the great vessel corresponded to my vision of the evening before. There is a tranquil largeness, a kind of infinitude, about such an edifice: it soothes and purifies the spirit, it illuminates the mind. There are two aisles, on either side, in addition to the nave—five in all—and, as I have said, there are no transepts; an omission which lengthens the vista, so that from my place near the door the central jeweled window in the depths of the perpendicular choir seemed a mile or two away. The second, or outward, of each pair of aisles is too low, and the first too high; without this inequality the nave would appear to take an even more prodigious flight. The double aisles pass all the way round the choir, the windows of which are inordinately rich in magnificent old glass. I have seen glass as fine in other churches; but I think I have never seen so much of it at once.

Beside the cathedral, on the north, is a curious structure of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, which looks like an enormous flying buttress, with its support, sustaining the north tower. It makes a massive arch, high in the air, and produces a very picturesque effect

as people pass under it to the open gardens of the Archevêché, which extend to a considerable distance in the rear of the church. The structure supporting the arch has the girth of a largeish house, and contains chambers with whose uses I am unacquainted, but to which the deep pulsations of the cathedral, the vibration of its mighty bells and the roll of its organ-tones, must be transmitted even through the great arm of stone. The archiepiscopal palace, not walled in as at Tours, is visible as a stately habitation of the last century, now in course of reparation in consequence of a fire. From this side, and from the gardens of the palace, the nave of the cathedral is visible in all its great length and height, with its extraordinary multitude of supports. The gardens aforesaid, accessible through tall iron gates, are the promenade—the Tuileries—of the town, and, very pretty in themselves, are immensely set off by the overhanging church. It was warm and sunny; the benches were empty; I sat there a long time, in that pleasant state of mind which visits the traveler in foreign towns, when he is not too hurried, while he wonders where he had better go next. The straight, unbroken line of the roof of the cathedral was very noble; but I could see from this point how much finer the effect would have been if the towers, which had dropped almost out of sight, might have been carried still higher. The archiepiscopal gardens look down at one end over a sort of esplanade or suburban avenue which lies at a lower level, on which they open, and where several detachments of soldiers (Bourges is full of soldiers) had just been drawn up. The civil population was also collecting, and I saw that something was going to happen. I learned that a private of the Chasseurs was to be "broken" for stealing, and every one was eager to behold the ceremony. Sundry other detachments arrived on the ground, besides many of

the military who had come as a matter of taste. One of them described to me the process of degradation from the ranks, and I felt for a moment a hideous curiosity to see it, under the influence of which I lingered a little. But only a little; the hateful nature of the spectacle hurried me away, at the same time that others were hurrying forward. As I turned my back upon it I reflected that human beings are cruel brutes, though I could not flatter myself that the ferocity of the thing was exclusively French. In another country the course would have been equally great, and the moral of it all seemed to be that even the military should n't steal.

II.

The cathedral is not the only lion of Bourges; the house of Jacques Cœur is an object of interest scarcely less positive. This remarkable man had a very strange history, and he too was "broken," like the wretched soldier whom I did not stay to see. He has been rehabilitated, however, by an age which does not fear the imputation of paradox, and a marble statue of him ornaments the street in front of his house. To interpret him according to this image — a womanish figure in a long robe and a turban, with big bare arms and a dramatic pose — would be to think of him as a kind of truculent sultana. He wore the dress of his period, but his spirit was very modern; he was a Vanderbilt or Rothschild of the fifteenth century. He supplied the ungrateful Charles VII. with money to pay the troops who, under the heroic Maid, drove the English from French soil. His house, which to-day is used as a Palais de Justice, appears to have been regarded at the time it was built very much as the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt is regarded, in New York, to-day. It stands on the edge of the hill on which most of the town is planted, so that, behind, it plunges down to a lower level, and, if you approach

it on that side, as I did, to come round to the front of it you have to ascend a longish flight of steps. The back, of old, must have formed a portion of the city-wall; at any rate, it offers to view two big towers, which Joanne says were formerly part of the defense of Bourges. From the lower level of which I speak — the square in front of the post-office — the palace of Jacques Cœur looks very big and strong and feudal; from the upper street, in front of it, it looks very handsome and delicate. To this street it presents two stories and a considerable length of façade; and it has, both within and without, a great deal of curious and beautiful detail. Above the portal, in the stonework, are two false windows, in which two figures, a man and a woman, apparently household servants, are represented, in sculpture, as looking down into the street. The effect is homely, yet grotesque, and the figures are sufficiently living to make one commiserate them for having been condemned, in so dull a town, to spend several centuries at the window. They appear to be watching for the return of their master, who left his beautiful house one morning, and never came back. The history of Jacques Cœur, which has been written by M. Pierre Clément, in a volume crowned by the French Academy, is very wonderful and interesting, but I have no space to go into it here. There is no more curious example, and few more tragical, of a great fortune crumbling from one day to the other, or of the antique superstition that the gods grow jealous of human success. Merchant, millionaire, banker, ship-owner, royal favorite and minister of finance, explorer of the East and monopolist of the glittering trade between that quarter of the globe and his own, great capitalist who had anticipated the brilliant operations of the present time, he expiated his prosperity by poverty, imprisonment, and torture. The obscure points in his career

have been elucidated by M. Clément, who has drawn, moreover, a very vivid picture of the corrupt and exhausted state of France during the middle of the fifteenth century. He has shown that the spoliation of the great merchant was a deliberately calculated act, and that the king sacrificed him without scruple or shame to the avidity of a singularly villainous set of courtiers. The whole story is an extraordinary picture of high-handed rapacity — the crudest possible assertion of the right of the stronger. The victim was stripped of his property, but escaped with his life, made his way out of France, and, betaking himself to Italy, offered his services to the Pope. It is proof of the consideration that he enjoyed in Europe, and of the variety of his accomplishments, that Calixtus III. should have appointed him to take command of a fleet which his Holiness was fitting out against the Turks. Jacques Cœur, however, was not destined to lead it to victory. He died shortly after the expedition had started, in the island of Chios, in 1456. The house at Bourges, his native place, testifies in some degree to his wealth and splendor, though it has in parts that want of space which is striking in many of the buildings of the Middle Ages. The court, indeed, is on a large scale, ornamented with turrets and arcades, with several beautiful windows, and with sculptures inserted in the walls, representing the various sources of the great fortune of the owner. M. Pierre Clément describes this part of the house as having been of an "*incomparable richesse*" — an estimate of its charms which seems slightly exaggerated to-day. There is, however, something delicate and familiar in the bas-reliefs of which I have spoken, little scenes of agriculture and industry, which show that the proprietor was not ashamed of calling attention to his harvests and enterprises. To-day we should question the taste of such allusions, even in plastic form, in the house of a "mer-

chant prince" (say in the Fifth Avenue). Why is it, therefore, that these quaint little panels at Bourges do not displease us? It is perhaps because things very ancient never, for some mysterious reason, appear vulgar. This fifteenth-century millionaire, with his palace, his autobiographical sculptures, may have produced that impression on some critical spirits of his own day.

The portress who showed me into the building was a dear little old woman, with the gentlest, sweetest, saddest face — a little white, aged face, with dark, pretty eyes and the most considerate manner. She took me into an upper hall, where there were a couple of curious chimney-pieces and a fine old oak-en roof, the latter representing the hollow of a long boat. There is a certain oddity in a native of Bourges, an inland town if there ever was one, without even a river (to call a river) to encourage nautical ambitions, having found his end as admiral of a fleet; but this boat-shaped roof, which is extremely graceful and is repeated in another apartment, would suggest that the imagination of Jacques Cœur was fond of riding the waves. Indeed, as he trafficked in Oriental products and owned many galleons, it is probable that he was personally as much at home in certain Mediterranean ports as in the capital of the pastoral Berry. If, when he looked at the ceilings of his mansion, he saw his boats upside down, this was only a suggestion of the shortest way of emptying them of their treasures. He is presented in person above one of the great stone chimney-pieces, in company with his wife, Macée de Léodepart — I like to write such an extraordinary name. Carved in white stone, the two sit playing at chess at an open window, through which they appear to give their attention much more to the passers-by than to the game. They are also exhibited in other attitudes; though I do not recognize them in the composition on top

of one of the fire-places, which represents the battlements of a castle, with the defenders (little figures between the crenelations) hurling down missiles with a great deal of fury and expression. It would have been hard to believe that the man who surrounded himself with these friendly and humorous devices had been guilty of such wrong-doing as to call down the heavy hand of justice. It is a curious fact, however, that Bourges contains legal associations of a purer kind than the prosecution of Jacques Cœur, which, in spite of the rehabilitations of history can hardly be said yet to have terminated, inasmuch as the law-courts of the city are installed in his quondam residence. At a short distance from it stands the Hôtel Cujas, one of the curiosities of Bourges and habitation for many years of the great jurisconsult who revived in the sixteenth century the study of the Roman law, and professed it during the close of his life in the university of the capital of Berry. The learned Cujas had in spite of his sedentary pursuits led a very wandering life; he died at Bourges in the year 1590. Sedentary pursuits is perhaps not exactly what I should call them, having read in the *Biographie Universelle*, sole source of my knowledge of the renowned Cujacius, that his usual manner of study was to spread himself on his belly on the floor. He did not sit down; he lay down; and the *Biographie Universelle* has (for so grave a work) an amusing picture of the short, fat, untidy scholar dragging himself *à plat ventre* across his room, from one pile of books to the other. The house in which these singular gymnastics took place, and which is now the headquarters of the gendarmerie, is one of the most picturesque at Bourges. Dilapidated and discolored, it has a charming Renaissance front. A high wall separates it from the street, and on this wall, which is divided by a large open gateway, are perched two overhanging turrets. The

open gateway admits you to the court, beyond which the melancholy mansion erects itself, decorated also with turrets, with fine old windows, and with a beautiful tone of faded red brick and rusty stone. It is a charming encounter for a provincial by-street; one of those accidents in the hope of which the traveler with a propensity for sketching (whether on a little paper block or on the tablets of his brain) decides to turn a corner at a venture. A brawny gendarme, in his shirt-sleeves, was polishing his boots in the court; an ancient, knotted vine, forlorn of its clusters, hung itself over a doorway and dropped its shadow on the rough grain of the wall. The place was very sketchable. I am sorry to say, however, that it was almost the only "bit." Various other curious old houses are supposed to exist at Bourges, and I wandered vaguely about in search of them. But I had little success, and I ended by becoming skeptical. Bourges is a *ville de province* in the full force of the term, especially as applied invidiously. The streets, narrow, tortuous, and dirty, have very wide cobble-stones; the houses for the most part are shabby, without local color. The look of things is neither modern nor antique — a kind of mediocrity of middle age. There is an enormous number of blank walls — walls of gardens, of courts, of private houses — that avert themselves from the street, as if in natural chagrin at there being so little to see. Round about is a dull, flat, featureless country, on which the magnificent cathedral looks down. There is a peculiar dullness and ugliness in a French town of this type, which, I must immediately add, is not the most frequent one. In Italy everything has a charm, a color, a grace; even desolation and *ennui*. In England a cathedral-city may be sleepy, but it is pretty sure to be mellow. In the course of six weeks spent *en province*, however, I saw few places that had not more expression than Bourges.

I went back to the cathedral; that, after all, was a feature. Then I returned to my hotel, where it was time to dine, and sat down, as usual, with the *commis-voyageurs*, who cut their bread on their thumb and partook of every course; and after this repast I repaired for a while to the *café*, which occupied a part of the basement of the inn and opened into its court. This *café* was a friendly, homely, sociable spot, where it seemed the habit of the master of the establishment to *tutoyer* his customers, and the practice of the customers to *tutoyer* the waiter. Under these circumstances, the waiter of course felt justified in sitting down at the same table as a gentleman who had come in and asked him for writing-materials. He served this gentleman with a horrible little portfolio, covered with shiny black cloth and accompanied with two sheets of thin paper, three wafers, and one of those instruments of torture which pass in France for pens — these being the utensils invariably evoked by such a request; and then, finding himself at leisure, he placed himself opposite and began to write a letter of his own. This trifling incident reminded me afresh that France is a democratic country. I think I received an admonition to the same effect from the free, familiar way in which the game of whist was going on just behind me. It was attended with a great deal of noisy pleasantry, flavored every now and then with a dash of irritation. There was a young man of whom I made a note; he was such a beautiful specimen of his class. Sometimes he was very facetious, chattering, joking, punning, showing off; then, as the game went on and he lost, and had to pay the "*consommation*," he dropped his amiability, slanged his partner, declared he would n't play any more, and went away in a fury. Nothing could be more perfect or more amusing than the contrast. The manner of the whole affair was such as, I apprehend, one would not have seen

among our English-speaking people; both the jauntiness of the first phase and the petulance of the second. To hold the balance straight, however, I may remark that if the men were all fearful "cads," they were, with their cigarettes and their inconsistency, less heavy, less brutal, than our dear English-speaking cad; just as the bright little *café*, where a robust *materfamilias*, doling out sugar and darning a stocking, sat in her place under the mirror behind the *comptoir*, was a much more civilized spot than a British public-house, or a "commercial room," with pipes and whisky, or even than an American saloon.

III.

It is very certain that when I left Tours for Le Mans it was a journey and not an excursion; for I had no intention of coming back. The question, indeed, was to get away; no easy matter in France, in the early days of October, when the whole *jeunesse* of the country is going back to school. It is accompanied, apparently, with parents and grandparents, and it fills the trains with little pale-faced *lycéens*, who gaze out of the windows with a longing, lingering air, not unnatural on the part of small members of a race in which life is intense, who are about to be restored to those big educative barracks that do such violence to our American appreciation of the opportunities of boyhood. The train stopped every five minutes; but fortunately the country was charming, hilly and bosky, eminently good-humored, and dotted here and there with a smart little *château*. The old capital of the province of the Maine, which has given its name to a great American State, is a fairly interesting town, but I confess that I found in it less than I expected to admire. My expectations had doubtless been my own fault; there is no particular reason why Le Mans should fascinate. It stands upon a hill, indeed — a much better hill than the gentle swell

of Bourges. This hill, however, is not steep in all directions; from the railway, as I arrived, it was not even perceptible. Since I am making comparisons, I may remark that, on the other hand, the Boule d'Or at Le Mans is an appreciably better inn than the Boule d'Or at Bourges. It looks out upon a small market-place which has a certain amount of character and seems to be slipping down the slope on which it lies, though it has in the middle an ugly *halle*, or circular market-house, to keep it in position. At Le Mans, as at Bourges, my first business was with the cathedral, to which I lost no time in directing my steps. It suffered by juxtaposition to the great church I had seen a few days before; yet it has some noble features. It stands on the edge of the eminence of the town, which falls straight away on two sides of it, and makes a striking mass, bristling behind, as you see it from below, with rather small but singularly numerous flying buttresses. On my way to it I happened to walk through the one street which contains a few ancient and curious houses; a very crooked and untidy lane, of really mediæval aspect, honored with the denomination of the Grand' Rue. Here is the house of Queen Berengaria—an absurd name, as the building is of a date some three hundred years later than the wife of Richard Cœur de Lion, who has a sepulchral monument in the south aisle of the cathedral. The structure in question—very sketchable, if the sketcher could get far enough away from it—is an elaborate little dusky façade, overhanging the street, ornamented with panels of stone, which are covered with delicate Renaissance sculpture. A fat old woman, standing in the door of a small grocer's shop next to it—a most gracious old woman, with a bristling mustache and a charming manner—told me what the house was, and also indicated to me a rotten-looking brown

wooden mansion, in the same street, nearer the cathedral, as the Maison Scarron. The author of the Roman Comique, and of a thousand facetious verses, enjoyed for some years, in the early part of his life, a benefice in the cathedral of Le Mans, which gave him a right to reside in one of the canonical houses. He was rather an odd canon, but his history is a combination of oddities. He wooed the comic muse from the arm-chair of a cripple, and in the same position—he was unable even to go down on his knees—prosecuted that other suit which made him the first husband of a lady of whom Louis XIV. was to be the second. There was little of comedy in the future Madame de Maintenon; though after all there was doubtless as much as there need have been in the wife of a poor man who was moved to compose for his tomb such an epitaph as this, which I quote from the Biographie Universelle:—

“Celui qui cy maintenant dort,
Fit plus de pitié que d'envie,
Et souffrit mille fois la mort,
Avant que de perdre la vie.
Passant, ne fais icy de bruit,
Et garde bien qu'il ne s'éveille,
Car voicy la première nuit,
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.”

There is rather a quiet, satisfactory *place* in front of the cathedral, with some good “bits” in it; notably a turret at the angle of one of the towers, and a very fine, steep-roofed dwelling, behind low walls, which it overlooks, with a tall iron gate. This house has two or three little pointed towers, a big, black, precipitous roof, and a general air of having had a history. There are houses which are scenes, and there are houses which are only houses. The trouble with the domestic architecture of the United States is that it is not scenic, thank Heaven! and the good fortune of an old structure like the turreted mansion on the hillside of Le Mans is that it is not simply a house. It is a place, as it were, as well. It

would be well, indeed, if it might have communicated a little of its expression to the front of the cathedral, which has none of its own. Shabby, rusty, unfinished, this front has a Romanesque portal, but nothing in the way of a tower. One sees from without, at a glance, the peculiarity of the church — the disparity between the Romanesque nave, which is small and of the twelfth century, and the immense and splendid transepts and choir, of a period a hundred years later. Outside, this end of the church rises far above the nave, which looks merely like a long porch leading to it, with a small and curious Romanesque porch in its own south flank. The transepts, shallow but very lofty, display to the spectators in the *place* the reach of their two clere-story windows, which occupy, above, the whole expanse of the wall. The south transept terminates in a sort of tower, which is the only one of which the cathedral can boast. Within, the effect of the choir is superb; it is a church in itself, with the nave simply for a point of view. As I stood there, I read in my Murray that it has the stamp of the date of the perfection of pointed Gothic, and I found nothing to object to the remark. It suffers little by confrontation with Bourges, and, taken in itself, seems to me quite as fine. A passage of double aisles-surrounds it, with the arches that divide them supported on very thick round columns, not clustered. There are twelve chapels in this passage, and a charming little lady-chapel, filled with gorgeous old glass. The sustained height of this almost detached choir is very noble; its lightness and grace, its soaring symmetry, carry the eye up to places in the air from which it is slow to descend. Like Tours, like Chartres, like Bourges (apparently like all the French cathedrals, and unlike several English ones), Le Mans is rich in splendid glass. The beautiful upper windows of the choir make, far aloft, a

sort of gallery of pictures, blooming with vivid color. It is the south transept that contains the formless image — a clumsy stone woman, lying on her back — which purports to represent Queen Berengaria aforesaid. The view of the cathedral from the rear is, as usual, very fine. A small garden behind it masks its base; but you descend the hill to a large *place de foire*, adjacent to a fine old public promenade which is known as Les Jacobins, a sort of miniature Tuileries, where I strolled for a while in rectangular alleys, destitute of herbage, and received a deeper impression of vanished things. The cathedral, on the pedestal of its hill, looks considerably farther than the fair-ground and the Jacobins, between the rather bare poles of whose straightly-planted trees you may admire it at a convenient distance. I admired it till I thought I should remember it (better than the event has proved), and then I wandered away and looked at another curious old church, Notre-Dame-de-la-Couture. This sacred edifice made a picture for ten minutes, but the picture has faded now. I reconstruct a yellowish-brown façade, and a portal fretted with early sculptures; but the details have gone the way of all incomplete sensations. After you have stood a while in the choir of the cathedral, there is no sensation at Le Mans that goes very far. For some reason not now to be traced, I had looked for more than this. I think the reason was to some extent simply in the name of the place, for names, on the whole, whether they be good reasons or not, are very active ones. Le Mans, if I am not mistaken, has a sturdy, feudal sound; suggests something dark and square, a vision of old ramparts and gates. Perhaps I had been unduly impressed by the fact, accidentally revealed to me, that Henry II., first of the English Plantagenets, was born there. Of course it is easy to assure one's self in advance, but does it

not often happen that one had rather not be assured? There is a pleasure sometimes in running the risk of disappointment. I took mine, such as it was, quietly enough, while I sat before dinner at the door of one of the cafés in the market-place, with a *bitter-et-curaçao* (invaluable pretext at such an hour) to keep me company. I remember that in this situation there came over me an impression which both included and excluded all possible disappointments. The afternoon was warm and still; the air was admirably soft. The good Manceaux, in little groups and pairs, were seated near me; my ear was soothed by the fine shades of French enunciation, by the moulded syllables of that perfect tongue. There was nothing in particular in the prospect to charm; it was an average French view. Yet I felt a charm, a kind of sympathy, & sense of the completeness of French life and of the lightness and brightness of the social air; together with a desire to arrive at friendly judgments, to express a positive interest. I know not why this transcendental mood should have descended upon me then and there; but that idle half hour in front of the café, in the mild October afternoon, suffused with human sounds, is perhaps the most definite thing I brought away from Le Mans.

IV.

I am shocked at finding, just after this noble declaration of principles, that in a little note-book, which at that time I carried about with me, the celebrated city of Angers is denominated a "sell." I reproduce this vulgar term with the greatest hesitation, and only because it brings me more quickly to my point. This point is that Angers belongs to the disagreeable class of old towns that have been, as the English say, "done up." Not the oldness, but the newness, of the place is what strikes the sentimental tourist to-day, as he wanders

with irritation along second-rate boulevards, looking vaguely about him for absent gables. "Black Angers," in short, is a victim of modern improvements, and quite unworthy of its admirable name — a name which, like that of Le Mans, had always had, to my eyes, a highly picturesque value. It looks particularly well on the Shakespearean page (in *King John*), where we imagine it uttered (though such would not have been the utterance of the period) with a fine old English accent. Angers figures with importance in early English history: it was the capital city of the Plantagenet race, home of that Geoffrey of Anjou who married, as second husband, the Empress Maud, daughter of Henry I. and competitor of Stephen, and became father of Henry II., first of the Plantagenet kings, born, as we have seen, at Le Mans. These facts create a natural presumption that Angers will look historic; I turned them over in my mind as I traveled in the train from Le Mans, through a country that was really pretty, and looked more like the usual English than like the usual French scenery, with its fields cut up by hedges and a considerable rotundity in its trees. On my way from the station to the hotel, however, it became plain that I should lack a good pretext for passing that night at the Cheval Blanc; I foresaw that I should have contented myself before the end of the day. I remained at the White Horse only long enough to discover that it was an exceptionally good provincial inn, one of the best that I encountered during six weeks spent in these establishments. "Stupidly and vulgarly modernized" — that is another phrase from my note-book, and note-books are not obliged to be reasonable. "There are some narrow and tortuous streets, with a few curious old houses," I continue to quote; "there is a castle, of which the exterior is most extraordinary, and there is a cathedral of moderate interest." It is fair to say that the

Château d'Angers is by itself worth a pilgrimage; the only drawback is that you have seen it in a quarter of an hour. You cannot do more than look at it, and one good look does your business. It has no beauty, no grace, no detail, nothing that charms or detains you; it is simply very old and very big—so big and so old that this simple impression is enough, and it takes its place in your recollections as a perfect specimen of a superannuated stronghold. It stands at one end of the town, surrounded by a huge, deep moat, which originally contained the waters of the Maine, now divided from it by a quay. The waterfront of Angers is poor—wanting in color and in movement; and there is always an effect of perversity in a town lying near a great river and yet not upon it. The Loire is a few miles off, but Angers contents itself with a meagre affluent of that stream. The effect was naturally much better when the huge, dark mass of the castle, with its seventeen prodigious towers, rose out of the protecting flood. These towers are of tremendous girth and solidity; they are encircled with great bands, or hoops, of white stone, and are much enlarged at the base. Between them hang vast curtains of infinitely old-looking masonry, apparently a dense conglomeration of slate—the material of which the town was originally built (thanks to rich quarries in the neighborhood), and to which it owed its appellation of the Black. There are no windows, no apertures, and to-day no battlements nor roofs. These accessories were removed by Henry III., so that, in spite of its grimness and blackness, the place has not even the interest of looking like a prison; it being, as I suppose, the essence of a prison not to be open to the sky. The only features of the enormous structure are the blank, sombre stretches and protrusions of wall, the effect of which, on so large a scale, is strange and striking. Begun by Philip

Augustus, and terminated by St. Louis, the Château d'Angers has of course a great deal of history. The luckless Fouquet, the extravagant minister of finance of Louis XIV., whose fall from the heights of grandeur was so sudden and complete, was confined here in 1661, just after his arrest, which had taken place at Nantes. Here, also, Huguenots and Vendéans have suffered effective captivity. I walked round the parapet which protects the outer edge of the moat (it is all up hill, and the moat deepens and deepens), till I came to the entrance which faces the town, and which is as bare and strong as the rest. The concierge took me into the court; but there was nothing there to see. The place is used as a magazine of ammunition, and the yard contains a multitude of ugly buildings. The only thing to do is to walk round the bastions for the view; but at the moment of my visit the weather was thick, and the bastions began and ended with themselves. So I came out and took another look at the big, black exterior, buttressed with white-ribbed towers, and perceived that a desperate sketcher might extract a picture from it, especially if he were to bring in, as they say, the little black bronze statue of the good King René (a weak production of David d'Angers), which, standing within sight, ornaments the melancholy faubourg. He would do much better, however, with the very striking old timbered house (I suppose of the fifteenth century) which is called the Maison d'Adam and is easily the first specimen at Angers of the domestic architecture of the past. This admirable house, in the centre of the town, gabled, elaborately timbered, and much restored, is a really imposing monument. The basement is occupied by a linen-draper, who flourishes under the auspicious sign of the Mère de Famille; and above his shop the tall front rises in five overhanging stories. As the house occupies the angle of a little *place*, this

front is double, and the black beams and wooden supports, displayed over a large surface and carved and interlaced, have a high picturesqueness. The Maison d'Adam is quite in the grand style; and I am sorry to say I failed to learn what history attaches to its name. If I spoke just above of the cathedral as "moderate," I suppose I should beg its pardon; for this serious charge was probably prompted by the fact that it consists only of a nave, without side aisles. A little reflection now convinces me that such a form is a distinction; and, indeed, I find it mentioned, rather inconsistently, in my note-book, a little further on, as "extremely simple and grand." The nave is spoken of in the same volume as "big, serious, and Gothic," though the choir and transepts are noted as very shallow. But it is not denied that the air of the whole thing is original and striking, and it would therefore appear, after all, that the cathedral of Angers, built during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is a sufficiently honorable church; the more that its high west front, adorned with a very primitive Gothic portal, supports two elegant tapering spires, between which, unfortunately, an ugly modern pavilion has been inserted.

I remember nothing else at Angers but the curious old Café Serin, where, after I had had my dinner at the inn, I went and waited for the train which, at nine o'clock in the evening, was to convey me, in a couple of hours, to Nantes: an establishment remarkable for its great size and its air of tarnished splendor, its brown gilding and smoky frescoes, as also for the fact that it was hidden away on the second floor of an unassuming house in an unilluminated street. It hardly seemed a place where you would drop in; but when once you had found it, it presented itself, with the cathedral, the castle, and the Maison d'Adam, as one of the historical monuments of Angers.

v.

If I spent two nights at Nantes, it was for reasons of convenience rather than of sentiment; though, indeed, I spent them in a big circular room which had a stately, lofty, last-century look — a look that consoled me a little for the whole place being dirty. The high, old-fashioned inn (it had a huge, windy *porte-cochère*, and you climbed a vast black stone staircase to get to your room) looked out on a dull square, surrounded with other tall houses and occupied on one side by the theatre, a pompous building, decorated with columns and statues of the muses. Nantes belongs to the class of towns which are always spoken of as "fine," and its position near the mouth of the Loire gives it, I believe, much commercial movement. It is a spacious, rather regular city, looking, in the parts that I traversed, neither very fresh nor very venerable. It derives its principal character from the handsome quays on the Loire, which are overhung with tall eighteenth-century houses (very numerous, too, in the other streets) — houses with big *entresols* marked by arched windows, classic pediments, balcony-rails of fine old ironwork. These features exist in still better form at Bordeaux; but putting Bordeaux aside, Nantes is quite architectural. The view up and down the quays has the cool, neutral tone of color that one finds so often in French waterside places — the bright grayness which is the tone of French landscape art. The whole city has rather a grand, or at least an eminently well-established, air. During a day passed in it, of course I had time to go to the Musée; the more so that I have a weakness for provincial museums — a sentiment that depends but little on the quality of the collection. The pictures may be bad, but the place is often curious; and, indeed, from bad pictures, in certain moods of the mind, there is a de-

gree of entertainment to be derived. If they are tolerably old, they are often touching; but they must have a relative antiquity, for I confess I can do nothing with works of art of which the badness is of recent origin. The cool, still, empty chambers in which indifferent collections are apt to be preserved, the red brick tiles, the diffused light, the musty odor, the mementoes around you of dead fashions, the snuffy custodian in a black skull cap, who pulls aside a faded curtain to show you the lustreless gem of the museum — these things have a mild historical quality, and the sallow canvases after all illustrate something. Many of those in the museum of Nantes illustrate the taste of a successful warrior, having been bequeathed to the city by Napoleon's marshal, Clarke (created Duc de Feltre). In addition to these there is the usual number of specimens of the contemporary French school, culled from the annual Salons and presented to the museum by the state. Wherever the traveler goes, in France, he is reminded of this very honorable practice — the purchase by the government of a certain number of "pictures of the year," which are presently distributed in the provinces. Governments succeed each other and bid for success by different devices; but the "patronage of art" is a plank, as we should say here, in every platform. The works of art are often ill selected — there is an official taste which you immediately recognize — but the custom is essentially liberal, and a government which should neglect it would be felt to be painfully incomplete. The only thing in this particular Musée that I remember is a fine portrait of a woman, by Ingres — very flat and Chinese, but with an interest of line and a great deal of style. There is a castle at Nantes which resembles in some degree that of Angers, but has, without, much less of the impressiveness of great size, and, within, much more interest of detail. The

court contains the remains of a very fine piece of late Gothic, a tall, elegant building of the sixteenth century. The château is naturally not wanting in history. It was the residence of the old Dukes of Brittany, and was brought, with the rest of the province, by the Duchess Anne, the last representative of that race, as her dowry, to Charles VIII. I read in the excellent handbook of M. Joanne that it has been visited by almost every one of the kings of France, from Louis XI. downward; — and also that it has served as a place of sojourn less voluntary on the part of various other distinguished persons, from the horrible Maréchal de Retz, who, in the fifteenth century, was executed at Nantes for the murder of a couple of hundred young children, sacrificed in abominable rites, to the ardent Duchess of Berry, mother of the Count of Chambord, who was confined there for a few hours in 1832, just after her arrest in a neighboring house. I looked at the house in question — you may see it from the platform in front of the château — and tried to figure to myself that embarrassing scene. The duchess, after having unsuccessfully raised the standard of revolt (for the exiled Bourbons), in the Legitimist Bretagne, and being "wanted," as the phrase is, by the police of Louis Philippe, had hidden herself in a small but loyal house at Nantes, where, at the end of five months of seclusion, she was betrayed, for gold, to the austere M. Guizot, by one of her servants, an Alsatian Jew named Deutz. For many hours before her capture she had been compressed into an interstice behind a fireplace, and by the time she was drawn forth into the light she had been ominously scorched. The man who showed me the castle indicated also another historic spot, a house with little *tourelles*, on the Quai de la Fosse, in which Henry IV. is said to have signed the Edict of Nantes. I am, however, not in a position to answer for this pedigree.

There is another point in the history of the fine old houses which command the Loire, of which, I suppose, one may be tolerably sure; that is, their having, placid as they stand there to-day, looked down on the horrors of the Terror of 1793, the bloody reign of the monster Carrier and his infamous *noyades*. The most hideous episode of the Revolution was enacted at Nantes, where hundreds of men and women, tied together in couples, were set afloat upon rafts and sunk to the bottom of the Loire. The tall, eighteenth-century house, full of the *air noble*, in France always reminds me of those dreadful years — of the street-scenes of the Revolution. Superficially, the association is incongruous, for nothing could be more formal and decorous than the patent expression of these eligible residences. But whenever I have a vision of prisoners bound on tumbrels that jolt slowly to the scaffold, of heads carried on pikes, of groups of heated *citoyennes* shaking their fists at closed coach-windows, I see in the background the well-ordered features of the architecture of the period — the clear gray stone, the high pilasters, the arching lines of the entresol, the classic pediment, the slate-covered attic. There is not much architecture at Nantes except the domestic. The cathedral, with a rough west front and stunted towers, makes no impression as you approach it. It is true that it does its best to recover its reputation as soon as you have passed the threshold. Begun in 1434 and finished about the end of the fifteenth century, as I discover in Murray, it has a magnificent nave, not of great length, but of extraordinary height and lightness. On the other hand, it has no choir whatever. There is much entertainment in France in seeing what a cathedral will take upon itself to possess or to lack; for it is only the smaller number that have the full complement of features. Some have a very fine nave and no choir;

others a very fine choir and no nave. Some have a rich outside and nothing within; others a very blank face and a very glowing heart. There are a hundred possibilities of poverty and wealth, and they make the most unexpected combinations. The great treasure of Nantes is the two noble sepulchral monuments which occupy either transept, and one of which has (in its nobleness) the rare distinction of being a production of our own time. On the south side stands the tomb of Francis II., the last of the Dukes of Brittany, and of his second wife, Margaret of Foix, erected in 1507 by their daughter Anne, whom we have encountered already at the Château de Nantes, where she was born; at Langeais, where she married her first husband; at Amboise, where she lost him; at Blois, where she married her second, the "good" Louis XII., who divorced an impeccable spouse to make room for her, and where she herself died. Transferred to the cathedral from a demolished convent, this monument, the masterpiece of Michel Colomb, author of the charming tomb of the children of Charles VIII. and the aforesaid Anne, which we admired at Saint Gatien of Tours, is one of the most brilliant works of the French Renaissance. It has a splendid effect, and is in perfect preservation. A great table of black marble supports the reclining figures of the duke and duchess, who lie there peacefully and majestically, in their robes and crowns, with their heads each on a cushion, the pair of which are supported, from behind, by three charming little kneeling angels; at the foot of the quiet couple are a lion and a greyhound, with heraldic devices. At each of the angles of the table is a large figure in white marble of a woman elaborately dressed, with a symbolic meaning; and these figures, with their contemporary faces and clothes, which give them the air of realistic portraits, are truthful and living, if not remarkably

beautiful. Round the sides of the tomb are small images of the apostles. There is a kind of masculine completeness in the work, and a certain robustness of taste.

In nothing were the sculptors of the Renaissance more fortunate than in being in advance of us with their tombs: they have left us nothing to say in regard to the great final contrast — the contrast between the immobility of death and the trappings and honors that survive. They expressed in every way in which it was possible to express it the solemnity of their conviction that the marble image was a part of the personal greatness of the defunct, and the protection, the redemption, of his memory. A modern tomb, in comparison, is a skeptical affair; it insists too little on the honors. I say this in the face of the fact that one has only to step across the cathedral of Nantes to stand in the presence of one of the purest and most touching of modern tombs. Catholic Brittany has erected in the opposite transept a monument to one of the most devoted of her sons, General de Lamoricière, the defender of the Pope, the vanquished of Castelfidardo. This noble work, from the hand of Paul Dubois, one of the most interesting of that new generation of sculptors who have revived in France an art of which our overdressed century had begun to despair, has every merit but the absence of a certain prime feeling. It is the echo of an earlier tune — an echo with a beautiful cadence. Under a Renaissance canopy of white marble, elaborately worked with arabesques and cherubs, in a relief so low that it gives the work a certain look of being softened and worn by time, lies the body of the Breton soldier, with a crucifix clasped to his breast and a shroud thrown over his body. At each of the angles sits a figure in bronze, the two best of which, representing Charity and Military Courage, had given me extraordinary pleas-

ure when they were exhibited (in the clay) in the Salon of 1876. They are admirably cast, and they have a certain greatness: the one, a serene, robust young mother, beautiful in line and attitude; the other, a lean and vigilant young man, in a helmet that overshadows his serious eyes, resting an outstretched arm, an admirable military member, upon the hilt of a sword. These figures contain abundant assurance that M. Paul Dubois has been attentive to Michael Angelo, whom we have all heard called a splendid example but a bad model. The visor-shadowed face of his warrior is more or less a reminiscence of the figure on the tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici at Florence; but it is doubtless none the worse for that. The interest of the work of Paul Dubois is its peculiar seriousness, a kind of moral good faith which is not the commonest feature of French art, and which, united as it is in this case with exceeding knowledge and a remarkable sense of form, produces an impression of deep refinement. The whole monument is a proof of exquisitely careful study; but I am not sure that this impression on the part of the spectator is altogether a happy one. It explains much of its great beauty, and it also explains, perhaps, a little of a certain weakness. That word, however, is scarcely in place; I only mean that M. Dubois has made a visible effort, which has been most fruitful. Simplicity is not always strength, and our complicated modern genius contains treasures of intention. This faithless modern element is an immense charm on the part of M. Paul Dubois. I am lost in admiration of the deep æsthetic experience, the enlightenment of taste, revealed by such work. After that, I only hope that Giuseppe Garibaldi may have a monument as fair.

VI.

To go from Nantes to La Rochelle you travel straight southward, across

the historic *bocage* of La Vendée, the home of royalist bush-fighting. The country, which is exceedingly pretty, bristles with copses, orchards, and hedges, and with trees more spreading and sturdy than the traveler is apt to deem the feathery foliage of France. It is true that as I proceeded it flattened out a good deal, so that for an hour there was a vast featureless plain, which offered me little entertainment beyond the general impression that I was approaching the Bay of Biscay (from which, in reality, I was yet far distant). As we drew near La Rochelle, however, the prospect brightened considerably, and the railway kept its course beside a charming little canal, or canalized river, bordered with trees, and with small, neat, bright-colored, and yet old-fashioned cottages and villas, which stood back on the further side, behind small gardens, hedges, painted palings, patches of turf. The whole effect was Dutch and delightful; and in being delightful, though not in being Dutch, it prepared me for the charms of La Rochelle, which from the moment I entered it I perceived to be a fascinating little town, a most original mixture of brightness and dullness. Part of its brightness comes from its being extraordinarily clean — in which, after all, it *is* Dutch; a virtue not particularly noticeable at Bourges, Le Mans, and Angers. Whenever I go southward, if it be only twenty miles, I begin to look out for the south, prepared as I am to find the careless grace of those latitudes even in things of which it may be said that they may be south of something, but are not southern. To go from Boston to New York (in this state of mind) is almost as soft a sensation as descending the Italian side of the Alps; and to go from New York to Philadelphia is to enter a zone of tropical luxuriance and warmth. Given this absurd disposition, I could not fail to flatter myself, on reaching La Rochelle, that I was already in the

Midi, and to perceive in everything, in the language of the country, the *caractère méridional*. Really, a great many things had a hint of it. For that matter, it seems to me that to arrive in the south at a bound — to wake up there, as it were — would be a very imperfect pleasure. The full pleasure is to approach by stages and gradations; to observe the successive shades of difference by which it ceases to be the north. These shades are exceedingly fine, but your true south-lover has an eye for them all. If he perceive them at New York and Philadelphia — we imagine him boldly as liberated from Boston — how could he fail to perceive them at La Rochelle? The streets of this dear little city are lined with arcades — good, big, straddling arcades of stone, such as befit a land of hot summers, and which recalled to me, not to go further, the dusky porticoes of Bayonne. It contains, moreover, a great wide *place d'armes*, which looked for all the world like the piazza of some dead Italian town, empty, sunny, grass-grown, with a row of yellow houses overhanging it, an unfrequented café, with a striped awning, a tall, cold, florid, uninteresting cathedral of the eighteenth century on one side, and on the other a shady walk, which forms part of an old rampart. I followed this walk for some time, under the stunted trees, beside the grass-covered bastions; it is very charming, winding and wandering, always with trees. Beneath the rampart is a tidal river, and on the other side, for a long distance, the mossy walls of the immense garden of a seminary. Three hundred years ago La Rochelle was the great French stronghold of Protestantism; but to-day it appears to be a nursery of Papists.

The walk upon the rampart led me round to one of the gates of the town, where I found some small modern fortifications and sundry red-legged soldiers, and, beyond the fortifications, another

shady walk — a *mail*, as the French say, as well as a *champ de manœuvre* — on which latter expanse the poor little red-legs were doing their exercise. It was all very quiet and very picturesque, rather in miniature; and at once very tidy and a little out of repair. This, however, was but a meagre back-view of La Rochelle, or poor side-view at best. There are other gates than the small fortified aperture just mentioned; one of them, an old gray arch beneath a fine clock-tower, I had passed through on my way from the station. This picturesque Tour de l'Horloge separates the town proper from the port; for beyond the old gray arch the place presents its bright, expressive little face to the sea. I had a charming walk about the harbor, and along the stone piers and sea-walls that shut it in. This indeed, to take things in their order, was after I had had my breakfast (which I took on arriving) and after I had been to the hôtel de ville. The inn had a long, narrow garden behind it, with some very tall trees; and passing through this garden to a dim and secluded *salle à manger*, buried in the heavy shade, I had, while I sat at my repast, a feeling of seclusion which amounted almost to a sense of incarceration. I lost this sense, however, after I had paid my bill, and went out to look for traces of the famous siege, which is the principal title of La Rochelle to renown. I had come thither partly because I thought it would be interesting to stand for a few moments in so gallant a spot, and partly because, I confess, I had a curiosity to see what had been the starting-point of the Huguenot emigrants who founded the town of New Rochelle, in the State of New York, a place in which I had passed certain memorable hours. It was strange to think, as I strolled through the peaceful little port, that these quiet waters, during the wars of religion, had swelled with a formidable naval power. The Rochelais had fleets and admirals,

and their stout little Huguenot bottoms carried defiance up and down. To say that I found any traces of the siege would be to misrepresent the taste for vivid whitewash by which La Rochelle is distinguished to-day. The only trace is the dent in the marble top of the table on which, in the hôtel de ville, Jean Guiton, the mayor of the city, brought down his dagger with an oath, when in 1628 the vessels and regiments of Richelieu closed about it on sea and land. This terrible functionary was the soul of the resistance; he held out from February to October, in the midst of pestilence and famine. The whole episode has a brilliant place among the sieges of history; it has been related a hundred times, and I may only glance at it and pass. I limit my ambition, in these light pages, to speaking of those things of which I have personally received an impression; and I have no such impression of the defense of La Rochelle. The hôtel de ville is a pretty little building, in the style of the Renaissance of Francis I.; but it has left much of its interest in the hands of the restorers. It has been "done up" without mercy; its natural place would be at Rochelle the New. A sort of battlemented curtain, flanked with turrets, divides it from the street and contains a low door (a low door in a high wall is always felicitous), which admits you to an inner court, where you discover the face of the building. It has statues set into it, and is raised upon a very low and very deep arcade. The principal function of the deferential old portress who conducts you over the place is to call your attention to the indented table of Jean Guiton; but she shows you other objects of interest besides. The interior is absolutely new and extremely sumptuous, abounding in tapestries, upholstery, morocco, velvet, and satin. This is especially the case with a really beautiful *grande salle*, where, surrounded with the most expensive upholstery, the

mayor holds his official receptions. (So, at least, said my worthy portress.) The mayors of La Rochelle appear to have changed a good deal since the days of the grim Guiton, but these evidences of municipal splendor are interesting for the light they throw on French manners. Imagine the mayor of an English or an American town of twenty thousand inhabitants holding magisterial soirées in the town-hall! The said grande salle, which is unchanged in form and in its larger features, is, I believe, the room in which the Rochelais debated as to whether they should shut themselves up, and decided in the affirmative. The table and chair of Jean Guiton have been restored, like everything else, and are very elegant and coquettish pieces of furniture — incongruous relics of a season of starvation and blood. I believe that Protestantism is somewhat shrunken to-day, at La Rochelle, and has taken refuge mainly in the *haute société* and in a single place of worship. There was nothing particular to remind me of its supposed austerity, as, after leaving the hôtel de ville, I walked along the empty porticoes and out of the Tour de l'Horloge, which I have already mentioned. If I stopped and looked up at this venerable monument, it was not to ascertain the hour, for I foresaw that I should be here more time at La Rochelle than I knew what to do with; but because its high, gray, weather-beaten face was an obvious subject for a sketch.

The little port, which has two basins, and is accessible only to vessels of light tonnage, had a certain gayety and as much local color as you please. Fisher folk of picturesque type were strolling about, most of them Bretons; several of the men with handsome, simple faces, not at all brutal, and with a splendid brownness — the golden-brown color, on cheek and beard, that you see on an old Venetian sail. It was a squally, showery day, with sudden drizzles of

sunshine; rows of rich-toned fishing-smacks were drawn up along the quays. The harbor is effective to the eye by reason of three battered old towers which, at different points, overhang it, and look infinitely weather-washed and sea-silvered. The most striking of these, the Tour de la Lanterne, is a big, gray mass, of the fifteenth century, flanked with turrets and crowned with a Gothic steeple. I found it was called by the people of the place the Tour des Quatre Sergents, though I know not what connection it has with the touching history of the four young sergeants of the garrison of La Rochelle, who were arrested in 1821 as conspirators against the government of the Bourbons, and executed, amid a general indignation, in Paris, in the following year. The quaint little walk labeled Rue sur les Murs, to which one ascends from beside the Grosse Horloge, leads to this curious Tour de la Lanterne and passes under it. This walk has the top of the old town-wall, toward the sea, for a parapet on one side, and is bordered on the other with decent but irregular little tenements of fishermen, where brown old women, whose caps are as white as if they were painted, seem chiefly in possession. In this direction there is a very pretty stretch of shore, out of the town, through the fortifications (which are Vauban's, by the way); through, also, a diminutive public garden or straggling shrubbery, which edges the water and carries its stunted verdure as far as a big Etablissement des Bains. It was too late in the year to bathe, and the Etablissement had the bankrupt aspect which belongs to such places out of the season; so I turned my back upon it, and gained, by a circuit in the course of which there were sundry waterside items to observe, the other side of the cheery little port, where there is a long breakwater and a still longer sea-wall, on which I walked a while, and inhaled the strong, salt

breath of the Bay of Biscay. La Rochelle serves, in the months of July and August, as a *station de bains* for a moderate provincial society; and, putting aside the question of inns, it must be charming on summer afternoons.

Henry James.

KING'S CHAPEL.

Is it a weanling's weakness for the past
That in the stormy, rebel-breeding town,
Swept clean of relics by the levelling blast,
Still keeps our gray old chapel's name of "King's," —
Still to its outworn symbols fondly clings,
Its unchurched mitres and its empty crown?

Poor harmless emblems! All has shrunk away
That made them gorgons in the patriot's eyes;
The priestly plaything harms us not to-day;
The gilded crown is but a pleasing show,
An old-world heirloom, left from long ago,
Wreck of the past that memory bids us prize.

Lightly we glance the fresh-cut marbles o'er;
Those two of earlier date our eyes enthrall:
The proud old Briton's by the western door,
And hers, the Lady of Colonial days,
Whose virtues live in long-drawn classic phrase, —
The fair Francisca of the southern wall.

Ay! those were goodly men that Reynolds drew,
And stately dames our Copley's canvases holds,
To their old Church, their Royal Majesty, true,
Proud of the claim their valiant sires had earned,
That "gentle blood," not lightly to be spurned,
Save by the churl ungenerous Nature moulds.

All vanished! It were idle to complain
That ere the fruits shall come the flowers must fall;
Yet somewhat we have lost amidst our gain,
Some rare ideals time may not restore, —
The charm of courtly breeding, seen no more,
And reverence, dearest ornament of all.

— Thus musing, to the western wall I came,
Departing: lo! a tablet fresh and fair,
Where glistened many a youth's remembered name
In golden letters on the snow-white stone, —
Young lives these aisles and arches once have known,
Their country's bleeding altar might not spare.

These died that we might claim a soil unstained,
 Save by the blood of heroes; their bequests
 A realm unsevered and a race unchained.
 Has purer blood through Norman veins come down
 From the rough knights that clutched the Saxon's crown
 Than warmed the pulses in these faithful breasts?

These, too, shall live in history's deathless page,
 High on the slow-wrought pedestals of fame,
 Ranged with the heroes of remoter age;
 They could not die who left their nation free,
 Firm as the rock, unfettered as the sea,
 Its heaven unshadowed by the cloud of shame.

While on the storied past our memory dwells,
 Our grateful tribute shall not be denied, —
 The wreath, the cross of rustling immortelles;
 And willing hands shall clear each darkening bust,
 As year by year sifts down the clinging dust
 On Shirley's beauty and on Vassall's pride.

But for our own, our loved and lost, we bring
 With throbbing hearts and tears that still must flow,
 In full-heaped hands, the opening flowers of spring,
 Lillies half-blown, and budding roses, red
 As their young cheeks, before the blood was shed
 That lent their morning bloom its generous glow.

Ah, who shall count a rescued Nation's debt,
 Or sum in words our martyrs' silent claims?
 Who shall our heroes' dread exchange forget, —
 All life, youth, hope, could promise to allure
 For all that soul could brave or flesh endure?
 They shaped our future; we but carve their names.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OUR NOMINATING MACHINES.

THE test question which decided the political supremacy of William M. Tweed, and gave him for a time absolute mastery of the first municipal government in America, arose in 1870, over the proposed new charter for the city of New York. Tweed owed his victory to his secret manipulation of the Republican senatorial caucus even more than to his

control of his own party machinery. Whenever it was possible, — and with the resources at his command few things of the sort were impossible for him at that time, — his henchmen obtained access to the Republican district associations, which held, as they hold to-day, full disposition of the party nominations in the city, and elected del-

legates who were pledged to do the bidding of the Democratic boss.

The vast official "patronage" which lay at his disposal, the by-ways and back lanes to means of money-making *aliunde* of which he held the keys, were all used by him to accomplish what to fail of, he had declared, would be his ruin. Ostensibly active Republicans and ardent party men depended for their daily bread upon the salaries which, at a word from him, could be cut off. In one Republican association alone, sixty-three "workers" held office under Tammany Hall, whilst of the Republican general committee in 1870 thirty members out of one hundred and fifty-nine received pay from offices subject to the disposition of the Democratic chief. At the primaries of that year the "Tammany Republicans" massed their forces. Tweed sent for the Republican district leaders, and plied them with every inducement to sell out in his favor. Ex-Governor Cornell, chairman of the Republican state committee in 1871, declared that members of the general committee of the city of New York acknowledged that they had received large sums of money to place their committee under the secret control of Tammany. Men who were holding federal offices, the "gift" of some Republican politician, or the "reward for good Republican work," were "given" much more lucrative positions under the municipal government controlled by the Tammany sachem. The Republican convention was actually "run" by a Democratic minority, who packed the hall before the hour of meeting. The entrance was guarded by policemen, who, acting under instructions from Democratic headquarters, rejected or admitted delegates without the slightest regard to their credentials. So intolerable became the abuses in these little "nocturnal gatherings," where six thousand voters arrogated to themselves exclusive control of the nominations which fifty thousand

Republicans were held bound to ratify, that the state committee were forced to step in and manage the local campaign itself. Yet, in spite of their efforts, it was found, after the election, that in certain districts the presidents of Republican associations had issued and "peddled" the straight Democratic ticket all day long. But Tweed did not content himself with his control of the Republican organization of the city of New York alone. His next move was a conception of genius. He determined to extend his power to the Republican senatorial caucus as well, so as to secure the votes not only of those who were paid to do his bidding, but also of those who, however opposed to his mastery, would not dare fail to respond to the crack of the party whip. With rare humor and cynical frankness, the old man told the story of his shrewdness. It is a suggestive story, and well worth the study of him who claims that under any circumstances to bolt is a crime:—

"I suggested the caucus, and suggested that the Republicans should resolve in caucus to support me in this measure. I said, 'Here is a way of getting over it *if money matters are mentioned*. If you go in caucus, and if the resolution is arrived at, you can say, I was governed by the caucus, and had to do it because the caucus did, and I personally went against it.' . . . The result was, the caucus did pass the resolution that they would stand by the charter and agree to the caucus determination."¹

The purchase of the Republican senators whose votes carried the Republican caucus cost Mr. Tweed, he declared on oath, at a time when it was less to his interest to lie than to tell the truth, some forty thousand dollars apiece; an amount agreed upon after much skillful haggling and neat diplomacy. And all through these delicate negotiations, he

¹ Testimony taken before a Committee of New York Aldermen, 1877. Page 86.

said his trusted counselor, adviser, and go-between was the editor of a leading Republican journal! But disclosure came at last, and with disclosure one of those periodical convulsions which we have come to depend upon as the only means of purifying the disorders of our body politic. The honest element of both parties united to shake off the incubus, and when the work was done genuine Republicans began to bestir themselves for a real "reform within the party." The reorganization was entrusted by the state committee to Horace Greeley and William Orton; the place of the former, on his declining to serve, being filled by Jackson S. Schultz. Some idea of the abuses which they were called upon to correct may be inferred from what follows, for which vouchers could be given if space allowed:—

The sub-committee appointed to correct the roll of one district found it so hopelessly filled with non-residents, bogus names, and dead men that it was not capable of correction, but had to be cast aside, and a new one made. Of the seven hundred and fifty-one names, twenty-two, *as the roll itself showed*, lived out of the district; and of the rest, only two hundred and seventy-nine could be found by the census-taker. In another district two hundred and forty-seven of the alleged members were either Democrats, or unknown or fictitious persons; and this district was claimed to be "rather exceptionally free from irregularities"! It was proved by sworn testimony that at the Republican primaries, at the preceding election, some of the polls were taken possession of by policemen, who refused many prominent Republicans admittance, while they allowed Democrats to enroll, and vote upon the selection of delegates.

The reorganizing committee produced, as the result of their labors, the organization which has developed into the ex-

clusive political machine, which to-day dominates the party in the city of New York. The crying evil which the framers of the new system were called upon to meet was temporarily suppressed. Their scheme expressly provided (Art. XIV.) that no person holding office under Democratic control should be a member of the organization, and that all votes cast for such should be null and void. The gentlemen who undertook the work of reform either saw but one side of the great evil of "patronage," or did not feel called upon to denounce it, save where it bore heavily against their own party. That a Republican politician should hold office at the will of a Tammany sachem seemed an intolerable abuse; but that the same worker should be dependent for his living upon the nod of a Republican boss appeared to be only another bond to strengthen the party discipline. The new plan had but a temporary success. Indeed, its framers never claimed anything more for it. It was urged by many, at the time, that the evils had not been wholly rooted out, and that the seeds of the old abuses would in time sprout again. The condition of the organization to-day has justified their declarations. Mr. George Bliss, who in 1876 insisted that the fair expression of opinion was seldom prevented at the primaries and caucuses of the Republican party, and confidently declared that no abuse had failed of prompt correction, upon proper appeal in the manner provided, announced in 1879 that the system, for at least a year past, had been fairly honeycombed by a dry rot. "The rolls," he declared, in an open letter to President Arthur, then chairman of the Republican state committee, "are utterly deceptive." No annual revision was had, as the constitution required. Mr. Arthur's own association contained the names of many non-residents; in another district, out of six hundred names, the post-office officials

had been unable to reach more than one half ; and of the thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty-five members on the rolls of the twenty-four associations, over half should have been stricken off. In 1878, it was claimed that the associations were again full of avowed Democrats, whilst good Republicans, who had an absolute right to become members, were refused admittance, either by direct rejection, or by referring the nominations to committees which never reported ; "leaving no course but an appeal to the central committee, which is sure not to act against the henchmen." Elections conducted "with conspicuous unfairness," fraudulent enrollment, arbitrary exclusions, unfair expulsions, and other abuses as bad were the charges brought against the system which to-day controls the Republican party machinery of the great city of New York, by the gentleman who three years before was its warm advocate. Although it was not until 1879 that Mr. Bliss felt bound to demand a reform, yet Mr. Schultz himself asserted, as early as 1876, that the primary had come to be no place for any one but the professional politician ; and it was generally admitted even then, and tacitly conceded by those who "ran" the machine themselves, that the district associations were very far from representing the great majority of the party. The Union League Club, assuming to speak for the educated and public-spirited element, resolved that the national convention, in considering candidates for the presidential election of 1876, should avoid selecting any man whose affiliations might suggest a reasonable doubt of the purity of his political methods. That resolution, though couched in the most temperate language, and backed by the highest public opinion of the city and State, gave offense to the arrogant masters of the machine, who would brook no suggestion of interference with their sovereignty ; and within ten days these little evening

clubs, at which one tenth of the party assumed to speak with absolute authority for the other nine tenths, answered to their master's call, and all of them returned their quota of delegates to the state convention, pledged to his control. "This," said Mr. Cornell, in his dispatch to Senator Conkling, as one of Cæsar's lieutenants might have reported to his general the crushing of some barbarian revolt, — "this is the answer of the Republicans of New York to the impudent declarations of the Union League Club." But if matters were bad then, they are worse to-day. "Not over one in three of the presidents of the twenty-six Republican associations," said the New York Times, after a recent election of officers, "is a man of ordinary capacity for public affairs, or even of ordinary education ; sixteen of the twenty-six hold city, state, or federal office ; and of the remaining ten, one is said to have been selected for an office under the general government, and two are mere figure-heads for office-holders behind them. . . . From alderman to judge of the supreme court, no name appears on the party ticket which has not been selected by some of this band of office-holders and office-seekers. They send the delegates who assume to speak for the eighty thousand New York Republicans at a state convention, and save for the casual jurisdiction of the state committee, there is no authority in the party which they cannot set at defiance. Their representatives in the board of aldermen must do their bidding, under penalty of expulsion from the charmed circle. Republican members of the legislature take their cue from them in all matters pertaining to the government of the city. There is no power which has to dispose of public patronage, from the police board or the petty courts to the President of the United States, that cannot be made to feel the pressure of the organizations which regulate at its head the flow of the fountain of political

action in the first city of the United States."

Such is the development of the machine system of political nominations in the metropolis of America. The facts regarding one party are matched by those in another; and in any large city of the United States, a history of the evolution of the caucus from its prototype the "town meeting," of years gone by, consists simply of a wearisome repetition of similar details. In Baltimore it is the Democrats who have "run" their primaries with such shameful indifference to the protests of respectability that the intelligent element of the party have refused to attend and lend their countenance to the fraud and trickery by which the reckless and unscrupulous minority always carry the day. In Philadelphia, again, the Republican professional politicians have engaged for years past in dishonest practices, which the respectable majority have been absolutely powerless to prevent. Again and again the candidate who happened to secure control of the temporary chairman of a convention has, through the latter's aid, succeeded in ousting duly elected delegates by simply referring, *under the rules*, all questions relating to contested seats to the suitable committee packed in his interests. So that the nomination has come to depend far more upon "fixing" the temporary chairman than upon the mere question of a majority of duly elected delegates. To Philadelphia as well as New York may be applied what Mr. Bliss said in 1879: "It is the constant remark of the henchmen, 'What's the use of his fighting? We've got the inspectors.'" In Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and San Francisco, the primary system operates with precisely similar results; and even in England, if we choose to go abroad for illustrations, the caucus, in the form of the "Birmingham six hundred," or the "Bradford three hundred," comes to the

same thing, — a development of the very abuses under which we labor here. The "Birmingham Model," which has been set up in Birmingham, Bradford, the metropolitan boroughs of Marylebone, Southwark, and Greenwich, and in many large towns, either preserves or has developed the essential features of our primary methods. The ward committees elect a general committee, which elects an executive committee, which elects a managing sub-committee. This machine selects candidates for Parliament and the school board. The out-and-out party men naturally praise it as an admirable means of massing and centralizing the party power. Mr. Chamberlain's laudation of the system has an oddly familiar sound to American ears, used to the stock arguments of the professional politician, to whom a "scratcher" or a "bolter" is more hateful than the Beast. The success of the liberals in Bradford, he argues, "would have been impossible to any but a strong and united party. . . . The only merit of the caucus is that it has enabled the party to develop its full strength. . . . Since the formation of the association, no man calling himself a liberal has ever been excluded from its meetings, or denied a voice and vote. . . . The only controlling force in our organization is the good sense of its members, who see that if the common cause is to be successful there must be some willingness to keep purely personal preferences in the background, and to subordinate petty details to great principles." But the "discipline" has already begun to tell, and more than one intelligent Englishman has felt the weight of a system which makes as little as possible of his individual voice and vote. No member who has failed of a nomination can offer himself as an independent at the hustings; and the committees already demand that the nominee shall submit his opinions to their dictation. Because of his course on the government education

bill in 1878, the Bradford liberal committee attempted to "discipline" Mr. Forster, a notoriously stiff-necked man; but he set them at defiance, and was elected with the aid, it is said, of some Tory votes. At the next general election he was offered the Bradford nomination, provided he would bind himself by "Rule 15," which prescribed that the nominee should in all things submit to the decisions of the committee, — a pledge which Mr. Forster refused to take. "Assessments," as a matter of course, follow in train. In 1878, the local politicians began to complain that the members of public boards did not contribute liberally enough to the association, and at one meeting it was demanded, with unmistakable emphasis, that the defaulters be "interviewed." How little these committees differ from the district associations of Brooklyn and New York, or the ward committees of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, may be seen from the following description from the pen of an observant and intelligent Englishman: —

"It simulates an elective system, and pretends to the authority derived from popular majorities. In theory every liberal elector has a right to be enrolled on the ward lists, and when enrolled to take part in the ward meetings which choose the representatives which make up the central committees. . . . But as a matter of fact the semblance of popular election is of the slightest kind. . . . At the ward meetings which choose the representatives on the central committee . . . there is no keen excitement. . . . Yet when the thing is done the necessity of yielding to the principles of representation is urged, and any signs of troublesome independence are repressed by the argument that those who failed to carry their candidates at the ward meetings, and so find themselves unrepresented on the committee, must be in a minority. . . . These meetings fall inevitably into the hands of the

professional politicians. A few energetic persons, who know what it is to pull the wires effectively, appear at these gatherings with a sufficient contingent of followers, and obtain the sanction of popular election for the 'tickets' they promptly propose. Politics are thus made prominent in municipal affairs, and Englishmen now ask, Why should a body chosen to give expression to the political voice of the borough meddle with the selection of representatives, whose duty it is to decide between rival schemes of drainage and lighting, or to appoint school-masters and school-mistresses, or to strike an equitable balance between indoor and outdoor relief?"

It is folly for us to talk about the duty of the patriotic and intelligent citizen to attend the caucus of his party, and insist by his presence and his vote that only proper candidates shall be nominated. With the absence of legal safeguards, the polls of the primary of to-day are absolutely at the mercy of the dishonest minority.

It pays the professional politician to give his whole time to the work of "running his district." He has a "stake" in the work; it means to him his bread and butter. "Practical" politics require practiced hands; so he makes it his business; and as Fisher Ames is said to have declared long ago, "one man making a business of politics can have more influence than half a dozen who do not." With ten thousand municipal offices in the city of New York subordinate to the elective offices, and whose salaries aggregate over ten million dollars, it pays a Democratic "heeler" to know his district, and to "run" it at any cost and by any means. With the federal patronage of the same city dividing up two and a half millions of dollars among two thousand five hundred offices, it is easy to understand why "Barney" and "Jake" and "Tom" and "Mike" aspire to be district leaders, and why they invariably beat the honest gentle-

men who innocently fancy that a numerical majority is any obstacle to a determined minority who know what they want and are bound to get it by hook or by crook. What chance has an honorable man, who would not stoop to the tricks of the machine to secure his ends, with patriotism and perhaps a laudable ambition to distinguish himself in public service as his only motives, against men whose business is to "fix" primaries and "pack" conventions by stuffing ballot boxes and ejecting duly elected delegates? No; the remedy is not to be found at the caucus of to-day. The present primary system is, and so long as it lasts always will be, subject to the control of the worst element in each party. But the patient people have stood it about long enough. We have at last begun to fret against gross misrepresentation. The civil service reform bill was the result of public opinion as expressed in the *state* elections; it was not left for a national contest to put life into that issue; and in the States where the caucus has been most abused are to be heard those mutterings of discontent which to the observant student of American public affairs mean so much. Within a short time the people

of Pennsylvania have demanded, and secured, laws regulating their primary elections. The people of Maryland have made the same demand, and will get what they ask. The "leaders" on one side of the game of New York politics have begun to hold out offers of "reorganization" as a sop to allay the effects of their refusal in the past to permit the passage of such a law, while their opponents have recently been forced by an insistent public opinion to extend the provisions of a local statute controlling primaries in the city of Brooklyn to other cities in the State.

But beyond the enactment of statutes which shall protect the primary as fully as the general election, the people have begun to insist that the State, as well as the nation, shall take its offices out of politics, so as to make it pay as little as possible for the political "worker" to "fix" things at the caucus. We are beginning to understand that so long as we allow official patronage to lie at the disposal of this leader or that, as a reward for "controlling his district," for just so long we shall furnish a corruption fund for him to draw upon to pay for the dirty work by which he wins and holds his place.

George Walton Green.

POETS AND BIRDS: A CRITICISM.

"Plato, anticipating the reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets."

The Birds of Killingworth.

THE author of three articles recently published, *The Poets' Birds* (*Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1882), *Foreign Birds and English Poets* (*Contemporary Review*, October, 1882), and *Our Birds and their Poets* (*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1883) brings against British poets the charge that they are almost

entirely destitute of that "universal kindness toward the speechless world," that "sympathy co-extensive with nature," which he "finds common to all the poets of America." This is proved, he says, by their ignorance of ornithology, their injustice to birds, and their general neglect of the bird-world.

For any one to be justified in making this charge, he must himself have a knowledge of ornithology sufficient to enable him to approach accuracy in the

statement of scientific facts, great familiarity with the poets, and a standard of criticism which should be clearly defined in his own mind, and which he should be able to make fairly intelligible to his readers.

An examination of these articles will enable us to judge to what extent the author's statements and opinions are entitled to consideration.

"There are," he says, "known to science more than three thousand species of birds." But Sclater and Salvin make over three thousand and five hundred in the neotropical region alone, including South America, the West Indies, and Central America. And this is less than half the number represented in the private collection of Count Turati, who recently died in Milan, which consisted of specimens belonging to seven thousand two hundred species (Count Salvadori in *The Ibis*, October, 1881); while Gray's *Hand-List*, the latest published (1871), contains the names of over eleven thousand then known to science.

Again, our author says, "The poets have wasted some two thousand exotic birds," and names six that they have "utilized." So, of the more than three thousand known to science, he reckons as belonging to Great Britain about one thousand, or one third of the whole. But the number of British species, according to Harting's *Handbook* (1872), is only three hundred and ninety-five (including one hundred and thirty-five rare and accidental visitants), or less than one twenty-eighth of the number recorded by Gray. The writer also gives a "complete list," seventy-six in all, of the species of British birds found in the eighty poets "carefully examined" by him. A "curious list" he calls it, and a curious list it is. The very first bird which it contains, the albatross, is not a British bird; nor is the booby; nor are the cock and the peacock, for they are domesticated fowls

of nearly all civilized countries, and are not included by British ornithologists among British birds. "Only seven sea-birds," he says; but in his own enumeration he makes ten. After naming seven, and exclaiming, "Such are the ocean-birds of the poets!" he immediately thinks of "sea-mews and sea-pies." Then he adds: "Not another bird is mentioned!" but soon after remembers the "stormy petrel." But why not also include swans, ducks, and geese, many of which are as really sea-birds as loons and cormorants, and some of the gulls? Why not count the sand-lark as well as the sea-pie? Both of them are shore-birds, and both sometimes found inland.

According to Newton, Harting, Coues, and others, the order *Raptores*, birds of prey, contains three families: *Vulturidæ*, or *Cathartidæ*, vultures; *Strigidæ*, owls; and *Falconidæ*, eagles, the osprey, falcons, hawks, kites, buzzards, and harriers.

Of these three great divisions, the writer classes as birds of prey only one family, the *Falconidæ*. In his first article he speaks of the condor and the lammergeyer as "wondrous birds of prey;" but in the next article he declares that vultures are not birds of prey, apparently unaware of the fact that the condor and the lammergeyer are vultures, although they are the most distinguished species of the vulture family.

In his first article, our author gives a list of the foreign birds of the poets: the ostrich, the bird of paradise, the pelican, the flamingo, the ibis, and the vulture,—six besides cage-birds. The second, being on foreign birds, he revises the list, and adds to it the condor, the humming-bird, the stork, and the crane. Now ibis, vulture, stork, and crane are generic names, and British ornithologists have recorded one or more species of all these birds among the rare or accidental visitants in Great

Britain. Naturalists do not agree about the crocodile bird of Herodotus, as to whether it is the sic-sac plover, as this writer thinks, or the black-headed plover. But since he quotes several poets who have mentioned the bird, why not include it in his enumeration of foreign birds?

Still another list shows our author's unique system of classification, that of the "fearful wild-fowl" from the "bird-land of fable," with which the "poets eke out their stock," namely, "the simurg and roc, gryphon and phœnix, popinjay, heydegre, martlet, and allerion." The simurg, the roc, the phœnix, and the allerion are fabulous birds. Popinjay and the diminutive word martlet are names of real birds. The gryphon is a fabulous animal, a winged quadruped. It is hardly possible that any of the poets can have called it a bird. Spenser compares the red-crosse knight encountering his enemy to a "gryfon" encountering a dragon, but speaks of neither the gryfon nor the dragon as a bird. Nor does Milton, in his comparison of the Fiend's course to that of a gryphon, call the latter a bird.

The list, then, contains names of four instead of eight fabulous birds, one imaginary animal not a bird, two names of real birds, and the word "heydegre." I have hesitated about calling heydegre a word, for to my mind it conveys no meaning. I have consulted a number of the latest and best etymological and other dictionaries for a little help, but in vain; and I am forced to believe that its occurrence in poetry cannot have been general enough to warrant any conclusions as to the poets.

The poets, according to the writer, "sing mysteriously to modern ears of ernes, gleads, and so forth." Why mysteriously? Erne and glead are the more common names of the sea-eagle and the kite in some parts of Great Britain; they are in use in good prose, and by some of the best ornithological

writers are the names first given in describing the birds. Glead, allied to Anglo-Saxon *glidan*, to glide, and supposed to have been given to the bird on account of its beautiful sailing motion, is certainly a more poetical word than kite.

The author of these articles is apparently as unfamiliar with poetry as with ornithology. "It is," he thinks, "a poor compliment to the fable of the bird of paradise, that it sleeps on the wing, to stretch the same privilege, as Cowper does, to the swallow." Cowper nowhere intimates that the swallow sleeps on the wing. He translated a little poem by Madame Guyon on the swallow, in which we find this stanza:—

"It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air;
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is winged like herself, 't is ethereal fare."

I have not seen the original, but I infer from the translation that Madame Guyon herself does not mean to say that the swallow sleeps on the wing, but simply to allude to this bird's remarkable powers of flight, which enable it not only to take its winged food on the wing, but to sustain long-continued exertion in flying, without fatigue.

The writer also tells us that Thomson calls Alexander the Great a vulture. But it is Philip, not Alexander, to whom Thomson refers as "the Macedonian vulture" that

"marked his time,
By the dire scent of Charonea lured,
And, fierce descending, seized his hapless prey."

A little further on we are told that Gray makes the vulture a prey-hunter. Gray makes no allusion to the vulture in connection with its prey. In one of his translations from Propertius, this line occurs:—

"Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey."

Even here the bird is not called a prey-hunter.

In his last article, our author says, "The owl and vulture might be quite as 'obscene' in *Evangeline* or *Mogg Megone* as they are in Wordsworth or Cowper."

Those not familiar with Cowper and Wordsworth will be surprised to learn that there is absolutely nothing in the poems of either of them to suggest such a thought. Cowper has only two references to the owl. One is merely an allusion to the roosting of owls in Yardley Oak. The other shows his kindness of feeling towards this bird:—

"Nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for
me."

Wordsworth has numerous allusions to the owl, and they show his careful and appreciative observation of it, but in none of them does the epithet "obscene" occur, or any word which could be forced into meaning that.

As to the vulture, Cowper nowhere refers to it in his original poems; in his translations from other poets this bird is spoken of, but even in these it is not called obscene. Wordsworth mentions it only once. In *The Excursion*, the skeptic asks, —

"Why
That ancient story of Prometheus chained
To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus,
The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
Drawn from his vitals?"

It will be readily seen from this that the vulture is no more "obscene" in Wordsworth than in *Evangeline*, or than in the Prometheus of Longfellow or the Prometheus of Lowell. I think this extract is a fair example of the way the old fable of Prometheus and the vulture has been treated by the poets.

The following references to the poets may not be quite as obviously, but are just as really, misrepresentations. In the article on foreign birds we find a quotation from Milton,

"Part, more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan; high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane,"

with these comments:—

"This 'embody'd flight' of the migrating crane is a poetical image as old as the *Iliad*, and therefore older; but it is one to which many besides Milton have recourse, as a simile from nature for discipline and mutual reliance. It is a pity that the 'mutual wing' should be a fiction, for the idea that each bird rests its head on the back of the bird before it, in flight, is a charming one."

The method of the cranes in flight is not a "poetical image;" it is a fact of natural history. Homer alludes to the flight of the crane in migrating only once, and then it is merely to compare the battle-cry of the Trojans to the cry of the cranes. He nowhere makes any allusion to the method of the flight. The "embodied flight" of Pope is, in every case, wholly gratuitous.

It would be hard to find a more comprehensive and truthful description in five lines than Milton has here given of the crane. The passage, however, is purely descriptive. It contains no "simile for discipline or mutual reliance." Still, the mutual wing is not a fiction; and it is a misrepresentation of the poet to attribute to him the absurd opinion which some of the ancients are said to have entertained, that each crane, in flying, rests its head on the back of the one before it. The explanation of the phrase "mutual wing," so simple and natural, may be found in actual fact. It is well known that cranes, when migrating, fly in two lines, which meet in front in an acute angle. One of the number takes the lead. "It may be readily observed," says Lloyd (*Scandinavian Adventures*), "that when this individual becomes fatigued with being the first to cleave the air, it falls to the rear, and leaves the next in succession

to take its post." Brehm, in his interesting chapter on migration, gives a similar account. Thus it is that they are seen "with mutual wing easing their flight."

Speaking of the vulture, the writer says, "Longfellow knows the bird as it is," and one couplet from *Evangeline*, he thinks, "goes a long way towards refuting the hideous prejudices of our own poets, who never saw a vulture." What, pray, was there to prevent Byron or Shelley from seeing a vulture? Vultures have not disappeared from the laud of Homer and Æschylus, or from that country the foundation of whose capital is associated with the "omen of the twelve vultures." They are found in all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

Afterwards we find mention of the vultures "so admirably described in Longfellow's well-known passage," and are told that "Longfellow's vultures are condors." Longfellow may have seen vultures, but there is no reason to suppose that he was familiar with any species of this bird. Vultures are not more common in Boston and Cambridge than they are in London. If Longfellow ever saw a condor, he probably saw it in the Zoölogical Gardens in London. He certainly did not see it in its native haunts, for he never visited South America. But Longfellow's vultures are not condors. The turkey buzzard is the vulture that frequents "the wonderful land at the base of the Ozark Mountains," with the description of which the writer seems so much pleased.

In *Hiawatha* the vulture is used as an illustration, merely. But a vulture whose "quarry in the desert" is a "sick or wounded bison" cannot be a condor, for the condors belong to South America, where there are no bisons. And which of Longfellow's passages describing the vulture "so admirably" is the one "well known"? Can the couplet from *Evangeline*, which is misquoted in

the second of these articles, be the passage referred to?

The writer quotes from the poets many expressions,—the "vulture of trouble," "vulture revenge," "vulture oppression," "vulture destruction," "vulture folly," "vulture greed," and in connection with them two passages in which Shelley has compared "despair," "hate," "famine," "blight," "pestilence," "war," "earthquake," to vultures, adding this note: "Many of these images, probably all, are as old as poetry itself. See Homer and Lucan."

Truth is as old as the universe, and real likenesses between material and immaterial things have existed as long as the things themselves; but for likenesses to become poetical images, they must have a definite form. Poetry is the expression of thought and feeling; and Homer did not give a form to most of these likenesses, or even to one of them, in the sense implied by the writer.

Homer represents Sarpedon and Patroclus as rushing against each other to fight, as vultures fight, screaming. Of all the allusions to the vulture in Homer, this is the nearest approach to one of "these images." Yet here it is not the character of the warriors, nor even the state of mind causing the fight, which is compared to that of vultures. It is the action. The word here translated vultures occurs six times, and is similarly used every time. Persons are compared to vultures as to their appearance or as to what they do: thus when Ulysses and Telemachus meet, they weep more forcibly than vultures cry at the loss of their young.

When Hector said to the dying Patroclus, "Vultures shall devour thee," he did not call attention to the vulture as a symbol of greed, but to the disgrace which Patroclus would suffer if he should not receive funeral rites; and his mention of the vulture was only an allusion to the well-known fact that

bodies lying exposed in that country became the vultures' prey. The word here rendered vultures occurs seven times, and is employed every time with this meaning and in just this way,—never figuratively. But Homer's reference to birds as preying upon dead bodies is not confined to vultures. More frequently, when alluding to this, he uses a general term meaning birds or birds of prey. Fourteen out of eighteen times that I find the word, it is used *only* with reference to the fact that birds prey upon the dead. The other four times, as the context shows, the word does not refer to the vulture. Many of the most accurate translators of Homer never render it by the word vulture, though Pope has sometimes done so.

And why is Lucan associated with Homer as one of the oldest representatives of poetry? Homer probably lived a thousand years before Lucan. According to Herodotus, it must have been more than nine hundred. All the great poets of Greece had been dead four or five hundred years when Lucan was born.

This critic of the poets is not only inaccurate in the statement of facts and unfamiliar with the poets, but he has no standard of criticism. He condemns all the British poets except Tennyson as untrue to nature and unsympathetic. Then one, and another, and another, of those whom he has most severely condemned is made a standard of excellence. For instance, he quotes in support of his general charge of the poets' ignorance and want of sympathy expressions designed to show their injustice to the vulture, among which are some from Keats and Marvell (not calling the poets by name, however). But he mentions both these poets in such a way as to disprove his own charge, thus: "When a Marvell actually went out into the fields and observed what he afterward wrote, the world obtained not only poetry, but poetry from the life;

or when a Keats translates into words his own intuitive and tender sympathy with the out-of-doors about him, the result is the poetry of Nature herself."

Nay, more. In the article designed to show the greater "tenderness toward the speechless world" and greater "fidelity to Nature" of the American poets, he actually makes British Keats and British Shelley standards of excellence by which the American poets are to be judged, thus: "They [the American poets] are as gentle always as Keats, while in their more general passages they show all Shelley's appreciation of the harmonious unity in nature." Now I think there is not another poet whose expressions have been so frequently quoted by our author in support of his general accusation as those of Shelley, although the poet has not always been named.

Again, the writer condemns in British poets what he commends or ignores in American poets. For example, he finds the latter "attributing melancholy to the notes of birds, as if in recognition of that pathos with which Nature balances so beautifully her great antipathies;" and "complaints" and "wailing" are appropriate terms for describing the part of the birds in maintaining this balance. But the same terms employed by British poets are indicative of the "undeserved contumely" bestowed on the bird by his unsympathetic calumniators, the abusive poets. Holmes's censure of duck-shooting is recognized as genuine sympathy, but British poets' condemnation of partridge-shooting is sneered at as sentimentalism.

When Aldrich speaks of a "thieving robin-redbreast," or Lowell of that "devil-may-care, the bobolink," or Whittier of "robber crows" and of the "foul human vulture," or Emerson of "ostrich-like forgetfulness," or Bret Harte of the sea-bird as a "careless vagabond," or Celia Thaxter of the sea-gulls' "boding cry;" or when Holmes

calls the bobolink "crack-brained" and "crazy," and the sea-gull a "gentleman of leisure, not good for much;" or when Longfellow speaks of the "fateful crows," and of the

"wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the
sight of its fledgelings,"

calling him lucky

"who found that stone in the nest of the swallow,"

or when he compares the ecstatic outburst of the mocking-bird to the "revel of frenzied Bacchantes," we find the writer expressing no disapproval, but sometimes quoting with approbation these very passages. Yet these expressions are of the same nature as those which he censures in British poets.

The writer also charges British poets with being untruthful, but really he often censures them most severely because they are truthful. The charge of injustice, he thinks, might be considered substantiated from the poets' reference to birds of prey and sea-fowl alone. The only value of symbols to the poet is in their appropriateness. As a class, the birds of prey have characteristics which render them fit symbols of cruelty, greed, robbery, and violence; and while the poets have not depicted the unlovely side alone of these birds, it is true that unlovely things do exist. War is unlovely, and all forms of oppression and wrong, and poetry has not ignored them. But the world cannot spare Homer, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dante, or one of its genuine poets. The poets' recognition of the real characteristics of birds of prey is justice, not injustice, to the bird-world. It is no evidence of a want of a "perfectly healthy sympathy with nature." A very striking illustration of this truth is Kingsley's *A Thought from the Rhine*, in which eagles are compared to the "great devourers of the earth." The poet rouses your compassionate indignation against the great devourers of the earth with-

out lessening your admiration for the eagle.

But our interest is with the poets and their relations to the birds. It is not the mission of the poets to investigate and establish scientific facts. Ignorance, like knowledge, is only relative. We call Aristotle, Newton, and Franklin wise; yet the school-boy of to-day is perfectly familiar with many facts unknown to them. Linnaeus named a species of the birds of paradise "*apoda*," footless. We happen to know that these birds have feet, but is it for us to speak of the great naturalist as ignorant? A poet's knowledge of natural history ought to be estimated with reference to the advancement of this science in his own age. An examination of British poets will show that their knowledge of natural history has not been derived from classical and other myths and from heraldry, as our author asserts, but that it has fairly kept pace with that of scientists, and that more recently it has been to a great extent the result of personal observation. It will show, moreover, that the British poets have found in the birds an inexhaustible source both for themes and for illustrations.

Poetry partakes of the spirit of the age in which it is produced. Even the masterpieces which delight every age show this. There were among the earlier poets careful observers and genuine lovers of nature. There was Chaucer,

"whose fresh woods
Throb thick with merle and mavis all the year,"

"who," says Charles James Fox, "of all poets seems to have been fondest of the singing of birds;" and of whom Longfellow writes, —

"And as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead."

We do not forget

"The music of days when the Muse was breaking
On Chaucer's pleasance in song's sweet prime."

For the earlier poets, then,

“let English Chaucer intercede;

Think how he rose from bed betimes in spring,
To hear the nightingale and cuckoo sing.”

Harting, the author of *The Ornithology of Shakespeare*, says that “it is impossible to read all that Shakespeare has written in connection with ornithology without being struck with the extraordinary knowledge which he has displayed for the age in which he lived.” Spenser has made use of birds as illustrations very effectively and with much truth to nature. The not numerous but very fine passages in Milton relating to birds could not have been written by an indifferent observer of nature. Marvell shows in some of his poetry the susceptibility to nature’s influences that is so marked a characteristic of Wordsworth and Emerson. Two hundred and thirty-five years ago, Herrick thus introduced his *Hesperides*: —

“I sing of brooks, of blossomes, birds and bow-
ers,”

But the poets of nature are for the most part, undoubtedly, modern poets, going back scarcely one hundred years. If American poets have been more accurate in their observations and more in sympathy with nature than British poets, as a whole, the chief reason is obvious, and it is strange that it should not have been mentioned. A large majority of the British poets, even of those quoted, wrote before there were any distinctively American poets. Bryant, the earliest by several years of the American poets named, published his *Thanatopsis* less than seventy years ago.

How utterly regardless of the consideration of time our author has been may be seen from this paragraph respecting foreign birds: “We find only six, and even these are only utilized to perpetuate half a dozen of those ‘pseudoxia’ which Sir Thomas Browne tried to demolish two centuries ago. The ostrich is *still*, with the poets, ‘the

silliest of the feathered kind, and formed of God without a parent’s mind;’ the bird of paradise, not having recovered its legs, *yet sleeps* on the wing, and *hatches* its eggs in mid-air; the ibis *still* brandishes its ‘spiral neck at snakes;’ the pelican *goes on* ‘opening to her young her tender breast;’ and the vulture *continues* to ‘spring from the cliff upon the passing dove.’” One must infer that these poets are our contemporaries. On the contrary, Cowper, the poet of the ostrich, who was nearest to our own time, wrote these lines ninety-nine years ago. Garth, the poet of the ibis, was a contemporary of Sir Thomas Browne himself, the author of the *Pseudoxia*; while Savage, the poet of the vulture and the pelican, died only twenty-five years after Garth. And yet Savage is actually quoted in proof that poets *now* perpetuate errors about the pelican, in utter disregard of the fact that Montgomery, the author of *The Pelican Island*, the beauty and accuracy of which the writer is constrained to acknowledge, lived a *century later* than Savage. The poet of the bird of paradise is not named, and we are really curious to know what British poet is so ignorant of natural history, and so utterly devoid of common sense, as to intimate that any bird “*hatches its eggs in mid-air*,” especially as, according to the writer, the poet belongs to our own time.

But the statement itself is a wholesale misrepresentation of Sir Thomas Browne. The opinion that the pelican feeds her young by opening her own breast is, of all mentioned in the paragraph, the only one that is referred to in the *Pseudoxia*.

Again, we are told in regard to the poets’ mistakes about the ostrich that “it was *reserved* for Lovelace to condense their animadversions into a quatern of errors.” Reserved by whom? Not by Cowper and Montgomery, who are also quoted on the ostrich, for Cow-

per lived a century and a half and Montgomery two centuries *after* Lovelace.

There are poems which give their authors a specific claim to be noticed in an essay on the poets' birds, as Graham's *Birds of Scotland*, which presents a series of graphic pictures of individual birds, rivaling, it has been said, those of Alexander Wilson; and Bishop Mant's *British Months*, which contains descriptions, often of great beauty, of nearly twice as many birds as our author found in his eighty poets, — the book which Christopher North wanted to put in his pocket when he should "go a bird-nesting;" and Courthope's *Paradise of Birds*, suggested, as its author intimates, by a Greek classic, *The Birds of Aristophanes*, but a most delightful book to every genuine lover of birds and their poets, however British and however modern he may be. Many of the most beautiful of Charles Tennyson Turner's sonnets are devoted to birds. To these poets, and to several other especial poets of the birds, our author has made not the slightest reference.

More remarkable than such omissions is the treatment of Wordsworth and Cowper. Examples of the misrepresentations of their poetry have been already noticed. In the case of Wordsworth these misrepresentations do not occur in the article on the birds of British poets, for in that his very existence is not so much as hinted at. This silence might have been interpreted as pardonable reverence for the "very high priest of nature," if it had not been for the attempts to belittle him in the succeeding articles. Wordsworth has been dead but little over a quarter of a century, and yet one of his latest biographers says that his poems have already furnished more of the phrases which have long been familiar as household words than those of any other poet, except Shakespeare and Milton. Southey's remark that "he might as well attempt to crush Skiddaw" (referring to

Jeffrey's criticism of Wordsworth) would now be superfluous of even a Jeffrey.

But what apology can be invented for any one so utterly insensible to Cowper's sweet and simple nature, to his "large and tender heart," to his "scrupulous truthfulness," as to characterize as "lip-service" that love for animals which was so great a solace of his life?

Since the writer has thus disregarded the poets of nature and of the birds, did he limit his examination to the familiar poems of well-known poets? Not at all. A familiarity with Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Tennyson's *Maud*, Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, Jean Ingelow's *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, or even Burns's *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*, would have enabled him to increase his list of birds.

And not only are poets of birds thus ignored, but the birds themselves, — the very birds which have been acknowledged favorites of the poets.

The first of these birds to suggest itself is the skylark. "There is hardly a poet," says Yarrell, "who has not made it his theme." Yet in an essay on the birds of British poets, the skylark is not alluded to, except as one of seventy-six of these birds; nor the robin, nor the cuckoo, nor the swallow, — except in the passage in which Cowper is accused of saying the swallow sleeps on the wing, — nor the nightingale. But in his chapter on foreign birds the writer intimates that British poets know little of their own nightingales. There is a published list, as I am informed, of one hundred and seventy-eight adjectives which the poets have applied as epithets to this bird. I have not seen the list, but I recall more than eighty British poets who have written of the nightingale, and I have no hesitation in saying that one hundred and seventy-eight falls far below the number of such adjectives. This may not disprove the

charge of ignorance, but it surely disproves another of this writer's accusations against the poets, that they "have laid themselves open to the charge of a monotony in error almost amounting to plagiarism."

The swan is mentioned thus: "The real beauty of the swan's life is almost ignored; the imaginary beauty of its death is hackneyed to absurdity." "A sterile majority of our bards see in it only the fowl that sings before death." "So pressed for similes of beauty are the poets that they have all of them to turn again and again to the peacock's tail, the turtle's neck, and the swan's breast."

Not only are these charges groundless, but I do not think there is a single object in nature which has been more beautifully described by British poets than the swan. Out of more than ninety poems and poetical extracts referring to the swan, taken at random, I find fourteen which allude to the bird's singing at death. The most noted of these, I need scarcely say, is *The Dying Swan* by Tennyson, in regard to which the author of *The Bird World* says, "We can hardly regret the existence of a fiction which has led to the enrichment of our literature with so fine a piece of word-harmony." Tennyson, it will be remembered, is the only poet excepted by the writer from his general accusation.

In Wordsworth's numerous passages relating to the swan, there is only one reference to its singing at death. In the sonnet suggested by the *Phædo* of Plato, he speaks of hearing

"(Alas! 't was only in a dream)
Strains, which as sage antiquity believed
By waking ears have sometimes been received,"

the "most melodious requiem" of the swan. Even a child could not think he accepts the fable as a fact.

Shakespeare illustrates by the swan in fifteen passages, five of which refer to the death-song. Of the seven pas-

sages remaining, three are from Shelley, from whom I have taken eight extracts. This leaves four of these allusions to this bird's death-song, which I have found in nearly eighty poems and extracts taken from more than thirty different poets. Is this what the author means by "a sterile majority"?

I find the bird spoken of as "noble," "stately," "kingly," "most graceful," the "very type of rural elegance." The "jetty eyes," the "ebon bill," the "snowy plumage," the "black legs," the "oary feet," the "nesting among the reeds," the "young dusky cygnets," the "cygnet's down," the manner of protecting the young, and the manifestation of parental affection even to the point of self-sacrifice are all mentioned. Keats evidently intends to class wings of swans among the most delightful of material things when he asks what is

"More strange, more beautiful, more smooth,
more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-
seen eagle?"

Wordsworth describes the neck as

"An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!"

The "haughty neck," the "sinuous neck elate," the "neck of arched snow," are some of the poets' designations of the swan's neck. Tennyson's *Lancelot* means no disparagement to it when he presents jewels to the queen, of which to make a

"Necklace for a neck to which the swan's
Is tawnier than her cygnet's."

The motions of the swan are characterized by "grandeur," "majesty," "grace," and "majestic grace."

"O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!"

says Coleridge.

Nor has the breast been neglected in the poet's descriptions of the swan; but only twice in the ninety and more poems and extracts do I find it used as

the object of comparison. So much for this "simile of beauty." The "wild-clanging note" and the picturesqueness of the swan in flight have not failed of notice.

Whether or not Wordsworth saw

"The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow,"

he often saw that vision of beauty in his own region of lakes. More than one of his descriptions he particularly mentions as taken from the daily opportunities he had of observing the habits of two pairs of swans of an old magnificent species, which divided between them the lake of Esthwaite and its in-and-out-flowing streams.

Spenser, in his poem written on the marriage of the Earl of Worcester's daughters, makes use of swans as an illustration in a passage which for beauty can hardly be surpassed in his poems.

A poet of less note than these, Thomas Wade, has described a beautiful landscape, including the sea, on which a thousand swans are sailing, and over which more are flying; but woods and sky and sea, he says in conclusion,

"seem but humbly tributary
To the white pomp of that vast aviary."

The following stanzas from *The Swans of Wilton* are by an anonymous British poet:—

"Oh, how the swans of Wilton
Twenty abreast did go!
Like country brides bound to the church,
Sails set and all aglow:
With pouting breast, in pure white dressed,
Soft gliding in a row.

"Adown the gentle river
The white swans bore in sail,
Their full soft feathers puffing out
Like canvas in a gale;
And all the kine and dappled deer
Stood watching in the vale.

"The stately swans of Wilton
Strutted and puffed along,
Like canons in their full white gowns,
Late for the even-song,
Whom up the close the peevish bell
In vain has chided long.

"Oh, how the swans of Wilton
Bore down the radiant stream!

As calm as holy hermits' lives,
Or a play-tired infant's dream.
Like fairy beds of last year's snow
Did those radiant creatures seem."

We are also told that "the swan might, for all the American poets say, never have been Leda's lover or Venus's wagoner." Not once in the more than ninety poems and extracts is the swan spoken of as "Venus's wagoner;" and only once is the bird mentioned in connection with Venus. Wordsworth speaks of

"These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!"

Twice only is the swan alluded to as the lover of Leda, once by Shakespeare and once by Spenser.

Since these passages were not selected, but taken at random, the result is surely an indication whether nature or fable has been the source of inspiration in regard to the swan of the British poets.

In connection with his remarks on the swan, the writer asks, "Is there no poetry in the contemporary kingfisher, that it should never be anything but the brooding halcyon of the past?" I offer on the part of a British poet this reply:—

"The halcyon flew across the stream,
And the silver brooklet caught the gleam;
The glittering flash of his dazzling wings
Was such as the gorgeous rainbow flings,
In broken rays through the tearful sky,
On a sunny eve in bright July:
His radiant sheen the trees between,
Like the spangled scarf of a fairy queen,
Was rich to the view as the gayest hue
Of the brightest flower that ever grew."

The explanation is very simple of the comparatively few poems on this "gorgeous blaze," this "jeweled beam of emerald light," this "sapphire-winged mist," this "little hermit, azure-winged, ablaze with jewels," this "little gay recluse," as he is variously designated by British poets; and it has been given by the poets themselves.

"The kingfishers retiring hide
Their head's and wing's resplendent sheen
Of 'turkis blue and emerald green.'"

MANT.

"Thy splendid livery thee might well besit
As page to some fair Naiad of the tide;
But yet, approached, thou soon thy perch dost quit,
And *will not let thy beauty be desried.*
Most strange it seems that Nature should bestow
Plumage so rare on bird so rarely seen."

COCHRANE.

Coleridge pictures a "wild and desert stream," "gloomy and dark" from the crowded firs on its shores and stretching across its bed, on whose steep banks the "shy kingfishers build their nest." Browning also describes a retreat of the "glossy kingfisher," where

"the river pushes
Its gentle way through strangling rushes."

In all this we have no hint of the "brooding halcyon of the past;" but we do not find it difficult to pardon Longfellow for this allusion to the fable of Aleyone: —

"On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea
The halcyon flits, — and where the wearied storm
Left a loud moaning, all is peace again;"

or a British poet for a similar allusion.

In regard to the eagle, the writer acknowledges that the British poets "have indeed done splendid justice to this splendid bird, but unfairly, and at the expense of others." Without stopping now to inquire in what respect splendid justice differs from justice, or whether justice can be done unfairly, we simply ask what the American poets can do more than justice; for if there is any force in this paragraph, it is in the implied comparison in favor of American poets: "The eagle is neither the eagle of Rome, Assyria, Persia, nor France; . . . nor any of the other eagles that fly in mythology, heraldry, and fable. . . . It is simply the best in the sky — Keneu, the great war-eagle; and just as it was the totem of the red man when he was lord of America, so now it is the totem of the white men who have dispossessed him."

But what is the great war-eagle? Not a simple winged object in nature, but a symbol of power and conquest, alike to the Roman, to the Frenchman, and to

the red man. And not only had the eagle this general symbolic signification to the Indians as a people, but sometimes also, as it appears, it was a household symbol, and the figure of an eagle was one of the ancestral totems, the coat-of-arms of some noble Indian family. This does not make the eagle of American poetry the "best in the sky," for, according to Longfellow, the figure of a turtle was also a totem; nor does it make it the "totem of the white men;" but it does seem to give it a claim to be considered an eagle of heraldry. The particular eagle here referred to, "Keneu, the great war-eagle," is emphatically an eagle of fable. Originally a man, he passed through more metamorphoses than any of Ovid's heroes, before he was finally changed "to an eagle, — to Keneu, the great war-eagle."

The writer gives a list of birds which he says are unpopular with the poets. The owl is one of these most abused birds. Epithets are quoted by the dozen which "the bards have slung at the owl," the first of which is "silent." Well, "silence is golden," especially on the part of a bird which "shrieks" and "gibbers," and whose shriek is often frightful, as even American poets know. The little Hiawatha was frightened,

"When he heard the owls at midnight:
'What is that?' he cried in terror."

And his good grandmother had to soothe him by explaining,

"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

And this answer of Nokomis is the very passage quoted by the writer to show that the owl of American poetry is not an object of terror.

According to an English poet, English mothers soothe their children in the same way: —

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things, —
I'll teach him how the owlet sings."

And sometimes children are delighted with this screaming of the owl. Words-

worth's fine passage descriptive of the boy who "blew mimic hootings to the silent owls, that they might answer him," and of the mirth that followed, will be readily recalled.

Another of these abusive epithets is "gray." Not a bad color, and owls of several species are gray. But one may be suited even as to color. The poets of Great Britain also speak of owls as "white" and "mottled" and "tawny" and "brown."

But we are told that the owl of British poetry "salutes the moon with impropriety." I am afraid the manners of American owls are no better, or seem no better to American poets, for Longfellow speaks of one that "greeted the moon with demoniac laughter." By a singular coincidence this line occurs in one of the very passages referred to by the writer to illustrate the American poets' pathetic treatment of birds in relation to night. I need not say that this line is not quoted.

If British poets have called the owl "dire" and "unholy," it is also British poets who have called him "precious," "wise," a "sage and holy bird." Chaucer puts into his mouth "Benedicite," and Byron heard him singing his anthem at Newstead Abbey.

The owl is a bird of night and associated with gloom and darkness, as well as with quiet and peacefulness. Neither British nor American poets have been cognizant of the gloom alone.

As to the magpie, the poets are accused of "insisting" that it is a "disagreeable adjunct to the landscape, and nothing better than

An impudent, presuming pye,
Malicious, ignorant, and sly."

On the contrary, Wordsworth most agreeably associates this bird with the brightness and beauty of spring:—

"The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight."

Again, we find it joining in the general joy manifested after a night of storm:
"The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
The jay makes answers as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters."

The magpie is noted for its ingenuity in nest-making, and also for its adroitness in appropriating to its own use whatever it fancies, without regard to ownership. The poets' mention of any distinguishing trait of this bird is not unjust.

"But of his ways however ill
We deem and *justly*, yet for *skill*
To build his dwelling few can vie
In talent with the artful pie;"

and

"In early times, the story says,
When birds could talk and lecture,
A magpie called her feathered friends
To teach them architecture."

The beauty of the bird, its ability to talk, and its usefulness in protecting crops are all recognized by British poets.

Another of the unpopular birds is the jackdaw. But one has only to recall the most familiar of the Ingoldsby Legends, The Jackdaw of Rheims, and Cowper's translation of Vincent Bourne's poem on the Jackdaw, to be convinced that this bird has received signal honor at the hands of at least three British poets.

Of the bittern the writer says, "The bittern, one of the most strangely poetical of birds, is found useful only as a synonym for discordance and desolation; and if it had not been for its making strange noises, would not probably have been mentioned at all."

But is there no poetry in sound? Why, then, have the poets with such unanimity found this bird's "strange noises" so suggestive? These and his loneliness are what have impressed American as well as British poets.

"The bittern booms," says Thoreau.

"While scared by step so near,
Upspringing from the sedgey brink,
The lonely bittern's cry will sink
Upon the startled ear."

HOFFMAN.

"Sometimes we heard a bittern boom,
Sometimes a piping plover."

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Our author, by insisting that poets should know the birds of which they write, has effectually answered his own charge against the British poets of neglecting foreign birds. But that is no reason that they should be discredited in respect to what they have written even of foreign birds.

Among the foreign birds that are unpopular are the parrot and the ostrich. "The parrots," he says, "poor wretches, find no friend or even apologist." Has the author of this charge never read Campbell's poem on the parrot, founded, it is said, on a real incident, which Campbell learned from the family to which the parrot belonged? Or could he not recognize in the poet a friend of the parrot? In that case, it is not surprising that he failed to see in Wordsworth an apologist for this bird:—

"But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note."

"The ostrich," he claims, "is, next to the goose, one of the very wisest of birds. It takes a good horse and a good man to make one Arab of the desert, and it takes three Arabs of the desert to hunt one ostrich—and then they do not kill it as a rule. . . . It is also one of the most careful of parents." He says, moreover, "The ostrich is still, with the poets, the silliest of the feathered kind, and formed of God without a parent's mind."

The "poets" in this case, it will be remembered, are Cowper. The passage reads thus:—

"The ostrich, silliest of the feathered kind,
And formed of God without a parent's mind,
Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust."

Cowper's idea of the ostrich could not have been gained from personal observation, and the works on natural history

then extant would have furnished but little information on this bird; but he was familiar with a description of the ostrich written three thousand years before, which seems to have escaped the notice of this writer, in which it is stated that she "leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labor is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

Now the author of these lines was familiar with the bird. Among the chief characteristics of the ostrich are a "small head," a "long and muscular neck," a "robust body," and "extremely muscular thighs and stout tarsi and feet." (Mosenthal and Harting's *Ostriches and Ostrich-Farming*.)

The brain of the ostrich is small; the neck, body, and limbs very powerful. This physical structure indicates not wisdom by which it can outwit its pursuers, but great strength and swiftness; and by means of these it is that "she scorneth the horse and his rider." Livingstone speaks of the "folly" of the ostrich in madly rushing into danger, and calls it for this a "silly bird." Canon Tristram says that "stupidity is universally ascribed to the ostrich by the Arabs," and that "it deserves, on the whole, the Arab reproach, 'stupid as an ostrich.'"

In regard to its parental instinct, he says, "Several hens deposit their eggs in one place,—a hole scraped in the sand. The eggs are then covered over, and left during the heat of the day." ("Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust," says the Old Testament poet.) "But the ostrich," says Canon Tristram, "lays an

immense number of eggs, far more than are ever hatched, and round the covered eggs are to be found many dropped carelessly. . . . It is from this habit, most probably, that the want of parental instinct is laid to the charge of the ostrich. At the same time, when surprised by man with the young before they are able to run, the parent bird scuds off alone, and leaves its offspring to their fate. To do otherwise," he continues, "would be a self-sacrifice."

But parental instinct does prompt to self-sacrifice on the part of birds and other animals, for the sake of their young.

Livingstone says, "The ostrich begins to lay her eggs before she has fixed on a spot for a nest, and solitary eggs are thus found lying *forsaken* all over the country, and become a prey to the jackal."

In the late Charles John Andersson's work on Lake Ngami, there is an account of the capture of some young ostriches, which the editor of Cassell's Book of Birds has quoted as illustrative of the "affection *occasionally* displayed by the ostrich for its little family." As we compare these descriptions with that of the Hebrew poet, we are not surprised at the accuracy of Cowper's lines, and understand Emerson's expression, "ostrich-like forgetfulness."

"Greedy is a favorite ostrich-epithet in poetry." Well, who can say it is not well deserved by a bird that will swallow almost any substance, whether a bunch of keys, bullets hissing hot from the mould, or a whole brood of ducklings?

The writer thinks it "almost a pity that the poets did not know the tradition that the ostrich hatches her eggs simply by looking at them." Southey's reference to this tradition in his *Thalaba* shows that it has not been wholly unknown to the poets. "Beyond alluding to these popular delusions about this wonderful bird, the poets," we are

told, "can find no use for the ostrich, no opportunity for a compliment." This, like so many similar statements of the writer, is not correct. For instance, Mary Howitt's poem describing the bird and the desert, where

"like armies for war,
The flocks of the ostrich are seen from afar,
Speeding on, speeding on, o'er the desolate plain,
Whilst the fleet-mounted Arab pursueth in vain,"

contains no reference to these popular delusions, and is at least as worthy of mention as any of the extracts quoted by him.

So also are these lines by a poet who lived several years in Africa:

"And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo."

In the first article, the humming-bird is only one of "some two thousand exotic birds," which the "poets have wasted." But it occupies the first place on the list of those of the two thousand species which our author mentions as having been "all wasted alike." Soon, however, the writer makes discoveries. The humming-bird can no longer keep its conspicuous position at the head of those two thousand birds. It has been found to be not wholly, but only in part, wasted; and in the second of these remarkable essays we read that as a *bird of beauty*, the humming-bird is *wasted*, while regard is canvassed for it on the fictitious virtue of its song; and that "the silent flash of a humming-bird, if once seen, can never be forgotten, nor ever heard."

True enough, the silent flash of a humming-bird cannot be heard. But does the writer mean to imply that the humming-bird is a silent bird? What, then, of the buzzing noise which has given to these birds their English name; "to which," observes Martin, "they owe the epithets of 'murmures,' 'bourdons,' and 'frou-frous,' given them by

the Creoles of the Antilles and Cayenne ;" and which the authors of the extensive French work on humming-birds, recently published, compare to the buzz of a spinning-wheel and the purring of a cat? Can that be heard? Gosse (*Birds of Jamaica*) speaks of hearing this whirr before seeing the bird. But this is not all. Mr. Gosse and others describe the note of the humming-bird, which is sometimes very curious. Belt, in his interesting account of these birds in Nicaragua, says it was not until he could distinguish the notes of the different species that he found out how full of humming-birds the woods were: he sometimes heard the different chirps of more than a dozen individuals without being able to get a glimpse of one of them. The bird, then, is sometimes "more heard than seen," and it is not the poet who says so that is incorrect, but his critic who denies it. More than this, we cannot disbelieve the testimony which we have that some of the humming-birds really sing. Gosse speaks of the song of the Vervain humming-bird as a very sweet melody, continued for ten minutes at a time. Gould, in his *Introduction to the Trochilidæ*, quotes Mr. Bell, of New York, as saying that he had heard the "little pygmornis of Panama sing beautifully a soft, shrill, and pretty song." Other species also are mentioned as having a song.

Without doubt songsters among humming-birds are rare, as are also the poets' allusions to the song. It will be remembered that when he wrote the first of these essays, the author did not know that a single British poet had mentioned the humming-bird. Perhaps, when he wrote the second, he was hardly qualified to judge whether there was "little or no beauty in the poets' treatment" of the bird. Evidently, when he ventured this statement he had not read all that British poets had written on the humming-bird. I recall numerous

poems which should not have been included in this adverse judgment; and at least, poets who were perfectly familiar with the bird (as were Wilson and Chapman) are entitled to have their poems read before they are condemned.

Again, we are told that the poets describe this bird as part bee, or part fly, or part butterfly. Rogers calls it half bird, "half fly." The French name for humming-birds is "*oiseaux-mouches*," fly-birds. Naturalists constantly make use of flies, bees, and butterflies as objects of comparison for them.

Bates (Naturalist on the Amazons) says that he often shot the humming-bird hawk-moth for the humming-bird, which it resembles so much in appearance, in the manner of flight and of poising itself before a flower, that it required many days' experience to enable him to avoid the mistake.

The writer has given more space to the vulture than to any other bird. He begins by calling it "unlovely," and closes with a description which fully justifies the use of this word, and a request to the poets to "love him or leave him alone." We find too a panegyric on the vulture, some general charges against the poets, and many quotations from them, all with the professed design of showing the injustice of British poets towards the vulture. "The poet's instinct," the writer thinks, "should be towards a universal tenderness." This he defines as a "perfectly healthy sympathy with nature, which refuses under any circumstances to call vultures 'loathsome.'" But this universal tenderness, as he explains it, may be inconsistent with truth, and telling the truth about the vulture is no more injustice in poetry than in prose.

"The poets' vulture," we are informed, "has three aspects, — as a bird of prey (which it is not), a bird of ill-omen (which it was not), and a bird of general horror." It has been shown

that the vulture is a bird of prey. If the writer means to assert that it does not attack living animals, this is a mistake. There is abundant testimony to show that it does. According to Coues the American vultures attack and overpower live animals, and the turkey buzzard kills young pigs and lambs. The author of *Bible Animals* says that the Egyptian vulture kills and devours rats, mice, and other pests of hot countries. Thomas Rhymer Jones informs us that some of the vultures prefer killing their own game; that the lammergeyer, which drives animals over the edge of some cliff, and then devours the shattered remains, is terribly destructive, not only to the flocks that pasture in the Alpine valleys, but to the chamois and other wild quadrupeds; that children have become its victims; and that man himself is not safe, if he should incautiously approach their wild retreats. The very name of this bird, lammergeyer, (*Lämmer-geier*, lamb-vulture), indicates its destructiveness to flocks. Any one who has watched the sheep and goats feeding on the Alpine precipices will have no difficulty in imagining them on cliffs of the Himalayan range, within reach of the prey-hunting lammergeyer. Milton might have represented the vulture as "ravaging the flocks grazing on the hill-sides," as the writer of these articles says he did; but he did not. This is what he said:—

"As when a vulture, on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the
springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes."

There is no intimation that the lambs and yearling kids were attacked while alive. It seems even more probable that they were already dead from a fall, or from exposure on that "abode of snow."

The next aspect of the poets' vulture is "as a bird of ill-omen." Our author

has not attempted to substantiate this except by placing the word "ominous" first on a list of objectionable epithets applied by the poets to the vulture. Ominous means both "auspicious" and "inauspicious;" and if there is one adjective which vultures can claim as peculiarly theirs, it is "ominous." "Old Rome consulted birds," and the vulture was one of the birds which "gave auguries." But after objecting to the word "ominous," the writer inconsistently claims respect for this bird on the very ground of the "omen of the twelve vultures which the destinies of Rome irresistibly obeyed." But Romulus did not lay the foundations of Rome on the Palatine Hill because he saw vultures. His brother was the first, by twelve hours, to see vultures,—six of them; and though each claimed the augury in his own favor, the decision was for the brother who saw twelve vultures instead of six. In this very instance, vultures were ominous to both brothers; inauspicious to one of them, auspicious to the other.

Again, the poets' vulture is a "bird of general horror." Under this head of general horror is included, I suppose, everything expressed by "loathsome," "greedy," "cruel," and so forth. To see whether such expressions are "all injustice, because out of sympathy with nature," let us examine very briefly a few only of the historians of these birds. We are told by Colonel Irby (*Ornithology of the Straits of Gibraltar*) that the "Egyptian vulture is probably the foulest feeding bird alive." Canon Tristram describes it as a "despicable scavenger," and as "most disgusting in habits, odor, and appearance on a close inspection." "Their disgusting though useful habits," says Major Jerdon (*Birds of India*) "render them objects of loathing." In Bishop Stanley's *Familiar History of Birds*, we find it stated that, from the nature of their food, they are very disgusting in various ways; that some idea

of their voracity may be formed when we are assured that at one meal a vulture contrived to devour a whole albatross. Rev. J. G. Wood (*My Feathered Friends*) thinks the vulture's "demeanor is precisely such as would seem suitable to its food," and speaks of its "cruel eye" and "groveling" and "crouching" attitude. So far from being the result of "hideous prejudices," the poets' epithets often seem to show exact knowledge.

Note a few examples of their accuracy in those passages quoted in proof of their abuse of these birds. Shelley associates vultures with other carrion eaters "in horrid truce to eat the dead." Dr. Adams (*Wanderings of a Naturalist in India*) describes the congregating around the carcass of a horse of "tawny eagles, Indian and Egyptian vultures, crows, and pariah dogs."

"The hope of torturing him, smells like a heap
Of corpses to a death-bird after battle,"

quotes the writer, still again from Shelley. Canon Tristram says that on great battle-fields vultures congregate in a few hours, even where the bird was scarce before, and that in the Crimean war the whole race from the Caucasus and Asia Minor seemed to have collected to enjoy the unwonted abundance. This recalls another striking passage from the same poet:—

"The death-birds descend to their feast
From the hungry clime."

The death-bird of Shelley, our author claims, is the vulture. He has no means of knowing this, except that from its well-known habits the poet could have substituted "vulture" for "death-bird." If anybody has been unjust to the vulture here, it is not the poet, for he did not name it. However, it is by no means certain that vultures alone are the death-birds of Shelley. Canon Tristram also speaks of watching at one time, "close to a recent battle-field," a "steady stream of carrion eaters, which had scented the battle from afar,—all

the vultures, kites, and ravens of North Arabia rushing to the banquet."

Once more, we are told by naturalists that this bird's plumage is not "matted together with the odious substances constantly coming in contact with it," because the "nature of its feathers is such that when it shakes them extraneous matter falls off."

Shelley very concisely says

"Its wings rain contagion."

The poets, then, are not unjust to call the vulture a "bird of prey," or "ominous;" even "loathsome" seems not to be too strong a term.

The author's own description of the vulture, the "shabby-looking fowl of dirty white plumage," the "poor dust-and-dirt bird," the "dull-lived vulture," "solemn and shabby and hungry," is, as far as it goes, a description of the Egyptian vulture, or Pharaoh's chicken; and he implies that the vulture of his panyegyric, entitled "from its traditions alone" to a "place of dignity," and in "actual nature undeniably majestic," the "eagle of Holy Writ," is also Pharaoh's chicken. What species of vultures have originated the various traditions referred to, I do not know. In flight many of the vultures are majestic. As for the eagle of Scripture, it is believed to be not merely "as often as not," but invariably, the vulture; not Pharaoh's chicken, however, but the griffon vulture. The mere fact that this bird is the eagle of Scripture does not change its character, and is pertinent to the subject of the present inquiry only from the fact that British poets have also noted some of the same traits in the vulture which are spoken of in Scripture. To discover this, we need not go beyond the passages quoted in these articles. One of the characteristics is the care bestowed on the young. In the long extract quoted from Montgomery's *The Pelican Island*, there is an allusion to the parental tenderness of the vulture. Again, the eagle is represented in Scrip-

ture as "making her nest on high." The author of *Bible Animals* says that nothing but the highest and most inaccessible spots will satisfy the griffon vulture as a place for nesting. Both this and the bearded vulture inhabit the Himalayas, the Imaus of the ancients; and Milton, two hundred years ago, accurately designated this highest mountain range on the globe as the birth-place of the vulture.

But the most frequent scriptural allusions to the bird are in connection with its prey, and the poets' treatment of the bird in this respect has already been spoken of.

In the last article, it is claimed that "the punctuality with which religious associations are availed of" is "in a large measure special to American verse," and some quotations are given from American poets, mostly from Longfellow, illustrating this "predilection for the religious." But this is no proof that British poets are without this predilection, or, by giving similar quotations from them, we might just as easily prove American poets destitute of it. Those familiar with British poetry know how common are such illustrations : of praise, as in Milton : —

"Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise ;"

of teaching, as in Wordsworth :

"How blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher ;"

and George Macdonald calls the lark

"The voice of all the creature throng,"

as

"He sings the morning prayer."

Since Donne named the birds "heaven's choristers," more than two hundred

and fifty years ago, the poets have not ceased to record how they have "mattens seyde" or "chirped," and "sung their anthems" and "thankful hymns ;" how they "chant their *Te Deum*" and "versers ;" and how

"the thickets ring

With jubilate from the choirs of spring."

The very birds, the mention of which by Longfellow seemed to make such an impression upon our author, taught their lessons to English poets long before there were any American poets. More than two centuries ago Herrick was reminded of St. Peter and admonished by the crowing of the cock ; and Vaughan, remembering the prophet of old, said

"If I Thy servant be,

The swift-winged raven shall bring me meat."

As we read that "the raven, taunted with its conduct towards Noah and robbed of the credit of nourishing Elijah, has little to thank British bards for," we ask where the writer has found his poets. In examining the works of a large number of British poets since Vaughan, including Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, and Wordsworth, I have found mention of the raven in illustration of the watchful care of Providence ten times at least to one allusion to the bird as the messenger of Noah.

In concluding, our author speaks of "American poetry as he reads it." This reminds us of the remark of Mr. Burroughs that "the poets are the best natural historians, only you must know how to read them."

The nature of the errors and misrepresentations contained in these essays on poets and birds has been perhaps sufficiently indicated.

Harriet C. W. Stanton.

NEWPORT.

VI.

DEWDROPS AND DIAMONDS.

THE weather was delicious; brilliant yet soft, and full of that vague, lulling enchantment which is the peculiar virtue of the Newport air. The sun shone, but not in a downright, uncultured way, such as might be obnoxious to polite sensibilities: you were conscious of it rather as a diffused exhalation of pale golden mist, a celestial form of the grosser golden mist that was floating about in the minds of the people who moved under its radiance, in the holiday part of the town. I have no doubt the wealthy ones among them were gratified that the sun so well understood its place and behaved with such very proper deference; others, whose slender purses enabled them only to cling to the edge of the show, dilated their chests and absolutely enjoyed a passing illusion that they were rich. It was one of those days when a southwest breeze, streaming over the island in a steady succession of bluff gusts, makes you feel as if you were standing on a quarter-deck — a deck neatly carpeted with verdant lawns, embowered in trees, and thickly encumbered with villas, a few of which are more like small palaces. Yes, the wind pats your face in a vigorous, companionable manner that flatters you with the idea that you are an old salt, and know all about it, and can stand any amount of exposure — as long as the grass is dry and your nice clothes are not spoiled, and your pleasant club is near at hand. You even murmur to yourself something about “The Bay of Biscay, O;” and then you think of distant places, all the balmy and romantic coasts and islands from which this

breeze has come, and the name of far Cathay forms itself lazily on your lips. At least, this was the case with Oliphant, when he came out into the air again, to fulfill an engagement he had made. He had accepted a maternal sort of invitation from Mrs. Farley Blazer, to drive with her. This poor old ogress was rather lonely in her splendor; and as the girls were driving with other people that day, she wanted a companion. Besides, she may have had some faint design of marrying Oliphant to the elder niece, if nothing better could be done. Her foreign policy had had in view alliances with England and France, or possibly Italy: if such an international concert could be established, her own position would be made more secure. But she was discouraged, just now, as to Tilly’s capturing Lord Hawkstane, unless the reported engagement with Miss Hobart should come to nothing; and there was beginning to be some danger that Ruth would not get married at all; in which event even so humble a match as Oliphant might be worth considering. Of course he had no suspicion of such an absurdity; and as I have said, he thought of far Cathay, while the breeze wafted aside his troubled mood regarding Octavia. He surrendered himself to the scented indolence and popped ease of Newport, as being more easily attainable than Cathay, and in all likelihood pleasanter; meanwhile rolling along in Mrs. Blazer’s chariot, which was like a huge bathtub on wheels.

Morning at Newport is a disorganized period, in which the general gathering at the Casino about midday is the most definite incident. Strangers wander about uneasily; now and then a dashing equipage speeds along Bellevue Avenue, or a hired victoria creeps lan-

guidly through that thoroughfare. The coachmen and footmen attached to the dashing equipages glide rigidly onward in their appointed places; the grooms jump up or down, open doors, and fold their arms, with all the precision of trained monkeys; their yellow-topped boots, many-buttoned liveries and "bug" adorned hats increasing the likeness. There are also a good many young men on the street who bear a close resemblance to these hired attendants: their dress, though different, is just as artificial, and they are just as much bound to conduct themselves according to an arbitrary fashion. It is the height of luxury for human beings who have the requisite means to distort other human beings who take care of their horses and carriages,—on the same principle that once made it the fashion at European courts to keep dwarfs, who had been specially stunted and twisted to meet the demand. The young men of the avenue, finding no one else to distort them, have to do it for themselves. They are debarred from becoming lackeys, but they enjoy all the appearance of being employed on salaries to make themselves absurd. There they go, trotting about in their small, tight-waisted cutaways, or in long-tailed Incroyable coats, that give them a playful likeness to moths of an exaggerated size. Their shoulders are held awkwardly forward; they lift their tight little legs and stamp their small, uncomfortable shoes down on the pavement with studied over-earnestness, producing a startling imitation of persons who really have a purpose in going somewhere. They cling each one to a small cane, with a certain desperate tenacity that makes you suspect it is a sort of perch, to which they have grown accustomed in the cage where they served their apprenticeship. But what are we talking about? Are not these little creatures men? Most assuredly they wear that painful look of experience so carefully

assumed by an order of animals nearly approaching man; and we must give them the benefit of the doubt.

During the forenoon large covered wagons, with romantic names sprawled along their sides,—the *Amarintha*, the *Margarita*, the *Madeline*,—had proudly caracoled through the streets, carrying a motley freight of people still ignorant and innocent enough to ride down to Easton's Beach for a surgebath; but now these lordly vehicles, their brief hour of triumph having passed, withdrew into obscurity, giving way to the veritable curule aristocracy. The little creatures, also, with their tight legs and tiny sticks and slender coat-tails, made haste either to get places in the driving throng, or to ensconce themselves on the reading-room veranda or in the Casino Club windows, where they could view the procession with placid superiority.

Gradually the soft crushing of wheels and the tapping sound of delicately stepping horses, which had at first been intermittent, merged into a continuous, subdued whirr: the main part of Bellevue Avenue and broad, old-time Kaye Street, with its sober mansions and retired-looking cottages, were filled by an unbroken stream of moving carriages. The sunlight glinted on the polished harness metal and abundant varnish of tilburies, dog-carts, landaus, gigs; and even basket-wagons were to be seen here and there, swimming along in the black, glittering tide. Quisbrough and Judge Malachi Hixon, sitting democratically on the long piazza of the Ocean House,—the Judge with his hat and chair both tipped comfortably back and his feet entangled in the railing,—observed the procession. Mary Deering was out in her village-cart, driving Atlee, who surveyed the scene with such perfection of acquired gravity that his very eye-glass seemed to cast a shadow over everything. Soon afterwards they saw Congressman Overblow jolting along on the

back seat of a T-cart, while his enormous spouse occupied a place in front beside the hook-nosed gentleman who was directing the horse. Overblow smoked a very large cigar and appeared to think that he was in the height of the style. On went the cavalcade. Vivian Ware had chosen to make herself conspicuous by appearing on horseback, attended by Count Fitz-Stuart; and Justin Craig, who was strolling along the sidewalk in his loose, dowdy apparel, on the lookout for her, did not even receive a nod from the fair face under the tall hat. Josephine Hobart flashed by in company with a young man who appeared to be greatly devoted to her, but left on the minds of spectators, as he skimmed the edge of the crowd, only the impression of a long red mustache flying through the air. There was no occasion for remark in her being with him, for everybody knew him as Roland De Peyster, whose ambition it was to secure for his tilbury more pretty girls in the season than should fall to the lot of any other young bachelor; but he had no intention of lavishing his great fortune on any single damsel. "I can't marry, you know," he would sometimes say. "It would turn the head of the best girl I could pick; so I try to preserve them in all their perfection as they are."

There were many lovely women in the procession, and many bows and smiles were exchanged; but there were likewise hidden animosities and heart-burnings lurking under the gay costumes and flowers of the women and the reticent coats of the men. Sundry youths of the most eligible pattern had failed to secure desirable partners for the course, and drove in solitary grandeur. Raish Porter was also alone, but he looked the personification of contentment; his penetrating eyes took in everything, but his bearded, hearty face gave him the air of an indulgent master of the ceremonies, a person who watched

the machinery and helped to keep it going for the benefit of others. Quisbrough pointed out to Judge Hixon Mrs. Ballard Mole, a devoted churchwoman, who was airing the Bishop of Alaska in a heavy barouche, presided over by two servants in deep black, with wrinkled black gloves and equally wrinkled visages, doleful as those of hired mourners. But just as he had done so, the inane tooting of a horn was heard; and the four-in-hand of Colonel Clancy lumbered into view, bearing on its high back a large party who appeared to have fled to that eminence in order to escape some threatened inundation. They were closely pursued by the Baron de Huyneck, the Austrian ambassador; and a stout individual not far behind, who might have been taken for a prosperous old-clothes dealer from Chatham Street, turned out to be Rustuffi Bey, representative of the Sublime Porte. It was natural enough that Mrs. Farley Blazer should happen to pass at about the same time with the other diplomatists; but it may be imagined how insignificant Oliphant must have felt in such a train. Still, he was permitted something of that awful joy which small boys on the outside of a circus experience in peeping under some lifted fold of the tent. He knew he had not paid his share for the performance, but he was getting the benefit of it, all the same. Millions of dollars, and various things besides, had been contributed by the others. Trade, law, religion, social ambition, politics, honor, — possibly dishonor, — thrift and idleness, were all in that stream; and those who stood for such diverse interests had probably sacrificed a good deal in order to join the rout. What power was it, mightier than horses' legs, that drew them on, and whither were they drifting? That was what the atom Oliphant inwardly inquired; and in the thickest part of the press he was suddenly reminded of an engraving after Boulanger, which he

had noticed in the house of a friend. It depicted the Appian Way crowded with chariots and litters, fleet Nubian slaves and fashionable idlers and beautiful women, at the time of Rome's greatest luxury, before the fall. No doubt the architecture and the costumes were very different, but there was an element of sameness in the pictured scene and this real one: here, too, were the reigning beauties and the handsome, selfish young men and the slaves—the last from Britannia and Ilibernia, instead of Nubia, and wearing more than the simple waist-cloth that satisfied Rome. And might not Overblow, with his big cigar, take the place of Boulanger's bull-necked senator? Oliphant laughed at the burlesque truth in his fancy. What he saw before him, after all, was only a parody upon the Roman scene; a modern comic opera, mounted at great expense and ridiculing the old notion that luxury implies decadence.

"What are you laughing at?" Mrs. Blazer asked, coming out of a brief pre-occupation. "Oh, I see," she added, immediately: "you recognize your friends."

In fact, as she put her question, Oliphant was taking off his hat to Octavia, who, enthroned upon a high seat with Thorburn, swept by them in the neighboring line of carriages, going the other way. Her face was radiant, and she gave him an enchanting smile and bow. Then he saw her no more.

"No," said Oliphant, becoming almost grave; "I was laughing at an ancient joke—a joke at least two thousand years old."

"Ah," said the matron, "that was before my time. What can it be?"

"The joke of thinking society is serious."

"I wish I could see the fun in that," Mrs. Blazer observed.

"So do I," returned Oliphant; "for if you did you might be happier." And the smile came back to his lips.

We need not be deceived by his tone. At that instant he was by no means in a jocose mood; and, in fact, if he and Octavia had leaned from their carriages as they passed, and had wounded each other with rapiers, the encounter could not have been more startling than it proved for both of them.

He was amazed to see her abroad at all; especially to see her so apparently contented. Although he had not wanted her to suffer, it shocked him that she should so easily surmount the pain she must have felt; and possibly he was thwarted in some unconscious scheme of acting as a consoler. Add to this that her being with Thorburn, and the possibility that the heavily gilded youth might be making headway in his suit for her hand, quickened the sentiment already smouldering in Oliphant's breast. From the ashes in his heart an impassioned envy, a new hope, broke like a spurt of flame.

Octavia, in turn, was horrified that he should openly parade in Mrs. Blazer's company. What did all his protestations of strict concealment amount to, weighed against his presence there with the woman who had first hinted to her the gossip concerning Gifford's former attachment to Miss Davenant? Octavia believed strongly in feminine intuitions, particularly when she was constructing an opinion of her own. She saw it all, now; she was positive that Oliphant had weakly allowed Mrs. Blazer to extract the whole history from him. The bitterness of this thought, stinging her mind even as she bowed to him, had a peculiar result: it caused her to throw additional sweetness into her smile.

"Who is that Oliphant, any way?" inquired the blonde young Cræsus at her side, as they drove along. "Seems to me, if any man could reasonably claim the right to be jealous about you, there would be some cause for alarm, just now. I think Mr. Oliphant will be

falling in love with you in about two twos from the present moment — or say in one shake of a ram's tail."

"Perry," said Octavia, "if you expect to talk with me, you really must correct your slang. But what makes you think that about Mr. Oliphant?"

"Oh, the way he looked at you. How can I tell what makes me think it, anyhow? Let's talk about Josephine. You say that her father really insists on her going back to Jamestown. How soon?"

"In a few days, at the outside. He's inexorable."

The young man looked meditative. "Well, what am I to do?" he began, after a pause. "I hardly dare to venture on speaking to her so soon. Would you advise me to?"

"My friend," said Octavia, "is any one ever old enough to advise in such matters? Besides, you know" — here the young widow slightly tossed back her head and laughed aloud, so that the short white veil that scarcely touched her lips was shaken by the merriment — "she's supposed to be engaged to Lord Hawkstane!"

People in the neighboring carriages, though they could not distinguish what she said, heard her laugh ring out, and turned to look at the white throat, swelling like a song-bird's, at the trim figure, the dainty costume, the roses blooming in her corsage.

"The devil!" exclaimed Thorburn. "I beg pardon; but that's hardly slang, because — because the devil is eminently the proper thing nowadays. Is it positively true, though, about Josephine and Hawkstane?"

I regret to say that the clatter of harness and hoofs and the crunching of wheels made Octavia's reply inaudible, so that it cannot be given here.

By this time, Mrs. Blazer and Oliphant were far away in the opposite direction, and were entering upon the road that leads to Castle Hill; but they

had continued to converse about the two people we have just been listening to.

"You knew Mrs. Gifford before, I believe," remarked Mrs. Blazer.

"Before when? No; I never saw her until I came to Newport."

"But Mr. Gifford was acquainted with your wife, I hear."

"What!" cried Oliphant. "You have found it out, too? I wonder if there is anybody left in Newport who has n't been told of that interesting circumstance."

"I imagine it is known to very few," said Mrs. Blazer quietly, with a rather wicked glimmer in her weary eyes, peering out from the dull, white face.

"Seriously, then," he resumed, "will you tell me from whom you learned it?"

Mrs. Blazer attempted pleasantry. "You were just saying, Mr. Oliphant, that it's foolish to take society *au sérieux*."

"Well, I suppose it is. But I'm not a society man; and this is not a public matter, you assure me, though it had begun to seem like one when you mentioned it."

"Don't you remember," she resumed, "that I told you how Mr. Sweetser knew all about you?"

"Ah, it was from him, was it? But he could n't have known of the" — Oliphant was on the point of saying "the letter." He made a new approach.

"One question occurs to me: have you spoken of this to Mrs. Gifford, at all?"

"Mrs. Gifford? Why, that would be the most natural thing in the world, would n't it? Yes, I think I did say something." How artlessly Mrs. Blazer answered!

"I'm exceedingly sorry. I don't think you should have done it," said he, biting his lip.

"If I had had any idea it could annoy you," the lady replied, benignly, "of course I would n't have uttered a word."

"Do you consider it strange that I should be annoyed? Perhaps it isn't necessary for me to go into the reasons why I am. But I really shall have to ask you how much you may have said to Mrs. Gifford."

"What a singular question! You seem to be disturbed, Mr. Oliphant. Well, I'll tell you: I hardly said more to Mrs. Gifford than I have to you."

"Your answer is as strange as my question," said Oliphant. He was at a loss to guess how Octavia had been apprised that there was a letter, if it had not been through Mrs. Blazer. Then, reverting to the possibility that Raish had found out something, "Did your information," he inquired, "come only from Mr. Sweetser?"

"From whom else should you imagine?" Mrs. Blazer retorted. "Of course he was my informant."

"The only one?" Oliphant fixed his eyes upon her.

His companion shifted the position of her parasol by a point or two, and bowed in her grand manner to the Baron de Huyneck, who had made a turn and was coming back. "Dear me," she replied, languidly, "I know very little about this affair. I only mentioned it because it happened to come into my head. I thought it might make conversation."

"And so it did," Oliphant answered. "I have been put in a disagreeable position of late, by this very thing, because some one has spoken of what I had supposed was to be guarded sacredly. You will greatly oblige me if you will give me a direct reply."

"I'm sorry to refuse," said Mrs. Blazer, "but I cannot see why I should be mixed up with it, any way."

Oliphant's suspicion was strengthened by her behavior. The conviction that it was Mrs. Blazer who had carried everything to Octavia, and the belief that she had purposely inveigled him into public companionship with her,

mortified and enraged him. He laid his hand on the lever of the carriage door.

"What are you going to do?" demanded the owner of the carriage, in alarm.

"I'm going to take my leave, and walk back," said he.

"Oh, don't! don't!" she exclaimed. "You will kill yourself! Wait a moment. Andreas," she called to the coachman, "stop here: we are going to turn."

"Thanks," said Oliphant. "You mustn't inconvenience yourself; I prefer to get down." He already had the door open, and, as Andreas reined in the horses, he placed his foot on the step. "You have nothing more to tell me?" he queried, looking up at her with hostile fixity.

"Nothing," declared Mrs. Blazer, and firmly contracted those uneasy lips of hers. At this, Oliphant sprang to the ground.

"Drive on, Andreas," Mrs. Blazer commanded. And, while Oliphant lifted his hat with grim ceremony, the impressive bath-tub on wheels started forward again, its occupant settling herself to face the sea-breeze alone.

He strode along the highway in a fierce temper. All the soft serenity of the afternoon did not avail to soothe him; and when he regained the sidewalk of Bellevue Avenue, where the well-bred rumble and clatter of the polished turn-outs were still going on, the sight of that respectable pageant redoubled his disgust. "What a fool I am," he muttered, "to care about all this! Why do I bother myself about Mrs. Gifford, and why can't I just look on and amuse myself with the mock-Roman Newport holiday? Or else, why don't I get away from here at once, and leave the whole thing behind me?" But something told him he could not go; it was too late; he had been trapped, fascinated, he hardly knew how. The rest of the world looked strangely empty, as he imagined him-

self going out into it again. Desolate though it had been to him before, he had not conceived until this instant that it could seem quite so vacant.

All at once Octavia appeared before him a second time, not as a vision, but as a delightful reality. Thorburn had decided to take the Ocean drive, and they had changed their direction accordingly. Away they flew, and Oliphant had only time enough for a glimpse of her. He thought her absorbed in conversation with Perry; too much so, indeed. He did not know that they were still talking more or less directly about Josephine Hobart; nor was he aware that they had both observed him and exchanged comments at his reappearance on foot, so soon after they had seen him with Mrs. Blazer.

"I swear!" observed Perry. "Come back on purpose to see you."

"Nonsense," said Octavia. "He has forgotten something he had to do; or perhaps Mrs. Blazer only took him up by chance, for a little way."

Her heart fluttered, though she saw no reason for its doing so; and, bending her head as if to keep the wind off her face, she avoided meeting Oliphant's gaze. As for him, he proceeded on his way still more disconsolately; and when he came opposite the Casino entrance, the desire to get out of sight and be quiet moved him to pass into the deserted inclosure.

Another unhappy lover had gone in there, just a little before — in fact, our friend Justin Craig; and the two met, not many paces from the Clock-Tower. Oliphant observed that the young musician looked peculiarly excited, as he came forward. "See here, what I have found!" cried Justin, stretching forth his hand.

As Oliphant had passed the ticket-taker's window, he had caught sight of a white paper on the wall, announcing the loss of a lady's diamond pin, for the recovery of which a large reward was

offered. What Justin now disclosed in his artistic palm was apparently the very jewel described.

"You've found it, eh?" said the widower. "Ah, you rascal, to take advantage of seeing the notice before I did! That was what brought you in, I suppose — hunting for this thing."

Justin's face grew pink. "I did n't see any notice at all," he said, rather gruffly. "Where?"

Oliphant pointed towards the small spot of paper. "At any rate, my boy," said he, "you're five hundred dollars better off than you were before you stepped in here: that's the reward. And I'm glad of it. But how did you happen upon the discovery?"

"Well, the fact is, I felt blue, I — I don't care to explain why; and so I got reckless and spent half a dollar to come in here — half a dollar is a good deal to me, you know. I was mooning around, looking at the grass and the flowers, and trying to be unconscious of those swell waiters over in the café windows: there were two of them laughing at my clothes, I know they were." Justin's manner here became quite ferocious, and he glared disdainfully at the restaurant side of the building. "There's one comfort," he said: "the wretches are forced to wear dress-coats in the day-time; so they're as much out of fashion as I am. Well, I was looking into that flower-bed close by the balcony, when I saw a twinkle and flash in the dark earth. I thought it was a dewdrop, at first; it threw out that same sort of gleam. Do you know how beautiful the dew is, Mr. Oliphant? I often walk out very early in the morning to see it on the fields; it is so glorious. You'd think gems had been scattered there over night — rubies and emeralds and topazes and beryls and the rest of 'em; but there's no pride or envy connected with them. Ah, it's one of my greatest pleasures!"

"But the diamonds," Oliphant reminded him, quietly amazed at his young

friend's indifference. "You're forgetting about those."

Justin looked down at the shining cluster in his hand. "Oh," he said, smiling, "I thought I had explained. Of course there could n't be any dew at this time of day: it turned out to be these diamonds, almost buried in the mould. They probably slipped from some lady's dress, as she was standing on the balcony above. Now, there's a nice idea, to think how horribly she must feel about it, and how happy she'll be when she gets them back!"

Oliphant laughed, his amazement turning to pleasure. "Upon my word," he declared, "I believe, if it were n't for that idea, you'd be sorry they were diamonds, instead of dewdrops. You don't seem to think anything about the reward."

"The reward! That's true: I suppose it's fair to take it, if it's worth the sum to her to get them back."

"Of course it's worth that much and more. The stones must have cost four or five thousand, Justin; and five hundred" —

"Did you mean that?" Justin broke in, grasping his arm. "I thought you were joking. Five hundred dollars in a lump! Why, it's a fortune to me! I can do all sorts of things; I can go to Germany and study." He held his breath for an instant. "But then I should have to leave" — He stopped.

"Of course you'd have to 'leave,' if you were going. Leave what?"

"Home," said Justin shyly. "Something else, too — a great deal more to me than that."

"Oh, I see," said his companion. "I wonder who the lady is."

"That I shan't tell you," Craig retorted, presenting a warlike front. He saw his mistake, however, instantly.

"I meant the lady who lost the jewel," Oliphant told him; and they joined in a laugh of good understanding.

"I hardly like this idea, though,"

Craig resumed, "of accepting money for restoring what is n't mine. It seems to put one in a false position."

"Not in your case," argued his friend. "I think it would be wrong for you to refuse. You must consider the money as a tax levied by Providence for the encouragement of art."

They proceeded in a very cheerful humor to the superintendent's office; for the incident of the finding had temporarily driven off Oliphant's agitations concerning Octavia, and had almost made Craig forget the misery of having been met by Vivian Ware without recognition.

"I see," he began, to the clerk, "that a diamond brooch has been lost. Can you tell me the name of the owner?"

The clerk looked up at him with experienced insolence. "See here, young man," said he, "do you think I'm fresh?"

"No," said Craig. "I should think you were particularly faded. Does that suit you any better?"

The official youth was surprised at such audacity in a mere citizen, badly dressed. He looked closer at the two gentlemen, and saw that Oliphant's costume and appearance were deserving of respect. "I thought you were a newspaper chap," he remarked somewhat apologetically to Craig, "picking up items. Do you know anything about that brooch?"

"I should like to know something about it, because I've found one here."

"You have, hey?" returned the clerk, becoming briskly companionable. "That's all right, then. You're in for the reward, I guess. Well, the lady that lost it is Mrs. Chauncey Ware. Know her?"

A change came over Craig's manner. He stiffened, glanced quickly at Oliphant, and then back at the clerk. "There is the brooch I found," he said, holding it up for the man's inspection. "I shall not take any reward."

The clerk suppressed a whistle of astonishment, and put his hand forward to receive the diamonds.

"Just wait a minute," interposed Oliphant. "This is a matter for one of the governors. You need n't deliver the pin here, Craig. Besides," he continued in a lower tone, "I protest against your declining the reward."

Craig was pale and rather agitated. "Do you know," he returned, with a cold gleam in his eyes, "who Mrs. Ware is? She is the mother of Vivian Ware; and if I had to starve first, I would never accept a dollar from her, under any circumstances."

They had stepped away a little, so that the clerk behind the desk should not hear. "Take a little time, my boy; think," said Oliphant, with a hand on his shoulder. "You will find my name down," he added, to the clerk, "as a subscriber; and I will be responsible for the delivery of this brooch. Or you can send for one of the governors, and we will wait up-stairs. Here's my card."

"All right, sir," said the companionable clerk.

"No, we won't wait at all!" thundered Craig, vehemently. "I've found the brooch, and I'll have nothing more to do with it. Mr. Oliphant, you ought to understand me!" And as he spoke, he brought to bear upon his friend the ardor and the softness of his fine eyes, in which could be read a confession of his love for Vivian, and all the piteous struggle of his wounded pride and social disadvantage. "There!" he wound up; "take the pin, and manage it as you prefer. I don't wish my name mentioned; and I'm going."

Oliphant looked at him reproachfully, but Craig thrust the precious object into his hands and stalked quickly away, making for the street. "At least, Craig—look here!" called his friend. "I want you to dine with me at seven, here in the Casino. Will you come?"

Craig halted. "In these clothes?" he inquired sarcastically.

"In anything—a bathing-suit, if you like."

Justin's magnificence broke down at this. "I'll be with you," he said, emitting a short, pleased laugh. But, having done that much, he continued on his way, and disappeared.

Oliphant waited until he could see the superintendent and assure him of the safety of the brooch; and after that he hastened to the house of Mrs. Chauncey Ware. He found her engaged, but Stillman, whom he had met at Raish's lunch, received him. Stillman Ware, who was about twenty-eight, looked forty years old: he had a wrinkled brow and black hair which was alarmingly scant on the crown of his head; and he wore mild, unobtrusive little shiny shoes. There was a general air about him as if he had been finished in patent leather; he also bore his premature aging with the imperturbableness of a trained gentleman; indeed, with something of pleasantry, as if conscious that he had got a good deal of fun out of life, even though he had drawn heavily on his principal to pay for it. He accepted the news of Justin's refusal to take the reward with a kind of sweet annoyance. He was very gentle, but very much provoked.

"Mr. Craig," he said, "may be an excellent person, but I don't see why he should assume the tone of a man of wealth. I am told he is quite straitened as to his means. And it is scarcely fair for him to insist on placing us under an obligation which we can't repay."

"Will you dine with me this evening, and meet him?" Oliphant asked. "I think you would like him, and you might talk it over."

"Thanks; I am engaged for dinner. However, my mother or I will perhaps see him to-morrow. There is a particular reason why we cannot accept a favor

of this kind at his hands. It's all wrong. He *must* allow us to recompense him."

"And the particular reason?" Oliphant began. "I suppose I ought not to inquire what it is."

"I would rather not say," answered Ware. "Perhaps you have some inkling of it already."

This was the gist of their interview, which soon came to an end. In the evening, Justin professed annoyance that Oliphant should have disclosed his name as that of the finder; but this wore off, and the result of their session at dinner was a long walk together under the starlight, and a talk in which Oliphant made his way to Justin's confidence.

"I stand alone in the world, Craig," he said to him, "and if you will make a friend of me I shall be in your debt for giving me a new interest. With me the best of life is over, but perhaps I can help your cause with Vivian; and if you succeed in music through any passing assistance I may lend, don't you see how great my pleasure would be in that success?"

They were pausing, about to part, by the mysterious Old Mill, or Norseman's Tower, in Touro Park. The carriages, coaches, and phaetons which had filed past it so numerous a few hours before had now utterly disappeared; there was no more tramping of horses; not a trace of the pageant remained. A village quiet, in fact, reigned over Newport, broken only at the moment by the meagre, sharp, and grating notes of a chorus of tree-toads. Electric lights, however, suspended on high poles, threw a weird illumination down upon the dew-damp street, or across and under the muffling foliage of the trees, in wide splashes and long, jagged streaks, as if the radiance were a liquid that had undergone icy crystallization. In this cold light the face of Justin shone for an instant with responsive

gratitude: he seemed to accept the position of a younger brother towards his companion.

"Your sympathy and fellowship are help enough," he said, pressing Oliphant's hand.

Then the lighted face turned and passed away down the dark street, and Oliphant's eyes rested on the dim tower which confronted him like a ghost of gray stone, looking as if it had a warning to utter. But what of that? Faces come and go around the old tower, or vanish forever from its presence, while it remains unaltered, a perpetual enigma of the past. And are not the faces enigmas, just as much? And has not love its gray ruins, that loom up in the night and seem on the point of warning us? But no one would heed the warning, even if it ever came to speech.

VII.

LORD HAWKSTANE'S JUST PRIDE.

Mrs. Chauncey Ware was a woman of high social position in Boston; she had abundant wealth; she was attended by a train of obsequious ancestors and subservient living personages. Her face was colorless except for a lingering brown tinge, and was all quilted over with fine lines that seemed to have been arranged by a pattern; so that you might have fancied for a moment that it was itself an heirloom, some kind of a sampler or old piece of stitching, carefully preserved until it had grown rather dingy. Further reflection would convince you that the surface was human, after all, but that peculiar influences slowly working upon it had imparted a strangeness and imperviousness that made it appear unreal.

It was a comfortable, satisfied countenance, as well it might be, for the prevailing superstition in the three-hilled city attributed to its possessor an amount

of visiting-list and old-family wisdom never surpassed by any other conservator of society. Mrs. Ware always exhibited two cylindrical puffs of grayish hair on her temples; minute sibylline scrolls, one might say. Somehow, in those two puffs, which were like insignia of her high office, she appeared to have coiled up the experience of a life-time; and Raish Porter had once alluded to them as the steel-gray mainsprings of her existence.

It may easily be imagined how such a person, knowing in a distant and austere way that Craig cherished a preposterous sentiment for her daughter, must have felt with regard to his obstinacy about the reward. "I entirely agree with Stillman," she said, the next morning, at breakfast. "The young man should be made to take it."

She regarded her son with instructive gravity, as if it were he whom she desired to convince, instead of her daughter. The gently polished Stillman, who had stayed out late the night before, gambling heavily, seemed to have become indifferent on the subject.

"Made to take it, mamma?" said Vivian. "One would almost suppose he had committed an offense by finding your pin and sending it to you. I think he has a right to refuse, if he wants to—the right that any gentleman would have."

"Is he any? If so, how many?" her brother asked, trying to relieve the tedium of the discussion.

"Stillman, I fear for your mind," said Vivian. "Don't you think it is tottering just a little bit?" She contemplated him with a pretty, unconcerned scorn, then devoted herself wholly for the moment to a rye-and-Indian roll.

"I shall believe it is tottering, my excellent sister," he replied, "when I find myself convinced by you."

His savageness did not humiliate her, but she tried a pathetic appeal, quite as if she had actually been humiliated.

"You would n't like to take money yourself, in that way, would you?" she demanded, bending earnestly forward, and giving him a look for which Craig would have walked fifty miles.

"Would n't I?" returned the patent-leather cynic, unmoved. "Just let mother try offering it to me. I dropped twice that sum at roulette, last night."

"Stillman," said Mrs. Ware, in a tone of conventional grief, "I wish you would n't allude to those things."

He smiled, complacently. "You know, mother, I never make any secret of my amusements. It is only serious things that one cares to conceal."

"That is quite epigrammatic," his sister observed, thinking it best to flatter him. "But, mamma, why not just thank Mr. Craig, and let the whole thing go?"

"Or," suggested Stillman, attempting an extreme of sarcasm, "you might invite him to your party to-night."

"Not a bad idea, either," Vivian commented.

"What absurdity!" exclaimed her mother.

"Oh, I've no doubt Vivian is longing to have him here. She is greatly interested in him, beyond a question."

"So is Mrs. Gifford," Vivian retorted. "And why should n't I be? It was she who first made me acquainted with him; don't you remember?"

"I wish she had been in Guinea!" affirmed Mrs. Ware, in a large geographical spirit. "A strange freak of hers, that was: and your allowing him to call here, Vivian, was still stranger. But then, I long ago learned that I need n't expect you to be judicious. You will never outgrow your girlhood, my child."

Vivian, who had at that instant conveyed a dainty morsel to her lips, was seized with something like a choking fit. When this threat had been averted, she was seen to be laughing. "I assure you, mamma," she cried, "you almost made me swallow my fork; and then

what would you have done? Outgrow my girlhood? I hope I shall not. I mean always to be young. Dear me, this is too funny!" Mrs. Ware's wisdom-curls appeared to wind themselves tighter than ever, in view of a levity so abandoned; but Vivian, still afflicted with laughter, rose from her place and turned—her gayly colored baptiste gown making a graceful sweep—to the bird-cage in the window behind her. "Poor little canary," she murmured, "you haven't had your morning bath and your fresh chickweed, have you? And all this time we are talking about trivial matters." Here she cast a swift glance at her mother again, and remarked tersely, "As if I were in any way responsible for Mr. Craig! You may count me out."

"Stillman, will you go down to see him?" Mrs. Ware asked, in a confidential tone, ignoring Vivian.

"I'm sorry, mother, but I have so much to do about our affair this evening, you know."

"Then *I* shall go," she announced. "It is proper that the young man should be thanked, at any rate, if he won't accept more."

Go she did, accordingly. Justin was summoned from an abstruse piece of counterpoint on which he was laboring, to confront the undecipherable face and the gray puffs, which had emerged from the Ware chariot just drawn up at his humble boarding-house door; and at first his visitor endeavored to give their meeting a briefly business-like turn. "I am very much obliged to you," she said, "for recovering an ornament that I value especially for its associations, and I have come in person to hand you the sum we had named as the reward, because I wanted to have the opportunity of thanking you for your service."

"It was no service," said Justin; "only an accident. But I appreciate your kindness in thanking me."

He spoke so simply, and in a tone

so engaging, that Mrs. Ware began to be impressed. "Then, will you allow me"—she continued, hesitating slightly, as she touched the spring of the seal-skin portemonnaie she carried.

Justin was naturally somewhat dramatic in his movements. He raised one hand, with a gesture of forbidding. "No, indeed!" he responded vigorously. "I thought Mr. Oliphant had made that clear to you."

"May I ask," inquired the lady, her gloved fingers still hovering over the portemonnaie, "why you are so resolute in declining this very proper return for your favor?"

"I hardly think," he replied, calmly, "it would do any good for me to go into the reasons. I really can't see that I have done anything to be rewarded, and you have more than paid me with your thanks."

Mrs. Chauncey Ware secretly admired his reserved and politic attitude; she felt that it lifted him up almost to her own plane. "Pardon me," she rejoined, "I do not know much of young men of your class, but I must say I was n't prepared for this sort of feeling in one of them."

There was great danger of combustion in Justin's mind, at this instant, but he managed to prevent it. "You surprise me," he said. "If we have any such thing as distinct classes in this country, I should have thought that it was precisely with mine that you would be best acquainted."

"At all events," she returned, quite unperturbed, "it is a great satisfaction to arrive at so good an understanding." Still, Mrs. Ware had sense enough to see that she had got the worst of it, and tact enough to be conscious that there was but one way of recovering her lost ground. Besides, I believe she had a certain amount of humane sympathy left in her, which caused her to pity Justin's poverty, and to value his independence. "We will say no more about this er-

rand on which I came," she continued, "if you prefer; but it shall be on one condition: that is, that you come to-night to a reception which I have arranged at my house."

Justin's heart leaped with the pleasurable thought of such an invitation. He was perfectly aware that the sleeves of his dress-coat were very ragged inside; but no one is richer than he who, being without money, can afford to refuse it: and for the time being he felt as opulent as possible. To meet Vivian in this way, in her own house, on equal terms with all her friends, and especially the Count Fitz-Stuart! It was something not to be foregone. He did not betray his emotion; he did not spring into the air; he did not give vent to the triumphant cry that clamored within him. "I shall be very happy," he said, with exemplary self-control; but that short phrase covered a great deal of meaning.

And thus it happened that Stillman Ware's extravagant suggestion became within an hour's time sober reality, through the action of that unimpeachable authority, his mother.

"I don't know what we shall come to, if this is the sort of thing that's going to be done," he complained, when she told him of it; "which means that I do know, exactly. Vivian, whose sense of humor can't be depended on, will fall in love with that young pianopounder, and never see the absurdity of it."

"Well, my boy, Vivian is erratic, at the best: she *will* be wild, whatever is done. Do you know what she did only yesterday? She called across the street to Colonel Clancy, who was passing, and made him go into the Casino to lunch with Roland De Peyster and herself and the Richards girls. I wonder you had n't heard, for it came to me soon enough, I can tell you. But it's no use talking to her. And as for this Craig, now that he has called here he

may as well be recognized. If we try to keep him out, she will think all the more of him. Besides, I had to do something to throw the obligation upon his side."

Mrs. Ware had found her son on the lawn at the back of the house, superintending the placing of some lanterns. "Very well," he said, when she finished. "I see that it's settled; but I shall have to make some changes in my plan, now: it will be necessary to put lanterns in the arbor."

"Why, what has that got to do with Craig?"

"I'll tell you," said Stillman, resignedly. "That arbor was to be left dark; I had just told the men so. It was a little experiment of mine—a trap in which I expected to catch a few song-birds. Off in that quiet corner under the trees, you see, some of the sentimental young people would be sure to make for it, if it were dark. Now that Craig is coming, though, I shall illuminate it brilliantly: no *tête-à-tête* there for *him*, with Vivian, if I can help it! But you've spoiled my fun, this time."

Oliphant was delighted with the news of Justin's invitation, but it was not the only surprise of the day, for him. At the club, about noon, he fell in with Dana Sweetser, who, chirping gayly of current incidents, spoke of the gossip concerning Lord Hawkstane's engagement.

"Amazingly lucky fellow!" he exclaimed, reviving for the occasion an ancient tremor of the voice which had once, no doubt, been capable of conveying real emotion. "On her part, however, it seems to me a mistake to accept him so early in the season. She should have waited until September. It diminishes the interest, you know: she won't be sought after as much. But do you know, Mr. Oliphant, that I am nearly heart-broken over this thing? You may not have been aware that I had

a particular admiration for Miss Hobart — a tender admiration, I may say. And now I must stifle all that, subdue myself to a cold and distant respect, and even take an interest in the young nobleman's triumph." All this Mr. Sweetser delivered with so close an imitation of pathos that Oliphant would have been quite prepared to see a natural tear roll down his autumnal cheeks. But the stricken gallant went on without pause: "Fortunately, Miss Loyall, the young beauty from Albany, is here, and I think her presence may console me in part. Ah, she too is very charming! I have written her some little verses to-day, which I will show you by and by."

"Indeed? But how is it possible, Mr. Sweetser, a man with such diverse interests, that you find time to write poetry? I thought you were absorbed now by the Alaska and British Columbia Inlet Excavation. By the way, what are its prospects?"

"Excellent," replied Dana, instantly, as Oliphant had hoped, forgetting about his heart-break and his verses. The scheme referred to was a gigantic undertaking: nothing less than the scooping out of a considerable territory north of the United States, so that a large inlet from the Pacific Ocean might be formed, which should modify and greatly improve the climate of this country. "You know how rapidly the stock was taken up, based on grants of land which will come into demand for farms and cities so soon as the Inlet is completed. Well, we are beginning work now. A good many laborers were frozen to death at first, but it was a valuable lesson to us, as well as to them, and we have now provided against that. I have another matter in hand, though, for which you must interest yourself: it is the Drainage Association."

"What is the object?"

"To improve the drainage of New-

port — very much needed, you know. The conditions are frightful, here. Do you appreciate, sir, that we are walking in constant peril? The whole place is threatened with an unborn pestilence — think of it! — doomed, perhaps. I'm going to agitate, and there must be an Association."

Oliphant found himself in another sort of peril from Sweetser's enthusiasm; but Sweetser, catching sight of Lord Hawkstane, who had just entered the next room, abandoned his subject and his listener, and went to offer the Englishman his congratulations. So, at least, Oliphant inferred from his effusive manner and wreathed smiles.

Hawkstane appeared embarrassed, but not displeased. Oliphant imagined that he was making some negative protestation; but Sweetser evidently thought this an excellent joke, looked very shrewd and sly, and then, with a brief gurgle of rejuvenated laughter, went off towards the writing-room. Hawkstane began to approach the place where Oliphant sat; but on the way he was stopped a second time; for Atlee, coming in from the veranda, held him with his glittering eye-glass, as if he had been an improved species of Ancient Mariner.

"Good mawning," said Atlee, in much the same tone he might have used had he been talking in his sleep.

"Howjoo do?" said Lord Hawkstane.

"Ah — ah; fine day," Atlee continued.

"Uncommonly, for this country. If you wouldn't have it so beastly hot, you know!"

Atlee assumed the helpless look which he believed to be a token of the highest breeding. He let it be understood from his manner that climate was controlled by an inferior order of forces, with which he had no connection. After an interval of sympathetic vacancy, he resumed intellectual exercise.

"Have n't had the chance to offer my congratulations befoah, melord. Allow me to do so now."

"W'y does every one congratulate me?" inquired Lord Hawkstane, politely.

"Haw, haw," said Atlee, with funereal hilarity. "Because they envy you so howibly, I dare say. Don't you think you ought to be?"

"Oh, I've no objection; not the least in the world. I suppose I've got on better than most men." Hawkstane looked very complacent, but adjusted his shirt-collar with one finger, as if his satisfaction needed propping. "You mean Miss Hobart?" he ended.

"To be sure," Atlee answered. "You ought to be ve'y happy."

"Thanks, yes; I am very happy," said his lordship, promptly. "I don't mind it; not the least in the world."

The spurious Englishman sounded his doleful laugh once more. "I should think not," he said, carefully preserving the somnolent tone — "I should think not."

His mental resources having apparently been exhausted, he turned to the newspapers, and Hawkstane spoke to Oliphant.

"Is it true, then," Oliphant asked immediately, "that you're engaged to Miss Hobart?"

The young man colored. "Engaged?" he repeated. "What makes you think that?"

"You must excuse my bluntness," Oliphant replied. "I thought that was what you were just speaking of. It's the general opinion, I believe."

"Hang it, no! I'm not engaged," Lord Hawkstane declared with some energy, recovering his natural pallor.

Atlee dropped his newspaper, and looked over at him with a faint, embarrassed grin, at the same time reduc-

ing his facial aspect to a complete void.

"You're not!" exclaimed Oliphant. "Good heavens, why didn't you tell us that before?"

"W'y? You're the first man who has asked me anything about it, Mr. Oliphant. And have n't I told you, directly you asked? I thought everybody knew Miss Hobart turned me off."

"But," protested Atlee, "you — you allowed me to congratulate you." (In his excitement he forgot to slur the "r.")

"My dear fellah," said Lord Hawkstane, "that was what you wanted, was n't it? 'Pon my word, too, I think it was right enough. W'en you think how many men admire her, and how hard she is to come at, you know, I think it's a good deal to get so far as I did. 'Pon my word, now, I accept your congratulations for having been honored by a refusal. That's more than you'll ever be, Atlee. Is n't it, Mr. Oliphant?"

Whether the young aristocrat had defeated his American friends on their own ground as a sad humorist, or whether he really meant what he said, Oliphant was unable to determine; so he held his peace, and looked wise.

"I beg pahdon, you know — awfully stupid in me — pahdon," Atlee said, disjunctedly.

"Hang it!" Lord Hawkstane again ejaculated. "I mean it, you know. I'm proud of it. 'Gad, it's a feather in my cap."

Meanwhile Sweetser, unable long to resist the attraction of a title, had come back from the writing-room, and had overheard the whole disclosure from the threshold. Without delay he left the Club, and in a singularly brief space of time, what he had gathered was spread through the town.

George Parsons Lathrop.

GLINTS IN AULD REEKIE.

As soon as one comes to know Edinburgh, he feels a gratitude to that old gentleman of Fife who is said to have invented the affectionate phrase "Auld Reekie." Perhaps there never was any such old gentleman; and perhaps he never did, as the legend narrates, regulate the hours of his family prayers, on summer evenings, by the thickening smoke which he could see rising from Edinburgh chimneys, when the cooking of suppers began.

"It's time now, bairns, to tak the beuks an gang to our beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie, I see, putting on her nicht-cap," are the words which the harmless little tradition puts into his mouth. They are wisely dated back to the reign of Charles II., a time from which none now speak to contradict; and they serve as well as any others to introduce and emphasize the epithet which, once heard, is not forgotten by a lover of Edinburgh, remaining always in his memory, like a pet name of one familiarly known.

It is not much the fashion of travelers to become attached to Edinburgh. Rome for antiquity, London for study and stir, Florence for art, Venice for art and enchantment combined, — all these have pilgrims who become worshipers, and return again and again to them, as the devout return to shrines. But few return thus to Edinburgh. It continually happens that people planning routes of travel are heard to say, "I have seen Edinburgh," pronouncing the word "seen" with a stress indicating a finality of completion. Nobody ever uses a phrase in that way about Rome or Venice. It is always, "We have been in," "spent a winter in," "a summer in," or "a month in" Rome, or Venice, or any of the rest: and the very tone and turn of the phrase tell the desire or purpose of another

winter, or summer, or month in the remembered and longed-for place.

But Edinburgh has no splendors with which to woo and attract. She is "a penniless lass;" "wi' a lang pedigree," however, — as long and as splendid as the best, reaching back to King Arthur at least, and some say a thousand years farther, and assert that the rock on which her castle stands was a stronghold when Rome was a village. At any rate, there was a fortress there long before Edinburgh was a town, and that takes it back midway between the five hundredth and six hundredth year of our Lord. From that century down to this it was the centre of as glorious and terrible fighting and suffering as the world has ever seen. Kingly besieged and besiegers, prisoners, martyrs, men and women alike heroic, their presences through each doorway still; and the very stones at a touch seem set ringing again with the echoes of their triumphs and their agonies.

To me, the castle is Edinburgh. Looking from the sunny south windows of Prince's Street across at its hoary front is like a wizard's miracle, by which dead centuries are rolled back, compressed into minutes. At the foot of its north precipices, where lay the lake in which, in the seventeenth century, royal swans floated and plebeian courtesans were ducked, now stretches a gay gardened meadow, through which flash daily railway trains. Their columns of blue smoke scale the rocks, coil after coil, but never reach the citadel summit, being tangled, spent, and lost in the tops of trees, which in their turn seem also to be green-plumed besiegers, ever climbing, climbing. For five days I looked out on this picture etched against a summer sky: in black, by night; in the morning, of soft sepia tints, or gray, — tower, battlement, wall, and roof, all in sky

lines; below these the wild crags and precipices, a mosaic of grays, two hundred feet down, to a bright greensward dotted with white daisies. Set steadily to the sunrise, by a west wind which never stopped blowing for the whole five days, streamed out the flag. To have read on its folds, "*Castell-Mynydd-Agned*," or "*Castrum Puellarum*," would not have seemed at any hour a surprise. There is nowhere a relic of antiquity which so dominates its whole environment as does this rock fortress. Its actuality is sovereign; its personality majestic. The thousands of modern people thronging up and down Prince's Street seem perpetrating an impertinent anachronism. The times are the castle's times still; all this nineteenth-century haberdashery and chatter is an inexplicable and insolent freak of interruption. Sitting at one's Prince's Street windows, one sees it not; overlooks it as meaningless and of no consequence. Instead, he sees the constable's son, in Bruce's day, coming down that two hundred feet of precipice, hand over hand, on a bit of rope ladder, to visit the "wench in town" with whom he was in love; and anon turning this love lore of his to patriotic account, by leading Earl Douglas, with his thirty picked Scots, up the same precipices, in the same perilous fashion, to surprise the English garrison, which they did to such good purpose that in a few hours they retook the castle, the only one then left which Bruce had not recovered. Or, when morning and evening mists rise slowly up from the meadow, veil the hill, and float off in hazy wreaths from its summit, he fancies fagots and tar barrels ablaze on the esplanade, and the beauteous Lady Glammis, with her white arms crossed on her breast, burning to death there, with eyes fixed on the windows of her husband's prison. Scores of other women with "fayre bodies" were burned alive there; men, too, their lovers and sons,—all for a crime of

which no human soul ever was or could be guilty. Poor blinded, superstitious earth, which heard and saw and permitted such things! Even to-day, when the ground is dug up on that accursed esplanade, there are found the ashes of these martyrs to the witchcraft madness.

That grand old master gunner, too, of Cromwell's first following: each sunset gun from the castle seemed to me in honor of his memory, and recalled his name. "May the devil blaw me into the air, if I lowse a cannon this day!" said he, when Charles's men bade him fire a salute in honor of the Restoration. Every other one of Cromwell's men in the garrison had turned false, and done ready service to the king's officers; but not so Browne. It was only by main force that he was dragged to his gun, and forced to fire it. Whether the gun were old, and its time had come to burst, or if the splendid old Puritan slyly overweighed his charge, it is open to each man's preference to believe; but burst the gun did, and, taking the hero at his word, "shuites his bellie from him, and blew him quyte over the castle wall," says the old record. I make no doubt myself that it was just what the master gunner intended.

Thirty years later, there were many gunners in Edinburgh Castle as brave as he, or braver,—men who stood by their guns month after month, starving by inches and freezing; the snow lying knee deep on the shattered bastions; every roof shelter blown to fragments; no fuel; their last well so low that the water was putrid; raw salt herrings the only food for the men, and for the officers oatmeal, stirred in the putrid water. This was the Duke of Gordon's doing, when he vowed to hold Edinburgh Castle for King James, if every other fortress in Scotland went over to William. When his last hope failed, and he gave his men permission to abandon the castle and go out to the

enemy, if they chose, not a man would go. "Three cheers for his grace," they raised, with their poor starved voices, and swore they would stay as long as he did. From December to June they held out, and then surrendered, a handful of fifty ghastly, emaciated, tottering men. Pity they could not have known how much grander than victories such defeats as theirs would read, by and by!

Hard by the castle was the duke's house, in Blair's Close; in this he was shut up prisoner under strict guard. The steps up which he walked that day, for the first time in his life without his sword, are still there; his coronet, with a deer hound on either side, in dingy stone carving, above the low door. It is one of the doorways worth haunting, in Edinburgh. Generations of Dukes of Gordon have trodden its threshold, from the swordless hero of 1689 down to the young lover who, in George the Third's day, went courting his duchess, over in Hyndford's Close, at the bottom of High Street. She was a famous beauty, daughter of Lady Maxwell; and thanks to one gossip and another, we know a good deal about her bringing-up. There was still living in Edinburgh, sixty years ago, an aged and courtly gentleman, who recollected well having seen her riding a sow in High Street; her sister running behind, and thumping the beast with a stick. Duchesses are not made of such stuff in these days. It almost passes belief what one reads in old records of the ways and manners of Scottish nobility in the first half of the eighteenth century. These Maxwells' fine laces were always drying in the narrow passage from their front stair to their drawing-room; and their undergear hanging out on a pole from an upper window, in full sight of passers-by, as is still the custom with the poverty-stricken people who live in Hyndford's Close.

On the same stair with the Maxwells lived the Countess Anne of Balcarres,

mother of eleven children, the eldest of whom wrote Auld Robin Gray. She was poor and proud, and a fierce Jacobite to the last. To be asked to drink tea in Countess Anne's bed-chamber was great honor. The room was so small that the man-servant, John, gorgeous in the Balcarres livery, had to stand snuggled up to the bedpost. Here, with one arm around the post, he stood like a statue, ready to hand the tea-kettle as it was needed. When the noble ladies differed about a date or a point of genealogy, John was appealed to, and often so far forgot his manners as to swear at the mention of assumers and pretenders to baronetcies.

There is an endless fascination in going from house to house, in their old wynds and closes, now. A price has to be paid for it, — bad smells, filth underfoot, and, very likely, volleys of ribald abuse from gin-loosened tongues right and left and high up overhead; but all this only emphasizes the picture, and makes one's mental processions of earls and countesses all the livelier and more vivid.

Some of these wynds are so narrow and dark, that one hesitates about plunging into them. They seem little more than rifts between dungeons: seven, eight, and nine stories high, the black walls stretch up. If there is a tiny courtyard, it is like the bottom of a foul well; and looking to the hand's-breadth of sky visible above, it seems so far up and so dark blue, one half expects to see its stars glimmering at noonday. A single narrow winding stone stair is the only means of going up and down; and each floor being swarming full of wretched human beings, each room a tenement house in itself, of course this common stairway becomes a highway of contentions, the very battle-ground of the house. Progress up or down can be stopped at a second's notice; a single pair of elbows is a blockade. How sedan chairs were managed in these cork-

screw crevices is a puzzle ; yet we read that the ladies of quality went always in sedan chairs to balls and assemblies.

In the Stamp Office Close, now the refuge of soot-venders, old-clothes dealers, and hucksters of lowest degree, tramps, beggars, and skulkers of all sorts, still is locked tight every night a big carved door, at foot of the stair down which used to come stately Lady Eglintounne, the third, with her seven daughters, in fine array. It was one of the sights of the town to see the procession of their eight sedan chairs on the way to a dance. The countess herself was six feet tall, and her daughters not much below her ; all strikingly handsome, and of such fine bearing that it went into the traditions of the century as the "Eglintounne air." There also went into the traditions of the century some details of the earl's wooing, which might better have been kept a secret between him and his father-in-law. The second Lady Eglintounne was ailing, and like to die, when Sir Archibald Kennedy arrived in Edinburgh, with his stalwart but beautiful daughter, Susanna. She was much sought immediately ; and Sir Archibald, in his perplexity among the many suitors, one day consulted his old friend Eglintounne.

"Bide a wee, Sir Archy," replied the earl, — "bide a wee ; my wife's very sickly." And so, by waiting, the fair Susanna became Countess of Eglintounne. It would seem as if nature had some intent to punish the earl's impatient faithlessness to his sickly wife ; for year after year, seven years running, came a daughter, and no son, to the house of Eglintounne. At last the earl, with a readiness to ignore marital obligations at which his third countess need not have been surprised, bluntly threatened to divorce her if she bore him no heir.

Promptly the spirited Susanna replied that nothing would please her better, provided he would give her back all she brought him.

"Every penny of it, and welcome !" retorted the earl, supposing she referred to her fortune.

"Na, na, my lord," replied the lady, "that winna do. Return me my youth, beauty, and virginity, and dismiss me when you please : " upon which the matter dropped. In the end, the earl fared better than he deserved, three sons being given him within the next five years.

For half a century, Lady Eglintounne was a prominent figure in Scottish social life. Her comings and goings and doings were all chronicled, and handed down. It is even told that when Johnson and Boswell visited her at her country place, she was so delighted with Johnson's conversation that she kissed him on parting, — from which we can argue her ladyship's liking for long words. She lived to be ninety-one, and amused herself in her last days by taming rats, of which she had a dozen or more, in such subjection that at a tap on the oak wainscoting of her dining-room they came forth, joined her at her meal, and at a word of command retired again into the wainscot.

When twenty-first century travelers go speiring among the dingy ruins of cities which are gay and fine now, they will not find relics and traces of such individualities as these. The eighteenth century left a most entertaining budget, which we of to-day are too busy and too well educated to equal. No chiel among us all has the time to take gossip notes of this century ; and even if he did, they would be dull enough in comparison with those of the last.

Groping and rummaging in Hyndford's Close, one day, for recognizable traces of Lady Maxwell's house, we had the good fortune to encounter a thrifty housewife, of the better class, living there. She was coming home, with her market basket on her arm. Seeing our eager scenting of the old carvings on lintels and sills, and overhearing our

mention of the name of the Duchess of Gordon, she made bold to address us.

"It waur a strange place for the no-beelity to be livin' in, to be sure," she said. "I'm livin' mysil in ane o' the best of 'im, an' it's na mair space to 't than ud turn a cat. Ye 're welcome to walk up, if ye like to see what their dwellin's waur like in the auld time. It's a self-contained stair ye see," she added with pride, as she marshaled us up a twisting stone stairway, so narrow that even one person, going alone, must go cautiously to avoid grazing elbows and shins on the stone walls, at every turn. "I couldna abide the place but for the self-contained stair: there's not many has them," she continued. "Mind yer heads! mind yer heads! There's a stoop!" she cried; but it was too late. We had reached, unwarned, a point in the winding stair where it was necessary to go bent half double; only a little child could have stood upright. With heads dizzy from the blow and eyes half blinded by the sudden darkness, we stumbled on, and brought out in a passage-way, perhaps three feet wide and ten long, from which opened four rooms: one the kitchen, a totally dark closet, not over six feet square; a tiny grate, a chair, table, and a bunk in the wall, where the servant slept, were all its furniture. The woman lighted a candle to show us how convenient was this bunk for the maid "to lie." Standing in the middle of the narrow passage, one could reach his head into kitchen, parlor, and both bedrooms without changing his position. The four rooms together would hardly have made one good-sized chamber. Nothing but its exquisite neatness and order saved the place from being insupportable! Even those would not save it when herring suppers should be broiling in the closet surnamed kitchen. Up a still smaller, narrower crevice in the wall led a second "self-contained stair," dark as midnight, and so low roofed there was no stand-

ing upright in it, even at the beginning. This led to what the landlady called the "lodgers' flairt." We had not courage to venture up, though she was exceedingly anxious to show us her seven good bedrooms, three double and four single, which were nightly filled with lodgers, at a shilling a night.

Only the "verra rayspectable," she said, came to lodge with her. Her husband was "verra pairticular." Tradespeople from the country were the chief of their customers, "an' the same a-comin' for seven year, noo." No doubt she has as lively a pride, and gets as many satisfactions between these narrow walls, as did the lords and ladies of 1700. Evidently not the least of her satisfactions was the fact that those lords and ladies had lived there before her.

Nowhere are Auld Reekie's antitheses of new and old more emphasized than in the Cowgate. In 1530 it was an elegant suburb. The city walls even then extended to inclose it, and it was eloquently described in an old divine's writings as the place "*ubi nihil est humile aut rusticum, sed omnia magnifica.*"

In one of its grassy lanes, the Earl of Galloway built a mansion. His countess often went to pay visits to her neighbors, in great state, driving six horses; and it not infrequently happened that when her ladyship stepped into her coach, the leaders were standing opposite the door at which she intended to alight.

Here dwelt, in 1617, the famous "Tam o' the Cowgate," Earl of Had-dington, boon companion of King James, who came often to dine with him, and gave him the familiar nickname of Tam. Tam was so rich he was vulgarly believed to have the philosopher's stone; but he himself once gave a more probable explanation of his wealth, saying that his only secret lay in two rules: "never to put off till to-morrow that which could be done to-day," and

"never to trust to another what his own hand could execute."

To-day there is not in all the world, outside the Jewish Ghetto of Rome, so loathly wretched a street as this same Cowgate. Even at high noon it is not always safe to walk through it; and there are many of its wynds into which no man would go without protection of the police. Simply to drive through it is harrowing. The place is indescribable. It seems a perpetual and insatiable carnival of vice and misery. The misery alone would be terrible enough to see, but the leering, juggling, insolent vice added makes it indeed hellish. Every curbstone, doorsill, alley mouth, window, swarms with faces out of which has is gone every trace of self-respect or decency: babies' faces as bad as the worst, and the most aged faces worst of all. To pause on the sidewalk is to be surrounded, in a moment, by a dangerous crowd of half-naked boys and girls, whining, begging, elbowing, cursing, and fighting. Giving of an alms is like pouring oil on a fire. The whole gang is ablaze with envy and attack: the fierce and unscrupulous pillage of the seventeenth century is reenacted in miniature in the Cowgate every day, when an injudicious stranger, passing through, throws a handful of pennies to the beggars. The general look of hopeless degradation in the spot is heightened by the great number of old-clothes shops along the whole line of the street. In the days when the Cowgate was an elegant suburb, the citizens were permitted by law to extend their upper stories seven feet into the street, provided they would build them of wood cut in the Borough Forest, a forest that harbored robbers dangerous to the town. These projecting upper stories are invaluable now to the old-clothes venders, who hang from them their hideous wares, in double and treble lines, fluttering over the heads and in the faces of passers-by: the wood of the Borough Forest thus, by a strange

irony of fate, still continuing to harbor dangers to public welfare. If these close-packed tiers of dangling rags in the Cowgate were run out in a straight single line, they would be miles long; a sad beggars' arras to behold. The preponderance of tattered finery in it adds to its melancholy: shreds of damask; dirty lace; theatrical costumes; artificial flowers so crumpled, broken, and soiled that they would seem to have been trodden in gutters; there was an indefinable horror in the thought that there could be even in the Cowgate a woman creature who could think herself adorned by such mockeries of blossoms. But I saw more than one poor soul look at them with longing eyes, finger them, haggle at the price, and walk away disappointed that she could not buy.

The quaint mottoes here and there in the grimy walls, built in when the Cowgate people were not only comfortable, but pious, must serve often now to point bitter jests among the ungodly. On one wretched, reeking tenement, is: "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. 1643." On another, "All my trist is in ye Lord."

A token I saw in the Cowgate of one life there not without hope and the capacity of enjoyment. It was in a small window, nine stories up from the ground, in a wynd so close that hands might be clasped from house to house across it. It was a tiny thing, but my eye fell on it with as much relief as on a rift of blue sky in a storm: it was a little green fern growing in a pot. Outside the window it stood, on a perilously narrow ledge. As I watched it I grew frightened, lest the wind should blow it down, or a vicious neighbor stone it off. It seemed the brave signal flying of a forlorn hope, of a dauntless, besieged soul that would never surrender, and I shall recollect it long after every other picture of the Cowgate scenes has grown dim.

The more respectable of the pawnbrokers' or second-hand-goods shops in Edinburgh are interesting places to rummage. If there were no other record of the slow decay and dwindling fortunes of the noble Scottish folk, it could be read in the great number of small dealers in relics of the olden time.

Old buckles and brooches and clan badges; chains, locketts, seals, rings; faded miniatures, on ivory or in mosaics, of women as far back as Mary's time, loved then as well as was ever Mary herself, but forgotten now as if they had never been; swords, rusty, bent, battered, and stained; spoons with forgotten crests; punch ladles worn smooth with the merry-makings of generations, — all these one may find in scores of little one-roomed shops, kept perhaps by aged dames with the very aroma of the antique Puritanism lingering about them still.

In such a room as this, I found a Scotch pebble brooch with a quaint silver setting, reverently and cautiously locked in a glass case. On the back of it had been scratched, apparently with a pin, "Margret Fleming, from her brother." I bore it away with me triumphantly, sure that it had belonged to an ancestor of Pet Marjorie.

Almost as full of old-time atmosphere as the pawnbrokers' shops are the antiquarian bookstores. Here one may possess himself, if he likes, of well-thumbed volumes with heraldic crests on title-pages, dating back to the earliest reading done by noble earls and baronets in Scotland; even to the time when not to know how to read was no indelible disgrace. In one of these shops, on the day I bought Margret Fleming's brooch, I found an old torn copy of *Pet Marjorie*. Speaking of Dr. Brown and Rab to the bookseller, — himself almost a relic of antiquity, — I was astonished and greatly amused to hear him reply, —

"It's a' a feecion. . . . He can't
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write without it. . . . I knoo that darg. . . . A verra neece darg he was, but — a — a — a" — with a shake of the head, "it's a verra neece story, verra neece. . . . He wrote it up, up; not but that Rab was a verra neece darg. I knoo the darg wull."

Not a word of more definite disclaimer or contradiction could I win from the canny old Scot. But to have hastily called the whole story a lee, from beginning to end, would hardly have shaken one's confidence in it so much as did the thoughtful deliberation of his "He was a verra neece darg. I knoo the darg wull."

One of our "cawdies," during our stay in Edinburgh, was a remarkable fellow. After being for twenty years a gentleman's servant, he had turned his back on aristocracy, and betaken himself to the streets for a living; driving cabs, or piloting strangers around the city, as might be. But his earlier habits of good behavior were strong in him still, and came to the surface quickly in associations which revived them. His conversation reminded us forcibly of somebody's excellent saying that Scotland would always be Scott-land. Not a line of Scott's novels which this vagabond cawdie did not seemingly know by heart. Scottish history too he had at his tongue's end, and its most familiar episodes sounded new and entertaining as he phrased them. Even the death of Queen Mary seemed freshly stated, as he put it, when, after summing up the cruelties she had experienced at the hands of Elizabeth, he wound up with, "And finally she beheaded her, and that was the last of her," — a succinctness of close which some of Mary's historians would have done well to simulate.

Of Jeanie Deans and Dumbiedikes he spoke as of old acquaintances. He pointed out a spot in the misty blue distance where was Dumbiedikes' house, where Jeanie's sweetheart dwelt, and

where the road lay on which Jeanie went to London.

"It was there the old road to London lay; and wouldn't you think it more natural, sir, that it was that way she went, and it was there she met Dumbiedikes, and he gave her the purse? I'll always maintain, sir, that it was there she got it."

Of the two women, Jeanie Deans and Mary Queen of Scots, Jeanie was evidently the vider and more real in his thoughts.

The second day of our stay in Edinburgh was a gay day in the castle. The 71st Highlanders had just returned from a twelvemonths' stay at Gibraltar. It was people's day. Everywhere the bronzed, tired, happy-looking fellows, in their smartened uniforms, were to be encountered, strolling, lounging, sitting with sweethearts or wives, — more of the former than the latter. It struck me also that the women were less good looking than the men; but they were all beautified by happiness, and the merry sounds of their laughter, and the rumble of skittles playing filled all the place. Inside the castle, the room in which the regalia were on exhibition was thronged with country people, gazing reverently on its splendors.

"Keep yer eye on 't, as ye walk by, an' mark the changes o' 't," I heard one old lady say to her husband, whose wandering gaze seemed to her neglectful of the opportunity.

A few gay-dressed women, escorted by officers, held themselves apart from the soldiers' sweethearting, and were disposed, I thought, to look a little scornfully on it. The soldiers did not seem to mind the affront, if they saw it; no doubt, they thought their own sweethearts far the better looking, and if they had ever heard of it would have quoted with hearty good will the old ballad, —

"The lasses o' the Canongate,
Oh, they are wondrous nice:

They winna gie a single kiss,
But for a double price.

"Gar hang them, gar hang them,
Hie upon a tree;
For we'll get better up the gate,
For a bawbee!"

Most picturesque of all the figures to be seen in Edinburgh are the Newhaven fishwives. With short, full, blue cloth petticoats, reaching barely to their ankles; white blouses and gay kerchiefs; big, long-sleeved cloaks of the same blue cloth, fastened at the throat, but flying loose, sleeves and all, as if thrown on in haste; the girls bareheaded; the married women with white caps, standing up stiff and straight in a point on the top of the head; two big wicker-work creels, one above the other, full of fish, packed securely, on their broad shoulders, and held in place by a stout leather strap passing round their foreheads, they pull along at a steady, striding gait, up hill and down, carrying weights that it taxes a man's strength merely to lift. In fact, it is a fishwife's boast that she will run with a weight which it takes two men to put on her back. By reason of this great strength on the part of the women, and their immemorial habit of exercising it; perhaps also from other causes far back in the early days of Jutland, where these curious Newhaven fishing folk are said to have originated, it has come about that the Newhaven men are a singularly docile and submissive race. The wives keep all the money which they receive for the fish, and the husbands take what is given them, — a singular reversion of the situation in most communities. I did not believe this when it was told me, so I stopped three fishwives one day, and, without mincing matters, put the question direct to them. Two of them were young, one old. The young women laughed saucily, and the old woman smiled, but they all replied unhesitatingly, that they had the spending of all the money.

"It's a' spent i' the hoos," said one, anxious not to be thought too selfish, — "it's a' spent i' the hoos. The men, they cam home an' tak their sleep, an' then they'll be aff agen."

"It 'ud never do for the husbands to stoop in tha city, an' be spendin' a' the money," added the old woman, with severe emphasis.

I learned afterward that, on the present system of buying and selling the fish, the fishermen do receive from their labor an income independent of their wives. They are the first sellers of the fish, — selling them in quantity to the wholesale dealers, who sell in turn at auction to the "retail trade," represented by the wives. This seems an unjust system, and is much resented by both husbands and wives: but it has been established by law, and there is no help for it. It came in with the introduction of the steam trawlers. "They're the deestrooction o' the place," said one of the fishwomen. "A mon canna go oot wi' his lines an' mak a livin' noo. They just drag everything; they tak a' the broods; they're dooin' a worrld o' harm. There's somethin' a dooin' aboot it in the House o' Commons, noo, but a canna till hoo it wull go. They ull be the deestrooction o' this place, if they're na pit stop to," and she shook her fist vindictively at a puffing trawler, which had just pushed away from the wharf.

Whoever would see the Newhaven fishwives at their best must be on the Newhaven wharf by seven o'clock in the morning, on a day when the trawlers come in and the fish is sold. The scene is a study for a painter.

The fish are in long, narrow boxes, on the wharf, ranged at the base of the sea wall; some sorted out, in piles, each kind by itself: skates, with their long tails, which look vicious, as if they could kick, hake, witches, brill, sole, flounders, huge catfish, crayfish, and herrings by the ton. The wall is crowded with

men, Edinburgh fishmongers, come to buy cheap on the spot. The wall is not over two feet wide, and here they stand, lean over, jostle, slip by to right and left of each other, and run up and down in their eager haste to catch the eye of one auctioneer, or to get first speech with another. The wharf is crowded with women, — an army in blue, two hundred, three hundred, at a time; white caps bobbing, elbows thrusting, shrill voices crying, fiery blue eyes shining, it is a sight worth going to Scotland for. If one has had an affection for Christie Johnstone, it is a delightful return of his old admiration for her. A dozen faces which might be Christie's own are flashing up from the crowd; one understands on the instant how that best of good stories came to be written. A man with eyes in his head and a pen in his hand could not have done less. Such fire, such honesty, such splendor of vitality, kindle the women's faces. To spend a few days among them would be to see Christie Johnstone dramatized on all sides.

On the morning when I drove out from Edinburgh to see this scene, a Scotch mist was simmering down: so warm that at first it seemed of no consequence whatever; so cold that all of a sudden one found himself pierced through and through with icy shivers. This is the universal quality of a Scotch mist or drizzle.

The Newhaven wharf is a narrow pier running out to sea. On one side lay the steam trawlers, which had just unloaded their freight; on the other side, on the narrow, rampart-like wall of stone, swarmed the fishmonger men. In this line I took my place, and the chances of the scramble. Immediately the jolly fishwives caught sight of me, and began to nod and smile. They knew very well I was there to "speir" at them.

"Ye'll tak cauld!" cried one motherly old soul, with her white hair blow-

ing wildly about, almost enough to lift the cap off her head. "Com doon! Ye'll tak cauld."

I smiled, and pointed to my waterproof cloak, down which, it must be admitted, the "mist" was trickling in streams, while the cloak itself flapped in the wind like a loose sail. She shook her head scornfully.

"It's a grat plass to tak cauld!" she cried. "Ye'll doo wull to com doon."

There were three auctioneers: one, a handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, was plainly a favorite with the women. They flocked after him as he passed from one to another of the different lots of fish. They crowded in close circles around him, three and four deep; pushing, struggling, rising on tip-toes to look over each other's shoulders and get sight of the fish.

"What's offered for this lot o' fine herrings? One! One and sax! Thripence ha'! Going, going, gone!" rang above all the clatter and chatter of the women's tongues. It was so swift, that it seemed over before it was fairly begun; and the surging circles had moved along to a new spot and a new trade. The eyes of the women were fixed on the auctioneer's eyes; they beckoned; they shook forefingers at him; now and then a tall, stalwart one, reaching over less able-bodied comrades, took him by the shoulder, and compelled him to turn her way; one, most fearless of all, literally gripped him by the ear and pulled his head around, shrieking out her bid. When the pressure got unbearable, the young fellow would shake himself like a Newfoundland dog, and, laughing good-naturedly, whirl his arms wide round to clear a breathing space; the women would fall back a pace or two, but in a moment the rings would close up again, tighter than ever.

The efforts of those in the outer ring to break through, or see over, the inner ones were droll. Arms and hands and heads seemed fairly interlinked and in-

terwoven. Sometimes a pair of hands would come into sight, pushing their way between two bodies, low down, — just the two hands, nothing more, breaking way for themselves, as if in a thicket of underbrush; presently the arms followed; and then, with a quick thrust of the arms to right and left, the space would be widened enough to let in the head, and when that was fairly through the victory was won. Straightening herself with a big leap, the woman bounded in front of the couple she had so skillfully separated, and a buzzing "bicker" of angry words would rise for a moment; but there was no time to waste in bad temper where bargains were to be made or lost in the twinkling of an eye.

An old sailor, who stood near me on the wall, twice saved me from going backwards into the sea, in my hasty efforts to better my stand-point. He also seemed to be there simply as a spectator, and I asked him how the women knew what they were buying; buying, as they did, by the pile or the box.

"Oh, they'll giss, verra near," he said; "they've an eye on the fish, sense they're bawn. God knows it's verra little they mak," he added, "an' they'll carry 's much 's two men o' us can lift. They're extrawnery strang."

As a lot of catfish were thrown down at our feet, he looked at them with a shudder, and exclaimed, "I'd no eat that."

"Why not?" said I. "Are they not good?"

"Ah, I'd no eat it," he replied, with a look of superstitious terror spreading over his face. "It doesna look richt."

A fresh trawler came in just as the auction had nearly ended. The excitement renewed itself fiercely. The crowd surged over to the opposite side of the pier, and a Babel of voices arose. The skipper was short and fat, and in his dripping oilskin suit looked like a cross between a catfish and a frog.

"Here, you Rob," shouted the auc-

tioneer, "what do you add to this fine lot o' herrin'?"

"Herring be d——d!" growled the skipper, out of temper, for some reason of his own; at which a whirring sound of ejaculated disapprobation burst from the women's lips.

The fish were in great tanks on the deck. Quickly the sailors dipped up pails of the sea-water, dashed it over them, and piled them into baskets, in shining, slippery masses: the whole load was on the pier, sorted, and sold in a few minutes.

Then the women settled down to the work of assorting and packing up their fish. One after another they shouldered their creels and set off for Edinburgh. They seemed to have much paying back and forth of silver among themselves, one small piece of silver that I noticed actually traveling through four different hands in the five minutes during which I watched it. Each woman wore under her apron, in front, a sort of apron-like bag, in which she carried her money. There was evidently rivalry among them. They spied closely on each other's loads, and did some trafficking and exchange before they set off. One poor old creature had bought only a few crayfish, and as she lifted her creel to her back, and crawled away, the women standing by looked over into her basket, and laughed and jeered at her; but she gave no sign of hearing a word they said.

Some of them were greatly discontented with their purchases when they came to examine them closely, especially one woman who had bought a box of flounders. She emptied them on the ground, and sorted the few big ones, which had been artfully laid on the top; then, putting the rest, which were all small, in a pile by themselves, she pointed contemptuously to the contrast, and with a toss of her head ran after the auctioneer, and led him by the sleeve back to the spot where her fish lay.

She was as fierce as Christie herself could have been at the imposition. She had paid the price for big flounders, and had got small ones. The auctioneer opened his book and took out his pencil, to correct the entry which had been made against her.

"Wull, tak aff saxpence," he said.

"Na! na!" cried she. "They're too dear at seven saxpence."

"Wull, tak aff a saxpence; it is written noo, — seven shillin'."

She nodded, and began packing up the flounders.

"Will you make something on them at that price?" I asked her.

"Wull, I'll mak me money back," she replied; but her eyes twinkled, and I fancy she had got a very good bargain, as bargains go in Newhaven; it being thought there a good day's work to clear three shillings, — a pitiful sum, when a woman, to earn it, must trudge from Newhaven to Edinburgh (two miles) with a hundred pounds of fish on her back, and then toil up and down Edinburgh hills selling it from door to door. One shilling on every pound is the auctioneer's fee. He has all the women's names in his book, and it is safe to trust them; they never seek to cheat, or even to put off paying. "They'd rather pay than not," the blue-eyed auctioneer said to me. "They're the honestest folks i' the warld."

As the last group was dispersing, one old woman, evidently in a state of fierce anger, approached, and poured out a torrent of Scotch, as bewildering and as unintelligible to me as if it had been Chinese. Her companions gazed at her in astonishment: presently they began to reply; and in a few seconds there was as fine a "rippet" going on as could have been heard in Cowgate in Tam's day. At last, a woman of near her own age sprang forward, and approaching her with a determined face lifted her right hand with an authoritative gesture, and said in vehement indig-

nation, which reminded me of Christie again, —

“Keep yersil, an’ haud yer tongue, noo!”

“What is she saying?” I asked. “What is the matter?”

“Eh, it is jist nathin’ at a’,” she replied. “She’s thet angry, she does na know hersil.”

The faces of the Newhaven women are full of beauty, even those of the old women: their blue eyes are bright and laughing, long after the sea wind and sun have tanned and shriveled their skins and bleached their hair. Blue eyes and yellow hair are the predominant type; but there are some faces with dark hazel eyes of rare beauty and very dark hair, — still more beautiful, — which, spite of its darkness, shows glints of red in the sun. The dark blue of their gowns and cloaks is the best color-frame and setting their faces could have; the bunched fullness of the petticoat is saved from looking clumsy by being so short, and the cloaks are in themselves graceful garments. The walking in a bent posture, with such heavy loads on the back, has given to all the women an abnormal breadth of hip, which would be hideous in any other dress than their own. This is so noticeable that I thought perhaps they wore under their skirts, to set them out, a roll, such as is worn by some of the Bavarian peasants. But when I asked one of the women, she replied, —

“Na, na, jist the flannel; a’ tuckit.”

“Tucked all the way up to the belt?” said I.

“Na, na,” laughing as if that were a folly never conceived of, — “na, na;” and in a twinkling she whipped her petticoat high up, to show me the under petticoat, of the same heavy blue cloth, tucked only a few inches deep. Her massive hips alone were responsible for the strange contour of her figure.

The last person to leave the wharf was a young man with a creel of fish on

his back. My friend the sailor glanced at him with contempt.

“There’s the only man in all Scotland that ’ud be seen carryin’ a creel o’ fish on his back like a woman,” said he. “He’s na pride aboot him.”

“But why should n’t men carry creels?” I asked. “I’m sure it is very hard work for women.”

The sailor eyed me for a moment, perplexedly, and then, as if it were waste of words to undertake to explain self-evident propositions, resumed, —

“He worked at it when he was a boy, with his mother; an’ now he’s no pride left. There’s the whole village been at him to get a barrow; but he’ll not do ’t. He’s na pride aboot him.”

What an interesting addition it would be to the statistics of foods eaten by different peoples to collect the statistics of the different foods with which pride’s hunger is satisfied, in different countries! Its stomach has as many and opposite standards as the human digestive apparatus. It is, like everything else, all and only a question of climate. Not a nabob anywhere who gets more daily satisfaction out of despising his neighbors than the Newhaven fishermen do out of their conscious superiority to this poor soul, who lugs his fish in a basket on his back like a woman, and has “na pride aboot him.”

If I had had time and opportunity to probe one layer farther down in Newhaven society, no doubt I should have come upon something which even this pariah, the fish-carrying man, would scorn to be seen doing.

After the last toiling fishwife had disappeared in the distance, and the wharf and the village had quieted down into sombre stillness, I drove to The Peacock, and ate bread and milk in a room which, if it were not the very one in which Christie and her lover supped, at least looked out on the same sea they looked upon. And a very gray, ugly sea it was, too; just such an

one as used to stir Christie's soul with a heat of desire to spin out into it, and show the boys she was without fear. On the stony beach below the inn a woman was spreading linen to dry. Her motions as she raised and bent, and raised and bent, over her task were graceful beyond measure. Scuds of raindrops swept by now and then; and she would stop her work, and straightening herself into a splendid pose, with one hand on her hip, throw back her head, and sweep the whole sky with her look, uncertain whether to keep on with her labor or not; then bend again, and make greater haste than before.

As I drove out of the village I found a knot of the women gossiping at a corner. They had gathered around a young wife, who had evidently brought out her baby for the village to admire. It was dressed in very "braw attire" for Newhaven: snowy white, and embroidery, and blue ribbons. It was but four weeks old, and its tiny red face was nearly covered up by the fine clothes.

I said to a white-haired woman in the group, —

"Do you recollect when it was all open down to the sea here, — before this second line of newer cottages was built?"

She shook her head and replied, "I'm na so auld's I luik; my hair it wentit white" — After a second's pause, and turning her eyes out to sea as she spoke, she added, "A' 't once it wentit white."

A silence fell on the group, and looks were exchanged between the women. I drove away hastily, feeling as one does who has unawares stepped irreverently on a grave. Many grief-stricken queens have trod the Scottish shores; the centuries still keep their memory green, and their names haunt one's thoughts in every spot they knew. But more vivid to my memory than all these returns and returns the thought of the obscure fisherwoman whose hair, from a grief of which the world never heard, "a' 't once wentit white."

H. H.

CHRYSLIDES.

NIGHT-BLUE skies of thine,
 Egypt, and thy dead who may not rest,
 Who with wide eyes
 Stand staring in the darkness of the mine!
 Thy woman, Egypt, with her breast
 Two cups of carven gold;
 And hands that no more rise
 In praise, or supplication, or to sound
 The timbrel in the dance!
 White is thy noontide glare,
 But no keen glance
 Of yet created sun
 Can pierce the deeps and caverns of thy dead.
 They are overspread
 With a new earth, where new men come and go,
 And sleep when all is done;
 While far below,

Shut from the upper air,
These stirless figures, bound
In awful ceremonies, must forever wait.

There is another land,
Where in a valley once the god Pan slept,
Under the young blue sky, between two peaks;
And here, a hero, running as one seeks
For fame, with ardor which his strength outstepped,
Fell dying in the stillness; slow-breathing lay
The rounded marble limbs in the green grass.
An eagle, pausing on his fiery way,
Down swooped. Lo, as he soared, alas!
Nearing his awful steep,
Where only the dews weep,
And bearing in his clutches that bright form,
He heard the hero's voice:
"Eat, bird, and feed thyself! This morsel choice
Shall give thy claws a span;
This courage of a man
Shall bid thy pinions swell,
And by my strength thy wings shall grow an ell."

A. F.

ANNEXED BY THE TSAR.

HE was a huge dog, and he stood by the kennel, in old Dr. Gorham's back yard, in an attitude of deep meditation. There was one subject for dog-thought lying right before him, and another lay only a yard or so beyond the first.

The one was an empty "muzzle" that lay upon the grass, close by a couple of well-picked bones. The second was an equally empty steel collar, with a strong chain attached. The end of the chain was hooked into a staple at the side of the kennel door.

Tsar was a dog to look twice at. His father had been a Siberian bloodhound and his mother an English mastiff, and Dr. Gorham would have trusted him to pull down a wild bull or to ring a church bell, if he could once have seized with his massive jaws the nose of the one or the ringing-rope of the other.

Tsar made no audible remarks, but there was no difficulty at all in divining his meditations.

"They have fed me an hour before sundown, for some reason, and now they've gone off and neglected me. No muzzle, no chain, no master around, and all the country left open to me. It is a state of affairs to which I am not accustomed at this time of day. If there were another bone with meat on it, I'd know exactly what to do."

He put out a great paw and turned the muzzle over. Then he walked forward and smelled of the helpless collar. Then he peered solemnly into the kennel. There was a mystery about the whole matter, and it seemed to suggest a visit to the front gate. That too was wide open, as a witness to the haste required by the summons of the last pa-

tient, and Tsar could therefore walk out and look up and down the shady road for an explanation of his own case. He could not see any, at first, for there was nothing to be learned from a flock of geese, three hens, and one stray calf. The very pig that was rooting under the walnut-tree paid him no manner of attention.

Tsar shrugged his broad shoulders to make sure about the collar, pawed his nose for a moment in memory of his muzzle, and turned for a look at the gate. There it was, with a very dingy old tin sign on one post, whose faded letters read "Dr. Heber Gorham," and with a very new tin sign on the other post, whose bright, fresh gilding announced "Dr. Heber Gorham, Jr.," as also ready for patients.

That was all right, and it occurred to Tsar that a walk would be good for his health. He acted on the suggestion promptly enough, but with dignity, as became a dog of his size; and no voice from the house recalled him, as he marched away down the road towards the sea. A snuff of salt air would be just the thing for his digestion, after the hearty dinner he had eaten at the kennel.

The sun was getting very low towards the horizon, and yet, away down there on the rock at the head of the cove a curly-headed young lady of nineteen, or thereabouts, was still seated, bending over a portfolio spread across her lap. From time to time she cast anxious glances from the lines she traced upon the sheet of Bristol board under her hand to the more and more shadowy island, out there in the mouth of the cove.

"That will do," she said. "It looks bigger than the boat, now, but it isn't big enough for the tree. I must make the tree smaller; the cow's back, too, — it's half as long as the island. There is always something dreadful the matter with my waves." She worked at the

waves for a few minutes. "If I had time, I'd try to put in the sunset. Dear me, how late it is! It will be almost dark when I get home. It gets dark so quickly, nowadays, after it once begins."

She rose a little hastily, but she gave the island a very long last look, as she closed her portfolio, — long enough for a bystander to have read her name, in gilt letters, on the leather cover, — "Percie Lee." But no one was there to read, for a lonelier spot than that it would have been hard to find, however well adapted it might be for the making of marine sketches.

Percie was in the road in half a minute more, and she could but see that the shadows were lengthening rapidly. She reflected: "It is lonely for a little way beyond Dr. Gorham's, but I won't mind it from that to the village. I do hope I shall not meet Heber Gorham. I will not speak to him, if I do. I won't even see him. He has not called since he came back from Europe and I hope he never will again. I detest him."

She said it with needless energy, and then she began to walk briskly onward. She tried hard, too, to persuade herself that she was only wondering whether, in her sketch, she had made the horns of the cow bear a proper proportion to the upper branches of the tree on the island. She was really almost thinking sincerely about the cow, and the cow alone, when she suddenly felt called upon to exclaim, —

"Oh, that dog!"

To be sure, that dog. Tsar was on the other side of the road and he did not seem to be taking any particular notice of her, but thus Percie truly remarked of him!

"He is perfectly enormous!"

She forgot about the cow in an instant, but she did not speak her opinion directly to the dog. Neither did she think of sketching him, although he was certainly worth it. She seemed hardly to care to look at him.

Tsar, on his part, had taken a good look at Percie Lee. He was not mistaken about her for one moment.

"Very nice girl. Well dressed. Pretty, too; but she's out late. Most likely her family are friends of Dr. Gorham. I must have an eye on that young lady. It is getting dark."

That eye was what startled Percie so dreadfully, a moment later; for she happened to look behind her, and there was that vast creature solemnly stalking after her.

"He is following me!" she exclaimed.

Not a doubt of it, and the fact that he stopped or went on just when she did hardly seemed to help the matter. It was getting darker and more shadowy every moment, and Percie would have been almost willing to run, if she had not feared that if she did the dog would run too. He appeared larger and larger, every time she glanced behind her, until she was afraid to look again, and her breathing grew a little hurried.

"Nobody's any business to have such a dog!" she gasped, in a whisper. "It's awful."

"She seems to be scared about something," thought Tsar. "Girls are apt to be timid. Ah, I see! It's those ragged rascals, coming down the road. Villainous-looking vagabonds. If there is anything in this world that I hate, it is a tramp."

That is a universal sentiment, among dogs of Tsar's social standing; but the three ruffians who were now approaching were either ignorant of that fact, or did not know that such a dog was so very near.

"Dreadful men!" had been the unspoken thought in the mind of Percie Lee, and it was followed by a doubt as to whether she should ever again dare to come down to the cove.

"I must sketch the island," she said, "but I will come in the forenoon."

The three men were walking abreast, now, and they were plainly determined

not to turn to the right hand or the left for Percie Lee. She had just time to grasp that terrible idea and to feel her heart jump, when one of them actually spoke to her.

She never knew what he said, and her only reply, as she retreated a few steps was an altogether unintended little scream. It was not a loud one, and there was more surprise in it than fear, but it was followed by remarkable consequences.

Tsar had quickened his lordly pace, full twenty seconds earlier, and, for some reason of his own, he had advanced a little under the shadow of the fence; but his eyes had not wandered from the human beings in the road before him. His head and tail were raised a trifle, and there was a very peculiar expression on his broad, hairy face. There was no love of tramps in it at all.

"Oh now, we hain't hurt you. You need n't squall."

That was what the second of those three ruffians began to say, when an awful, wrathful, roaring growl, as of warning, sounded from some deep-jawed cavern among the shadows at the right of Percie Lee. It was followed, in one long, elastic, power-expressing bound, by a huge dark form that in one second more was crouching in front of her.

The first and second tramp upset the third, and tumbled over him, so sudden was the retreat they made, while Tsar, for their special benefit and more at length, repeated his growl, with a supplementary snarl that sounded fearfully like the announcement of another spring forward.

The remarks made by all of those vagabonds, as they scrambled to their feet, were in a manner complimentary to Tsar, although not intended to be so.

Percie Lee stood behind her protector, and she could not see, as they did, the white rows of gleaming teeth and the fierce green light in the threatening eyes. She could perfectly understand,

however, that there was an enormous amount of very good dog between her and any further approach of ruffianly insolence. She was almost astonished at the sudden feeling of security which came upon her and at the entire ease with which she began to breathe again.

Tsar did not spring. He did but crouch in that picturesque attitude until the nearest tramp was fifty yards away, on a steady run; and then he stood erect, sending after his enemies one deep, sonorous "Woof-oof," to keep them company.

"Good dog! good fellow!"

"Ur-r-r-r," was the gentle response of Tsar, and he even wagged his tail, moderately, but he did not condescend to look around. He walked slowly on up the road, and it was now Percie's turn to follow him.

"I do not think I had better leave her," said Tsar to himself; "not even when we get to our house."

It was not until they reached the turn of the road, away beyond Dr. Gorham's, that he at last stood still. Percie wished very much to pat him, but she could hardly muster courage, and while she was hesitating there came a sound of wheels, and a light buggy pulled up in the middle of the road.

"Dr. Gorham!"

"Percie Lee! Is that you? I declare! Miss Lee—and that great brute—it's all my fault. Did he scare you much, Percie—Miss Lee?"

"Is it your dog, Heber—doctor?"

"Tsar! Come here, sir!"

"Oh doctor, don't scold him. He has been taking care of me. There were three of them."

"Dogs, Miss Lee?"

"No, sir; tramps. Dreadful-looking—they spoke—he is a splendid dog,—beautiful."

"He? Ah,—well,—it's a good thing he did n't take hold of one of them. There'd have been a fine surgical case prepared for me, in no time.

But how did he happen to be out? Unmuzzled, too. I remember, now. All my fault."

"I guess he must have been left out to take care of me, doctor."

"Ain't I glad of it, though! Now, Miss Lee, you must step right into my buggy, and let me carry you home. Tsar, go home, sir!"

He turned to obey, but a small, white hand was on his head as he did so.

"Good dog, Tsar; thank you, sir."

It was odd, indeed, but something in that remark seemed aimed at the dog; and it must have hit him, too, by the proud way of his walking off; but some of it went further. The young physician assisted Percie into the buggy, and drove away; and it was quite a distance around the corner of the main road that they passed a dimly discernible and quite breathless group that leaned against a fence. Nobody going by in a buggy could have heard them mutter,—

"Tell ye what, boys, that was the awfulest dog I ever seen."

"Guess we won't try that there road agin to-night. He's loose."

"All them sort o' dogs has got to be killed off, or the roads won't be safe."

Perhaps, but at that moment Tsar was reëntering his own yard, for he went straight back to his quarters. He stood for a moment turning over his empty muzzle with his paw, and then lay heavily down. He thought he understood the entire matter, now.

"Heber Gorham knew that that young lady would be in need of me. It's all right, but I doubt if I did my whole duty. Unmuzzled, too. A lost opportunity!"

As to the tramps, yes, but not as to all other parts of his performance. He hardly knew how it afterwards came to pass, but before long he discovered that he had formed a habit of going down to the cove with Percie Lee, to see her take sketches of islands, trees, waves, cows, and other matters and things, and

of remaining till Heber Gorham, Jr. M. D., came to take his place, with or without a buggy. He failed fully to understand the business until another sort of day arrived, when he found himself called upon, first, to attend a wedding, by special invitation of Percie

Lee; and then to recognize her as a permanent addition to his own household at the old Gorham homestead. He agreed to it. He had liked that young woman from the first time he saw her. And so, to tell the truth, had his master.

William O. Stoddard.

ALONG AN INLAND BEACH.

OF all those who extended and widened the path of Columbus, I have always thought that Vasco Nuñez, "silent upon a peak in Darien," fronting an unknown ocean, was the most favored. I can only wonder at the sordid presence of mind with which he hastened to inform the new-found sea of its vassalage to the crown of Castile. It would seem that in such elemental prospect there could be small suggestion of human supremacy. No configuration of the land, neither the majesty of mountains nor the airy spaciousness of plains, so moves us as does the sea, with its sublime unity and its unresting motion. What is true of the sea, as regards this exalted first impression, may as justly be claimed for any body of water which the vision is unable to span, — may be claimed for Erie, which, as well as its companion Great Lakes, fully deserves to be called a "fresh-water sea." For the hundredth time beholding it, I feel the thrill of discovery, and drink in the refreshing prospect as with thirsty Old World eyes. "Who poured all that water out there?" a child's question on first seeing the Lake, best embodies the primitive wonderment and pleasure which the sight still retains for me. I am not chagrined as I reflect that, of this inland water system, this Broad River traveling under many aliases, Erie is reckoned the shallowest: if its depth were greater, would it not hinder the

present experiment? It is already deeper than my sounding-line is long.

I fall on paradox in saying that ordinarily I am not within sight of the Lake, though quite constantly residing upon one of its beaches. It is proper to state that this beach is at present four good miles from highest water-mark; that at a very early period it was abandoned by the Lake; was dry land, clothed with sward and forest, a very long time before any red settlement, to say nothing of the white, was established hereabouts. A great stone bowl or basin the master mechanic Glacier originally scooped out to hold this remnant of the ancient continental sea. Its successive shrinkings are plainly marked on the sides of the bowl in continuous lines of *rilievo*, which, according as they are slight or bold, the geologist terms ridges or terraces. That these are the Lake's old beaches is now generally accepted. That this region was once swept by the waves is evident from the frequency of sand and gravel beds and other earthy deposits, which may be reckoned the impedimenta dropped and left behind in the Retreat of Erie's Ten Thousand. East and west roads follow the ridges; from which at various points the traveler most fitly sights the far-retired water.

In approaching the Lake, long before the blue ribbon that binds the northern horizon appears above the land verge, you should know by the quick, spring-

ing breeze that you are nearing some great gathering of waters. You should infer who holds sway yonder by that three-forked sceptre thrust sharply up against the sky, — though it is possible that you may see nothing but the crabbed form of a tall dead tree: from long familiarity I have learned its true purport. Observe how the landscape avails itself of the Lake as a favorable foil. This field of ripe wheat, — how red is its gold when displayed against the azure distance! Never looked Indian corn more beautiful than here, floating its green blades on the wind, and holding whispered parley with the water. If we walk along, having this field between us and the Lake, we shall still catch glimpses of its heavenly face down all the vistas formed by the rows. Thus, we play hide and seek a while before coming face to face with our friend.

The characteristic summer coloring of the Lake is, for some distance out, a tawny white or pale lava tint; midway, green with slashes of deep purple, which one might fancy to be narrow rifts opening into a profounder, sunless deep; beyond, the pure ultramarine of farthest eye-range, in which the ridging of the waves becomes indistinguishable. The clarity and the swift interchange of these purples and greens have often reminded me of the same colors sporting in a particularly choice soap-bubble. Sometimes I look, and behold! a multiform animate jewel, liquid sapphire and emerald, cut in a hundred transient facets, over which seethes and sparkles a deflagrating diamond. The term "glassy sea" should be in good acceptance. This faithful looking-glass, this old friend of the sky, gives instant warning of every flaw or beauty-spot of a passing cloud seen upon its face. The Lake reflects itself, also, and in this wise: the white foam vertex of each wave is mirrored in the porcelain blue of the concave floor between it and the preceding wave. The prevailing sum-

mer wind is from the west; hence, oftenest from that quarter, as from illimitable watery pampas or Tartary plains comes the stampede of wild white horses. Fancy makes her choice, and throws a lasso, determined to bring a steed to shore; but the protean creature so changes, each instant raising a new head and tossing mane, that there is no singling it out from the common drove, no telling when it reaches the beach.

It is not a difficult matter, any morning, to take the Lake napping (for it holds no arrogant views on the subject of early rising). At sunrise, its only sound is the soft lapping of the ripples along the sand, a sweet and careless lip-service. One would say that the killdeer's sharp wing left a distinct mark upon the surface. As the bird rises higher, its shadow, slim and elongated in the water, seems to be diving, — a shadowy bird for striking shadowy fish. The interval between the faint swells has the gloss and smoothness of the mill-stream slipping over the edge of the dam. While in this slumberous condition, the Lake well merits the characterization of The Big Pond, given it by one who is frequently with me upon the beach.

"Often 't is in such gentle temper found
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it some time fell
When last the winds of heaven were unbound."

At evening, when the Lake breeze is dropping off to sleep, this wide spread of misty blue looks not unlike a fine lawny curtain, or tent-cloth, tacked at the horizon, free at the shore, and here and there lifted by a light wind underneath. At such time, to cast in a pebble were, seemingly, at the risk of making an irreparable rent in an exquisite fabric. Where, inland, does the day so graciously take leave? Not that the color pageant is here especially remarkable, but that the water has the effect of a supplemental heaven, repeating and emphasizing the tenderness and beauty

of the evening sky. On these two canvases, how many pictures, both lovely and grotesque, have been painted ! How often the trail of crimson light over a moderately rough surface showed me the outline of a monstrous lake-serpent, whose head was at the down-going of the sun, and whose tail reached to the oozy sand at my feet, — that tail, sure to writhe till the very last beam had departed ! Once watching the sun sink through a light mist, I saw what appeared a globe slowly filling with water, as though the Lake had risen in it by force of capillary attraction. At another time, a strip of dark cloud, lying across the sun, threw up the profile of a tropical island, palm grove, coral reef, and lagoon : a graven land of the sun, with the golden disk for a sunset background. One memorable evening there was a rainbow, of which one base rested upon the Lake. The seven-hued seal laid upon that spot hinted that the traditional treasure coffer of the heavenly arc had been sunk in the water for greater security. Far away from land, might not a rainbow, with its shadow upon the waves, vaguely indicate a prismatic circle, through which a sailing ship might seem to pass to unimagined regions of romance ?

If you have time to kill, try this chloroforming process : Sit on the beach, or the turf bank above, and watch the passing of ships. Hours will have elapsed before the sail, which dawned red with the sunrise, will have traversed the rim of this liquid crescent and disappeared at its western tip. Often a steamer stands in so near that with the naked eye you can distinguish the figures of the crew and their movements. Or you see the clue which binds the toilsome, fuming steam-tug with its listless followers. In bright, still weather, whatever goes over the deep is unwontedly etherealized. That distant ship, with motionless sunny sails, might be an angel galaxy, — wings drawn together

above some happy spirit of mortal ripe for translation.

For you or me, the beach is a place of idleness, but for another it is a field of busiest enterprise. Might we not have more confidential relations with the Lake, more official knowledge, if we tried to get our living therefrom ? The sand-piper has this advantage over us. He runs like a fly along the wet sand, his line of travel a series of scallops bounded by the coming and receding of the waves. Sometimes, “for fun,” he lets the water overtake and wash around his slender legs. He runs well, but cannot maintain a graceful standing position ; for he seems to have the centre of gravity misplaced, always nodding and swaying (tip-up, teeter), as though shaken by the wind, or troubled with a St. Vitus’s dance. He frequently visits inland, up the marsh stream, when, by his phantom, noiseless flight as well as by his colors, mixed black, white, and brown, I am put in mind of the dragon-fly. Should we not know something worth knowing of the Lake if we fished from its waters — not with line or seine, as the manner of some is, but as the eagle ! That bird’s flight ! it is subdued exaltation ; steady sails, with the least use of the oars ; no petty movement, nothing for gymnastic display. This aquiline old inhabitant — such surprise to me as the roc to Sinbad — has his habitation in a high tree-top overlooking the water ; a feudal castle, no doubt, in eagle annals.

By contrast with the sound and motion of the waves, the land sinks to inattention before our eyes. It no longer looks to be terra firma, but an illusory coast, a painted piece of summer mirage. The breeze may be bending the grain and swaying forest branches, but no report is brought to our ears ; the ineffectual sighing is lost in the manifold noise of waters. A little distance back in the fields or woods, and all is changed : the land wakes ; the Lake is

a dream; its voice comes soothingly, like the pleasant sound of a storm gone by. From the bank, listening in the direction of a certain shallow bay, I can always hear a faint canorous vibration, distinct from the hollow murmur of the waves. What wonder if I come to think that the "singing sands" are to be found not so very far away? Or if I credit the sweet air to a shoal of dolphin, lying in the hazy sunlight and humming over some old Arion melody, may I not be pardoned the vagary? The succession of breaking waves is an endless verse, yet not without the ictus and caesural pause; for all waves do not beat with like emphasis, and the interval varies. Listening to the pulses of any great water, the final impression gained is not of inconstancy, but of changelessness throughout all change. When was it otherwise than now? When were these waves not coursing their way to the shore, or when shall they cease coming? If any one understands the anatomy of the melancholy which overtakes us here, it is not I. After the novelty has worn off, there is something haunting and burdensome in this cry of the waves. I cannot think it morbidly that opens this sombre vein; for the most healthful souls have not remained unaffected. Some time or other, every walker on the beach has heard the "eternal note of sadness;" and

"Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean."

In this melancholy, hearing is reinforced by sight: we see the wave approach and break upon the shore; see it, spent and reffluent, lost in the vast unindividual body. It is no comforting parable we hear spoken upon the beach. The hurl and headiness of our endeavors are mocked at, apparently. Are we such broken and reffluent waves along the shore of the eternities?

It is doubtless well known that the level of the Lake is not uniform from year to year, or even from season to season.

Early emigrants from Buffalo to Cleveland were favored somewhat as were the ancient Israelites: the water was unusually low, permitting them to travel by the beach, with the advantage of a free macadamized road. From the record of observations made at intervals during the present century, it appears that the Lake was at its lowest level in 1819, at its highest in 1838,—the difference in level amounting to six feet eight inches. The greatest inconstancy noted as occurring between seasons is two feet, though the average difference is considerably less. The Lake attains its greatest annual height during the month of June, its volume having been steadily increased by the discharge of its tributaries, swollen with the spring rains. Some of Erie's old neighbors—who live next door, and might be thought to be best acquainted with his incomings and outgoings, who have a notched stick in their memories—maintain that seven years, alternately, see the Lake at its minimum and maximum height. Seven is a prepotent number. Seven is climacteric: everybody knows that within this period the human system undergoes a complete change. Possibly, the Lake's being is governed by a similar law. While these secular and annual variations are accounted for with little difficulty, there is another class of oscillations which offers a perennial problem to the men of science as well as to the old neighbors. I speak of the remarkable changes of level, the rapid advances and recessions of the water, for which apparently the wind cannot be held to account. These inconstancies have suggested to some the hypothesis of a lake-tide, however careless and indefinite in keeping its appointments. But the tide theory, it has reasonably been objected, does not elucidate that prime mystery of the Great Lakes,—the so-called "tidal wave." By how much is Erie wilder and freer than ocean itself! Unlike the servile sea, it

observes no stated periods of ebb and flood, performs no dances up the beach under the nod and beck of the moon; but when it listeth (not frequently, for peace and law-abidingness are its normal mood), it throws up a great billow, like, but mightier than, that with which Scamander signaled his brother river. Out of a calm lake, without other warning than a sudden shifting of the gentle breeze and a low, thundery rumbling, rises a moving ridge of water, ten, fifteen, or even twenty feet in height. It hurls itself upon the shore, very sea-like and outrageous in its action; rushing over piers, snapping the hawsers of vessels at dock, and dashing up the mouths of its astonished tributaries. Almost immediately it retires, sometimes to be followed by one or two minor surges; after which all is tranquil as before, and the gentle breeze epiloguizes, having resumed its former post. The most striking instances of these tidal waves occurred in 1830, 1845, and the last as lately as 1882. The theory now generally received is that "unequal atmospheric pressure" is the causal force in these strange agitations of the water. There are those who, in the tidal wave of the last year, saw an effort made by the Lake to swallow a cyclone. This it most certainly achieved, if there was any cyclone in the case, since no violence of wind was felt upon the land. Another theory, until now privately entertained, is that these great waves are the Lake's sudden, wrathful resolutions to strike once more for its ancient beaches, and sink the innovating land forever. If that be the intention, the outcome, I grant, is wholly insignificant. Yet it may be that Erie will become the great real-estate owner, land speculator and devourer, hereabouts. The tidal wave may be nothing to the point, but this slow, patient erosion under the banks, very perceptible in its effects after the lapse of a generation,—does it count for nothing? The places

where the gnawing is most furious may be protected by "cribs" (rectangular framework of heavy timbers ballasted with stones); but the security thus afforded is only temporary. The road used by the early inhabitants of the shore is not now practicable: it is indeed a lost road, lying either in air or upon the water beneath; and many a homestead and garden have slid off into the bosom of the Lake. Of the last to go some vestiges yet remain: tufts of dooryard shrubs and plants, lilac bushes, or a gay knot of corn lilies flaunting light farewell before disappearing over the crumbling verge. As we walk along the ragged bank, we might sketch the wasted landscape upon the airy void, filling it in with visionary lines, like the faint dotted lines of hypothesis in a geometric diagram. Whether the Lake henceforth will advance or retreat, who can tell? Once—so runs a fairy tale of science—this Erie communicated with La Belle Rivière, Ohio the Beautiful (but that was long before the stormy Niagara path had been beaten out); if at some time it should decide to renew its southern acquaintance, would it be able to find its way through the old "water gaps," which have been choked up with drift during unknown cycles?

From its softening influence upon the climate, the Lake might be characterized as an inland gulf-stream. In summer it is a well-spring of grateful coolness; a constant breeze by day flowing landward, replaced at night by a breeze from the land. In the winter its effect is—to compare great things to small—like that of the tub of water set in the cellar to take the edge off the frost. At this season, the mercury stands several degrees higher in shore thermometers than in those some miles inland. If the ice, with which the Lake parts so slowly, churning back and forth between its shores, retards the spring, the disadvantage is fully atoned for in the prolonged fine weather of autumn.

One might venture to set up the claim that Indian summer is here seen at its brightest and best. Such is the quiet geniality beaming in the face of this water during the fall months that I half expect to see "birds of calm" brooding upon its surface, their inviolable nests placed somewhere under the dry, warm bank.

To have come a long journey, to have arrived within sight of home, and then to suffer detention, — this is what has happened to our creek of many windings. Here it halts, scarcely two rods from the tossing spray, a bar of sand across its mouth. It has not force enough to overcome the difficulty, and so it settles back in sleek, sunshiny contentment, toying with *Nymphæa* and *Nuphar*; beloved of the pickerel-weed, the arrowhead, and the floating utricularia. It sets back into a dense field of sedge and cat-tail, over whose soldierly lances the rosy oriflamme of the marsh-mallow holds sway. Late in the summer, noisy flocks of blackbirds assemble here. Like an entertainment planned by a wizard are the two prospects: on one hand, the hurrying "white caps" and shouting waves; on the other, the still indifference of the halted stream.

How shall we regard this considerable piece of unfenced common, with the unclaimed properties we may chance to find upon it? If Neptune write us a letter in substantial sort, shall it be lawful for any to intercept the contents? Having consigned to us certain flotsam and jetsam, thus writes Neptune: That which I send you, scruple not to accept; it has been so long in my possession that all previous right and title thereto are annulled. The dwellers on any coast are always receiving such letters from the blue-haired autocrat; and it is scarcely to be wondered at if they accept his gifts and assurances without questioning his authority. It would seem that a sort of wrecking epidemic is bred from every large body of water,

whether salt or fresh. I confess to a feeling of expectancy, when on the beach, that the Lake will bring me something, although I do not imagine it will be in any solid merchantable shape, or that you would care to dispute the prize, or that the owner would think it worth while to redeem the property by paying me salvage. I do not go so far as do some, who trustingly regard the Lake as a kind of sub-Providence acting in their behalf. In winter, the rescue of lumber sent adrift by the fall freshets receives considerable attention along shore, and is carried on at whatever risk of frozen extremities or rheumatic retribution. The wrecking laws are sometimes sharply disputed. Doubtless, there is more need of stringency now than formerly, when the lumber traffic was less extensive. The waves work in the interest of the shore, yet they were not always to be depended upon. There was the case of the old-time inhabitant, — faithful patroller of the beach in the early mornings after nights of storm: to one who asked him why he had not "built on an addition," he replied that he had intended to do so; but, somehow, the Lake had n't been kind to him that year, — had not furnished the requisite timbers. There was also a good dame, to whom Neptune sent a quilt; a not incomprehensible present, when we reflect that it must have seen service upon the "cradle of the deep." Many years ago, a vessel making a last voyage for the season was kept out of port, and finally hemmed in by the fast-forming ice; her captain and crew going ashore in Canada. Though she was a long distance out, the people of the southern coast spied her, and proceeded over the solid ice to visit her. She carried a miscellaneous cargo of unusual value. Firmly held in abeyance, she was in no immediate danger; but the landmen did not see the situation in this light, — on the contrary, resolving to give the benefit of their wrecking services. Accord-

ingly, they lightened the ship as fast as possible, each taking what seemed to him the most valuable. Silks, velvets, and broadcloths were the chief objects of rescue, though I have heard that one man selected a sheaf of umbrellas (that article which on all occasions invites sequestration), while another devoted himself to the safe transportation of an "elegant family Bible," the character of the freight perhaps giving a religious color to the proceeding. My chronicler records that, while engaged in this salvation of property, the participants sustained life by making free use of the ship's provisions. On their return journey, the ice parting compelled some to remain out over night, exposed to very bitter cold; others were extremely glad to reach shore empty-handed, having consigned their booty to the Lake, which was afterwards seen flaunting in silks and velvets. The impromptu colporteur was of all the company most unfortunate; both his feet having been frozen in their evangelical progress, and permanent lameness resulting. He is reported to have made the following plaintive statement of his case: "Always went in the very best society, before I got my feet froze; but now it's different, and I'm sure I don't see why." The owners of the vessel subsequently brought suit against these misguided wreckers, who constantly maintained that their sole purpose in the expedition had been to *save* property. The moral of this coastwise episode is to be found in the fact that the actors were possessed of the average probity, or, at least, while on land would never have committed the smallest larceny. Nothing but the theory of a wrecking epidemic can account for their deflection from the right line of conduct. A few winters since, a schooner with iron ore from the upper lakes foundered off our coast. The water washing upon the ore acquired for rods around a dark red flush, — as though a mighty libation of wine had

been offered. Of this wreck a farmer on the shore preserves a relic most absurdly framed, "Jane Bell" (the name of the sunken vessel) now serving as a legend over his barn door. It strikes me, he ought not to complain if, having thus dedicated his property to the nautical powers, he should some morning find it had deserted its site, and gone a-sailing, from barn converted into ark.

Tame as this shore appears, it has nevertheless received its tragic depositions from the waves. Voyagers, whose bearings were forever lost, have lain on its pebble-strewn beach; it has even happened to them to be manacled with ice, — as though their estate were not already cold and sure enough. In my wrecking experience, such as it has been, nothing ever came more serviceable than the finding of a piece of ship timber, half sunken in the sand, but still displaying the horse-shoe which had been nailed upon it — for luck! What luck had they met with, who had so striven to procure the good will of fate? Surely, here was the most effective silent sermon ever preached against the use of charms and phylacteries!

If we closely observe the sand left bare by the receding wave, we shall see occasional perforations, from which the escaping air drives a little jet of water, — minute pattern of a geyser. Such perforations are probably caused by the sinking of fine gravel. If we have no business more pressing, it may be worth our while to make an inventory of the various articles that lie on this curiosity shelf, the beach. There is, first, the driftwood: judging from the bone-like shape and whiteness of the ligneous fragments with which the Lake strews its margins, we might suppose it to have a taste for palaeontology. More than one fossil-resembling model of nameless ancient beast, as well as the originals of all the nondescripts in heraldry, shall we rescue from the sand. It would be curiously interesting to follow the vary-

ing fortunes of yonder tree, which, lately uprooted by the wind, lies prone upon the water, its leafage unconscious of destiny, still being nourished with sap; how long will it take the great planer and turner to convert this tree into effects as fantastic as those we have noted in the drift? This artificer, the Lake, abhors angles, and strives to present the line of beauty in whatever it turns out of its laboratory. Here, among those least boulders, crystalline pebbles from the far north, is a lump of coal, worn to an oval contour, well polished, and hinting of cousinship with the diamond. Here, beside the abundant periwinkle, are thin flakes of clam-shell, iridescent and beautiful; trinkets made from the spines of fish; the horny gauntlets of the crab; a dragon-fly; the blue and bronze plates of large beetles not seen inland; and the fluttering, chaffy shells of the "Canada soldiers," short-lived myrmidons of the shore. And here is a tithe of last year's hickory and butternut mast; the burs of various rough marsh plants; a lock of a lake-maid's hair (or is it only a wisp of blanched rootlets from some distant stream side?); an ear of corn, half buried, its kernels, with mustard-seed faith, pushing up green blades through the lifeless, unstable sands. Now and then you see the feather of a gull or other water-haunting bird, a plume in your cap if you find a quill of the eagle! I have just picked up an arrowhead, which I would fain believe has lain here ever since an Indian hunter shot it at a stag that had come down to drink at sunrise. Heaven saved the mark and frustrated the hunter; for which I cannot be sorry. This missile may have been carved out at the arrowhead armory, the site of which a farmer thinks he has found in one of his fields. This is a piece of rising ground, where, before successive plowings had entirely changed the surface, the spring yield of flints was unusually large. As most of

these were imperfect, and mixed with a great proportion of shapeless chippings, they were supposed to be waste and rejected material, such as always accumulates around a workman's bench. Here, then, in the days that have no historian, sat a swarthy Mulciber, plying his trade with the clumsiest tools, either alone, or the centre of a group of idle braves and story-telling ancients. More verifiable is the tradition of an aged and solitary Indian, living at some distance back in the forest; a red man of destiny, by his tribe doomed to perpetual exile for some capital offense, of which he had been found guilty. Of the great nation whose name is borne by this water (Lake Erie, Wildeat Lake!) only the meagrest account has been transmitted. The Eries were gone long enough before this region owned the touch of civilization.

We frequently speak of the Lake as "frozen over," but this is a mistake; there is always a central channel of free water. The glassy quay that builds out from shore remains immovable the entire winter, but the ice bordering that open mid-stream is greatly subject to the pleasure of the wind,—sometimes driven southward, sometimes far to the north; in the latter case, the dark line of moving waters is visible from our coast. Frozen, the Lake seems possessed of a still but strenuous power, as though, after the habit of water on a cold winter night, it might crack the great bowl in which it was left standing. The arrested waves are raised against the shore as if in act to strike: the blow will never be dealt; they will not lower all at once, but, as the winter relaxes, the sun will turn away their wrath and they will go down from the shore assuaged. It is no miracle to walk the waves, when the waves are firm as marble; yet in so doing you feel a strong sense of novelty. Along their projecting edges, rows of icicles, like the stalactite trimmings of a cave,

are formed. In the thawing weather of early spring, it is rather strange and decidedly pleasing to hear the tinkling fall of the little streams that are crannyng the ice. For the moment you might think it a place of rocks abounding in springs, being helped to that fancy by the masses of frozen gravel as well as by the musical sounds from the melting ice. The charm to the ear is in the contrast drawn between this slender melody and the remembered din of the waves. What we hear is the old Lake waking up with infantine prattle and prettiness, not yet alive with the consciousness of power.

I am aware that the Lake is not the ocean: its waves are shorter, running not so high; and though it is occasionally heard to boom, it has not the deep, oracular voice of the sea. Its beach is not the spacious beach of ocean, yet, — and I note the fact with interest, — its sands support the sea-rocket (*Cakile maritima*) and the beach-pea (*Lathyrus maritimus*), plants that will thrive under kisses more pungent than those of fresh-water spray. When I am praising the Lake, I should not forget that, after tarrying long upon its shore, I become conscious of a serious lack in its nature: can it be *salt* that is wanting?

Edith M. Thomas.

MÉRIMÉE IN HIS LETTERS.

THERE is an interest belonging to Mérimée's personality as well as to his literary work. In Taine's brief memoir are to be found a few lines descriptive of the appearance and manner of the author of *La Double Méprise*, *Colomba*, and *Carmen* which bring him very distinctly before us; so that in reading the volumes of his correspondence, to which this biographical sketch is prefixed, we have always present to the mind's eye the man himself, "tall, erect, pale," who, "except for his smile, had an English air, — at least that cold and distant manner which repels in advance all familiarity;" who even among intimates was never otherwise than impassive, calm-voiced, without glow or sparkle. It is a manner that some men affect, and one may perhaps be inclined to suspect Mérimée, who had it so perfectly, of a partial affectation, until one hears him speak for himself in the Letters that follow, and which belong to such an extended period of his life. Men sometimes reveal themselves most openly when least aware of it, and it happened

so with Mérimée in these communications, intended only for her to whom they were addressed. Not that he had need to conceal aught of his life and character from the world's eye; and if there had been anything to conceal he would have disdained to cover it, as one soon comes to know. He was not frank, but he had the sincerity that is born of a deep pride.

We read the correspondence, given to the world after his death, for the sake of the self-sketched portrait of the writer it contains, to the interest of which is added the spice of an ungratified curiosity concerning the recipient of the letters and the relation of the two. Mérimée's feeling for his correspondent appears in the beginning hardly more than a sentiment, gentle and refined, — a matter of the head as much as of the heart; and though with some fluctuations, some rising tidal waves of emotion, the lover seems never to find too great difficulty in keeping it within bounds. So far, at least, as shows here, there is nothing like an outspoken fer-

veney of passion. Doubtless there was more in it than any demonstration here proves, for it was the man's nature to detest the display of any kind of feeling. It all ended, as Taine says, in a true and lasting friendship; the tone of gallantry and sentiment of the earlier letters changes almost imperceptibly to one of gentle familiarity and friendly confidence. Little or nothing is discoverable about the unknown friend: the reader is permitted to approach her only at a respectful distance, the correspondence having probably been revised for that purpose. If we did not know its true character, we might easily take the letters of the first quarter of the initial volume for an admirably composed fiction; they are so polished, graceful, — just what they should be for the opening chapters of a romance. Coming from Mérimée, they could not fail of a charming style; the finished man of letters shows throughout the whole correspondence. They are always in one strain, embellished with a number of light and pleasing variations. Each letter resembling as it does the preceding, the wonder is how unwearied we find ourselves with the repeated theme; how gratified with the little details of his life and work which the writer records for us; how charmed with the brief glimpses into his mind, the occasional reflections and aphorisms he indulges in. He has the art of never saying too much, of touching and letting go, of never being tiresome. We are amused from time to time with satirical descriptions of persons and things he meets in the world. In a letter from London he tells of a visit to the newly-built House of Commons, which he calls a frightful monstrosity, and adds, "You have no idea what may be done with a complete want of taste and two million pounds sterling." And in another: "I begin to have enough of this country. I am tired of perpendicular architecture, and the equally perpendicular manners of the

natives. . . . I gave a half-crown to a black-coated person who showed me the cathedral, and then asked of him the address of a gentleman to whom I had a letter from the dean. He found it was himself to whom the letter was addressed. We both looked foolish; but he kept the money." Mérimée is always as ready to mock at what seems to be pretension in himself as in another. He tells his friend that on the 14th of March his fate will be decided, meaning the question of his election to the French Academy. "In the mean time, I conscientiously make visits. I find people very civil, accustomed to their parts, and taking them very seriously. I do my best to take mine gravely also, but it is difficult. Does it not seem to you ridiculous to say to a man, 'Monsieur, I think myself one of the forty cleverest men in France. I am as good as you,' and such-like facetiæ? I have to translate that into terms variously polite, according to the persons." After Mérimée has attained the academic dignity, he is present at a banquet at Caen, at which his health is proposed, with allusion to his titles to honor as senator, man of letters, and savant. "There was only the table between us, and I had a great desire to throw a plate of rum jelly at his head. While he was speaking I meditated my reply, and could not find a word. When he ceased I comprehended that it was absolutely necessary to speak, and I began a phrase without knowing how I should go on. I talked in that way for five or six minutes, with great self-possession, and with very little idea of what I was saying. I am assured that I was extremely eloquent." He laughs at the *gemüthlich* Germans, who made a lion of him at Vienna. "I was as amiable as possible. I wrote sublime thoughts in albums, and made sketches; in a word, I was perfectly ridiculous." Once in a while this smiling satirist changes his tone to one of undisguised contempt for

his species. We should prefer not to take him quite at his word when he says, "There is nothing I despise, and even detest, so much as humanity in general. Nevertheless, I should like to be rich enough to avoid the sight of individual sufferings." Such remarks, to be just, are rare with him; if not genially benevolent, or humorously tolerant, he is at least sufficiently gentle mannered. There is nothing in him of the bitterness of a selfishness that finds itself matched against a selfish world. We have every disposition to credit him when he says, "It rarely happens to me to sacrifice others to myself, and when it does happen I experience all possible remorse." Nor is it an overweening self-esteem that prompts his satire or feeds his contempt for the intelligence of the mass of men. We should indeed take a little conceit for a healthy sign in him: but Mérimée has absolutely no vanity, personal or literary; only a pride, far from ostentatious, yet unable at all times to avoid self-betrayal.

To his refinement of thought and sentiment he added an extreme fastidiousness of personal liking and habit. Yet in spite of the drawbacks to such society, his curiosity led him, as he tells us, to seek the companionship of the muleteers of Spain. He admired the Andalusian peasantry for their grace, and commended their native tact. On the other hand, his expressions of distaste for his provincial countrymen are frequent; he is infinitely wearied by the necessity of official intercourse with them. In one letter he remarks that he has lately been introduced to some hitherto unknown members of his family, living in the provinces, and adds that he does not like relatives. "One is obliged to be familiar with persons one has never seen, because they happen to be children of one's grandfather." In all things and at all times Mérimée shows the temper of a social and intellectual aristocrat.

Some traits of his remind us of Frédéric Chopin. A certain air of distinction belonged to the composer and the man of letters alike in their individual characters and in their artistic and literary products. No single word is so descriptive of Chopin's music — or so it seems to the amateur — as "elegance," that quality of combined delicacy and brilliance, which is not the superficial veneer of a cheap and common substance, but the admirably adorned dress in which a master presents his original conceptions. One feels sure that no one has ever played Chopin's music as he himself played it, with his "fingers of steel shod in velvet." We fancy that the musician may have concealed a tenderer nature than Mérimée's behind the mask of his gravely courteous reserve; but with more of difference, perhaps, than of resemblance, there was something common to the two men. In both there was a fund of melancholy, infecting their lives: in Chopin, a more gently pensive strain, native to his disposition and lodged there in retirement: in Mérimée, a morbid affection, from which he might possibly have freed himself if he could have found the will for vigorous effort. This melancholy was so constantly recurrent that he seems hardly ever to have risen from under the pressure of it. "Je me trouve bien triste aujourd'hui;" "Je m'ennuie horriblement il y a deux jours;" — such phrases appear upon every other page of the correspondence. He employs English idioms, and says that he is out of spirits and in the grip of the blue devils. But it is not from lack of occupation that he is thus besieged. He is always traveling from place to place, in pursuance of his historical researches, or commissioned by some learned society as archæological investigator; he is writing official documents or engaged in the composition of his fictions, for all which variety of labor he assumes little importance: it is his *métier*, and every

man must have one. He likes poring over ancient and precious relics, Etruscan gems, this, that, and the other antiquarian curiosity, as well as anything in life, but even this not too well; while meetings with fellow archæologists are apt to prove a weariness to the spirit, and the exchange of compliments with them the undergoing of a mild martyrdom. There is ever a fatal tendency to ennui. In short, Mérimée is not a happy man; he seems not to know what it is to enjoy fully or to care deeply for many things or for one thing. Much of this incapacity for taking a frank interest or pleasure in life we are glad to attribute to a low physical condition. He often speaks of his maladies, though without querulousness or self-pity. "Je souffre beaucoup;" "Le froid qu'il fait me désespère;" "Je ne dors plus du tout, et je suis d'une humeur de chien," — expressions like these occur as frequently as the ventings of his melancholy humor; and in the later letters the signs of increasingly acute nervous disorder become abundant, as also of the lung difficulty which ultimately caused his death.

We cannot fail to perceive, however, another reason for Mérimée's joylessness than this obvious one of his frail health. The deeper, underlying cause was his lack of faith, — by which is not meant simply a definite religious belief. In a passage of one of the letters he says, "Vous me demandez si je crois à l'âme. Pas trop. Cependant, en réfléchissant à certaines choses, je trouve un argument en faveur de cette hypothèse, le voici: Comment deux substances inanimées pourraient-elles donner et recevoir une sensation par une réunion que serait insipide sans l'idée qu'on y attache? Voilà une phrase bien pédantesque pour dire que lorsque deux gens qui s'aiment s'embrassent ils sentent autre chose que lorsqu'on baise le satin le plus doux. Mais l'argument a son valeur." We take such words, of course, only as seriously as Mérimée means

them. But if not a materialist, he had felt the infection of the least curable of moral diseases, indifferentism. Speaking of an attack of illness which seemed about to lead him into the kingdom of shades, he adds that he experienced some "ennui" at the idea of entering an unknown world; "mais ce qui me semblait encore plus ennuyeux c'était de faire de la résistance. C'est par cette résignation brute, je crois, qu'on quitte ce monde non pas parceque le mal vous accable, mais parcequ'on est devenu indifférent à tout et qu'on ne se défend plus." Such expressions in Mérimée's mouth are quite sincere, and his indifference was a more permanent condition than with most of us, who experience it, as a rule, only for endurable periods. It is not fair to take passing expressions too literally, yet we cannot but see some meaning in the frequent recurrence of such as the following: "J'ai grand besoin de vous pour prendre la vie en patience. Je trouve qu'elle devient tous les jours plus ennuyeuse. Le monde est par trop bête." To understand Mérimée, it is not enough, as I have said, to note the fact that he was not a good Catholic or a good Protestant. In contrast with him we cannot avoid thinking of Shelley, refusing adherence to the creed of Christendom, yet not without faiths that were a refuge to him from any such overcoming depression. Shelley was in many respects a man as little fitted for life in this every-day world as any that has found himself in it; nevertheless, he contrived to live therein without giving himself or the world over to despair. He had a religion; he believed, that is, in the real existence of spiritual ideas, which in his verse may appear to some readers as the emptiest abstractions, — the ideas of beauty, truth, and love. It was because of his faith in and pure devotion to these high-placed ideals that he found courage to live among men with whom, in general, he had small sympathy, in a

world which he thought was moving on altogether wrong lines. It is not so out of joint as Shelley fancied it, and there have been men of the purest ideals who have been able to discern amid all that is amiss in the actual order of the universe the slow working out of a righteous idea. To be in harmony with this ideal order of righteousness, and yet to accommodate ourselves to the imperfection of the actual, is the problem for each man. Mérimée, as Taine says, could not give away his heart to anything, could not devote himself wholly. The critical spirit in him, which made clear to him the imperfection of all earthly achievement, would not let him work without an *arrière pensée* on the futility of such expense of energy. This variously accomplished gentleman found no thorough satisfaction in his chosen pursuits; nothing in life that made him really reconciled to it, but only resigned, *tant bien que mal*. It is a mood of mind, a view of existence, that comes at times to any thinking person: but few of us are content to let it stay with us; we get rid of it in one way or another. A genuine and stable affection often saves from it, or is the cure of it. Unfortunately, it did not happen so with Mérimée. It was with him, at least in a measure, as it is with other men,— what begins by disgusting us with life ends by endearing it to us. Cares and anxieties make precious our times of peace, and pain and suffering our intervals of ease; and we even come to think that we have not properly appreciated joys that were once within our grasp.

In the letters of the second volume, comprised between 1857 and 1870, we see that, as the years go on, his health fails more and more. He discusses the political situation in France and in Italy with very pronounced expressions of opinion on men and measures. He shows a livelier interest in the affairs of the Academy, and speaks much oftener and more frankly of his own literary

compositions. His physical sufferings are at times pitiable, and he pretends no stoicism in the endurance of them. There is something really pathetic in this brief bulletin he sends his friend: “Chère amie, j’attendais pour vous écrire que je fusse guéri, ou du moins un peu moins souffrant; mais malgré le beau temps, malgré tous les soins possibles, je suis toujours de même, c’est à dire fort mal. Je ne puis m’habituer à cette vie de souffrance, et je ne trouve en moi ni courage ni résignation.”

Many of the letters are dated from Cannes, where it was necessary for him to pass the winter months of every year. Others bear the date of Compiègne or Biarritz, where he is frequently invited to attend the empress. He does not like court life over well, but becomes wonted to it, and always praises the kindliness of “*la châtelaine la plus gracieuse du monde*.” At Cannes he reads and writes as his health permits, botanizes, sketches, and pets a favorite owl. At times he travels, and recounts his journeys for his friend, and advises her about her own itineraries. If she is absent from Paris, he tells her the latest social *on dit*, and whether or not crinoline is still worn. He talks of the books he reads, suggests others to his correspondent, and does not omit to be severe and satirical on contemporary writers: “Have you read Renan’s *Vie de Jésus*? Probably not. It amounts to little, and yet to a good deal. It is the blow of an axe at the edifice of Catholicism. The author is so terrified at his own audacity in denying the divinity that he falls into hymns of admiration and adoration, and has no philosophical sense left to judge of doctrine. Nevertheless, it is interesting.” “Have you read Victor Hugo’s speech? What a pity that a fellow who has imagination should not have an atom of common sense, nor the modesty to refrain from uttering platitudes unworthy of a reasonable man! . . . Have you read his last volume of verse? Tell me

if you see any difference between it and his former poems. Has he suddenly turned fool, or has he always been one? The latter, to my way of thinking." Writing from England, he says, "People here are so different from us that it is hard to understand how, at ten hours' distance, unfeathered bipeds can resemble Parisian ones so little. Mr. Gladstone I did not find entertaining, but interesting. There is in him the child, the statesman, and the enthusiast." In 1865 he writes from Paris, "Another person, M. de Bismarck, pleased me very much. He is a big German, very courteous, and not *naïf*. He has an air of being entirely without *gemüth*, but full of brains. He has made a conquest of me." The later letters are full of discontent with the course of political affairs, and, since things do not go as to his mind they should, Mérimée expresses unmeasured contempt for the stupidity of mankind. The last letter, dated from Cannes, September 23, 1870, was written two hours before his death, which he knew was impending, though ignorant of how suddenly it was to come. He begs his friend to take from among his books Madame de Sévigné's Letters and a Shakespeare as a memento of him. "Dear friend, I am very ill; so ill that it is a hard matter to write. Yet I am a trifle better. I hope soon to write to you more at length. Adieu. Je vous embrasse."

Taine sums up his account of Mérimée's career in the words, "For fear of being duped, he was distrustful of life, of love, in science, in art, and he was the dupe of his distrust." That is an extremely pointed and expressive phrasing of the truth. The biographer ends, however, with the saying, "We are always the dupes of something, and perhaps it is best to resign ourselves in the beginning." That, too, is cleverly put, but we object to it that it is not true. We almost suspect Taine of adding it as much by way of a rounded period to his sketch as from sincere conviction. It is so much the vogue among clever Frenchmen to dispense with a superfluity of convictions that we are sometimes tempted to judge hastily that they have none at all.

It often happens that the moral of the lives of estimable, and even in some respects admirable, men is as well worth finding as the more patent one of lives openly vicious, which has become a commonplace to our ears. We judge of Mérimée from the record of his own hand, bearing in mind at the same time that it is but a partial record. Taking him as he appears in the Letters to an Unknown, it is difficult not to regard him as *une vie manquée*; it seems to us that he was miscalled Prosper, if the name were taken as significant of a success very well worth having, or one that satisfied himself.

Maria Louise Henry.

CHARACTER IN FEATHERS.

IN this economically governed world the same thing serves many uses. Who will take upon himself to enumerate the offices of sunlight, or water, or indeed of any object whatever? Because we know that a thing is good for this or that, it by no means follows that we have dis-

covered what it was made for. What we have found out is perhaps only something by the way; as if a man should think the sun were created for his own private convenience. In some moods it seems doubtful whether we are yet acquainted with the real value of anything.

But, be that as it may, we need not scruple to admire so much as our ignorance permits us to see of the workings of this divine frugality. The piece of woodland, for instance, which skirts the village, — how various are its ministries to the inhabitants, each of whom, without forethought, takes the benefit which is proper to himself! The poet saunters there as in a true Holy Land, to have his heart cooled and stilled. Mr. A. and Mr. B., who hold the deeds of the “property,” walk through it to look at the timber, with an eye to dollars and cents. The botanist has his errand there, the zoölogist his, and the child his. Oftenest of all, perhaps (for barbarism dies hard, and even yet the ministers of Christ find it a capital sport to murder small fishes), — oftenest of all comes the man, poor soul, who thinks of the forest as of a place to which he may go when he wishes to amuse himself by killing something. Meanwhile, the rabbits and the squirrels, the hawks and the owls, look upon all such persons as no better than intruders (do not the woods belong to those who live in them?); while nobody remembers the meteorologist, who nevertheless smiles in his sleeve at all these one-sided notions, and says to himself that he knows the truth of the matter.

So is it with everything; and with all the rest, so is it with the birds. The interest they excite is of all grades, from that which looks upon them as items of millinery, up to that of the makers of ornithological systems, who ransack the world for specimens, and who have no doubt that the chief end of a bird is to be named and catalogued, — the more synonyms the better. Somewhere between these two extremes comes the person whose interest in birds is friendly rather than scientific; who has little taste for shooting, and an aversion from dissecting; who delights in the living creatures themselves, and counts a bird in the bush worth two in the hand.

Such a person, if he is intelligent, makes good use of the best works on ornithology; he would not know how to get along without them; but he studies most the birds themselves, and after a while he begins to associate them on a plan of his own. Not that he distrusts the correctness of the received classification, or ceases to find it of daily service; but though it were as true as the multiplication table, it is based (and rightly, no doubt) on anatomical structure alone; it treats birds as bodies, and nothing else: while to the person of whom we are speaking birds are, first of all, souls; his interest in them is, as we say, personal; and we are none of us in the habit of grouping our friends according to height, or complexion, or any other physical peculiarity.

But it is not proposed in this paper to attempt a new classification of any sort. I am by no means qualified to make even a beginning in that direction. All I am to do now is to set down a few studies in such a method as I have indicated; in short, a few studies in the temperaments of birds.

Let our first example be the common black-capped titmouse, or chickadee. He is, *par excellence*, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is too often scanty. Of some species it is probable that very few die in their beds. But the chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and, whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof” is his creed, which he accepts, not “for substance of doctrine,” but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chicka-

dee, as we say, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and their example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from moods of depression. Such unfortunates could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous tit. His whistle and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity (for, of course, such good-nature as his could not consist with suspiciousness) would most likely send them home in a more Christian frame. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue-pill. To illustrate the chickadee's trustfulness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and, carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder; and after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat-collar, he selected a comfortable roosting-place, tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have never seen him when his joy rose to ecstasy. Still his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to their offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined.

Our American goldfinch is one of the loveliest of birds. With his elegant plumage, his rhythmical, undulatory flight, his beautiful song, and his more beautiful soul, he ought to be one of the most famous; but he has never yet had half

his deserts. He is like the chickadee, and yet different. He is not so extremely confiding, nor should I call him merry. But he is always cheerful in spite of his so-called plaintive note, from which he gets one of his names, and always amiable. So far as I know, he never utters a harsh sound; even the young ones, calling for food, use only smooth, musical tones. During the pairing season his delight often becomes rapturous. To see him then, hovering and singing, — or, better still, to see the devoted pair hovering together, billing and singing, — is enough to do even a cynic good. The happy lovers! They have never read it in a book, but it is written on their hearts, —

“The gentle law, that each should be
The other's heaven and harmony.”

The goldfinch has the advantage of the titmouse in several respects, but lacks that sprightliness, that exceeding light-heartedness, which is the chickadee's most endearing characteristic.

For the sake of a strong contrast, we may mention next the brown thrush, known to farmers as the planting-bird and to ornithologists as *Harporhynchus rufus*; a staid and solemn Puritan, whose creed is the Preacher's “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” No frivolity and merry-making for him! After his brief annual period of intensely passionate song, he does penance for the remainder of the year, — skulking about, on the ground or near it, silent and gloomy. He seems always to be on the watch against an enemy, and, unfortunately for his comfort, he has nothing of the reckless, bandit spirit such as the jay possesses, which goes to make a moderate degree of danger almost a pastime. Not that he is without courage; when his nest is in question he will take great risks; but in general his manner is dispirited, “sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.” Evidently he feels

“The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world:”

and it would not be surprising if he sometimes raised the question, "Is life worth living?" It is the worst feature of his case that his melancholy is not of the sort which softens and refines the nature. There is no suggestion of saintliness about it. In fact I am convinced that this long-tailed thrush has a constitutional taint of vulgarity. His stealthy, underhand manner is one mark of this, and the same thing comes out also in his music. Full of passion as his singing is (and we have hardly anything to compare with it in this regard), yet the listener cannot help smiling now and then; the very finest passage is followed so suddenly by some uncouth guttural note, or by some whimsical drop from the top to the bottom of the scale.

In neighborly association with the brown thrush is the towhee bunting, or chewink. The two choose the same places for their summer homes, and, unless I am deceived, they often migrate in company. But though they are so much together, and in many of their ways much alike, their habits of mind are very dissimilar. The towhee is of a peculiarly even disposition. I have never heard him scold, or use any note less good-natured and musical than his pleasant *cherawink*.¹ I have never detected him in a quarrel such as nearly all birds are once in a while guilty of, Dr. Watts to the contrary notwithstanding; nor have I ever seen him hopping nervously about and twitching his tail, as is the manner of most birds, when, for instance, their nests are approached. Nothing seems to annoy him. At the same time, he is not full of continual merriment like the chickadee, nor occasionally in a rapture like the goldfinch. Life with him is pitched in a low key; comfortable rather than cheerful, and never jubilant. And yet, for all the towhee's careless demeanor, you soon

begin to suspect him of being deep. He appears not to mind you; he keeps on scratching among the dry leaves as though he had no thought of being driven away by your presence; but in a minute or two you look that way again, and he is not there. If you pass near his nest, he makes not a tenth part of the ado which a brown thrush would make in the same circumstances, but you will find half a dozen nests of the thrush sooner than one of his. With all his simplicity and frankness, which puts him in happy contrast with the thrush, he knows as well as anybody how to keep his own counsel. I have seen him with his mate for two or three days together about the flower-beds in the Boston Public Garden, and so far as appeared they were feeding as unconcernedly as though they had been on their own native heath, amid the scrub-oaks and huckleberry bushes; but after their departure it was remembered that they had not once been heard to utter a sound. If self-possession be four fifths of good manners, our red-eyed *Pipilo* may certainly pass for a gentleman.

We have now named four birds, the chickadee, the goldfinch, the brown thrush, and the towhee, — birds so diverse in plumage that no eye could fail to discriminate them at a glance. But the four differ no more truly in bodily shape and dress than they do in that inscrutable something which we call temperament, disposition. If the soul of each were separated from the body and made to stand out in sight, those of us who have really known the birds in the flesh would have no difficulty in saying, This is the titmouse, and this the towhee. It would be with them as we hope it will be with our friends in the next world, whom we shall recognize there because we knew them here; that is, we knew *them*, and not merely the bodies they lived

¹ The goldfinch is the only other bird of whom I could say so much. A year ago I should have put the bluebird into the same category, but since

then I have heard from him a note which expressed displeasure, or at least anxiety.

in. This kind of familiarity with birds has no necessary connection with ornithology. Personal intimacy and a knowledge of anatomy are still two different things. As we have all heard, this is an age of science; but, thank fortune, matters have not yet gone so far that a man must take a course in anthropology before he can love his neighbor.

It is a truth which is only too patent that taste and conscience are sometimes at odds. One man wears his faults so gracefully that we can hardly help falling in love with them, while another, alas, makes even virtue itself repulsive. I am moved to this commonplace reflection by thinking of the bluejay, a bird of doubtful character, but one for whom, nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel a sort of affection and even of respect. He is quite as suspicious as the brown thrush, and his instinct for an invisible perch is perhaps as unerring as the cuckoo's; and yet, even when he takes to hiding, his manner is not without a dash of boldness. He has a most irascible temper, also, but, unlike the thrasher, he does not allow his ill-humor to degenerate into chronic sulkiness. Instead, he flies into a furious passion, and is done with it. Some say that on such occasions he swears, and I have myself seen him when it was plain that nothing except a natural impossibility kept him from tearing his hair. His larynx would make him a singer, and his mental capacity is far above the average; but he has perverted his gifts, till his music is nothing but noise and his talent nothing but smartness. A like process of depravation the world has before now witnessed in political life, when a man of brilliant natural endowments has yielded to low ambitions and stooped to unworthy means, till what was meant to be a statesman turns out to be a demagogue. But perhaps we wrong our handsome friend, fallen angel though he be, to speak thus of him. Most likely he would resent the comparison, and I

do not press it. We must admit that juvenile sportsmen have persecuted him unduly; and when a creature cannot show himself without being shot at, he may be pardoned for a little misanthropy. Christians as we are, how many of us could stand such a test? In these circumstances, it is a point in the jay's favor that he still has, what is rare with birds, a sense of humor, albeit it is humor of a rather grim sort, — the sort which expends itself in practical jokes and uncivil epithets. He has discovered the school-boy's secret: that for the expression of unadulterated derision there is nothing like the short sound of *a*, prolonged into a drawl. *Yăh, yăh*, he cries; and sometimes, as you enter the woods, you may hear him shouting so as to be heard for half a mile, "Here comes a fool with a gun; look out for him!"

It is natural to mention the shrike in connection with the jay, but the two have points of unlikeness as well as of resemblance. The shrike is a taciturn bird. If he were a politician, he would rely mostly on what is known as the "still hunt," although he too can scream loudly enough on occasion. His most salient trait is his impudence, but even that is of a negative type. "Who are you," he says, "that I should be at the trouble to insult you?" He has made a study of the value of silence as an indication of contempt, and is almost human in his ability to stare straight by a person whose presence it suits him to ignore. His imperturbability is wonderful. Watch him as closely as you please, you will never discover what he is thinking about. Undertake, for instance, now that the fellow is singing from the top of a small tree only a few rods from where you are standing, — undertake to settle the long dispute whether his notes are designed to decoy small birds within his reach. Those whistles and twitters, — hear them! So miscellaneous! so different from anything which would be expected from a bird of his size and

general disposition! so very like the notes of sparrows! They must be imitative. You begin to feel quite sure of it. But just at this point the sounds cease, and you look up to discover that *Collurio* has fallen to preening his feathers in the most listless manner imaginable. "Look at me," he says; "do I act like one on the watch for his prey? Indeed, sir, I wish the innocent sparrows no harm; and besides, if you must know it, I ate an excellent game-breakfast two hours ago, while laggards like you were still abed." In the winter, which is the only season when I have been able to observe him, the shrike is to the last degree unsocial, and I have known him to stay for a month in one spot all by himself, spending a good part of every day perched upon a telegraph wire. He ought not to be very happy, with such a disposition, one would think; but he seems to be well contented, and sometimes his spirits are fairly exuberant. Perhaps, as the saying is, he enjoys *himself*, in which case he certainly has the advantage of most of us, — unless, indeed, we are easily pleased. At any rate, he is philosopher enough to appreciate the value of having few wants; and I am not sure but that he anticipated the vaunted discovery of *Tenfeldröckh*, that the fraction of life may be increased by lessening the denominator. But even the stoical shrike is not without his epicurean weakness. When he has killed a sparrow, he eats the brains first; after that, if he is still hungry, he devours the coarser and less savory parts. In this, however, he only shares the well-nigh universal inconsistency. There are never many thorough-going stoics in the world. *Epictetus* declared with an oath that he should be glad to see *one*. To take everything as equally good, to know no difference between bitter and sweet, penury and plenty, slander and praise, — this is a great attainment, a *Nirvana* to which few can hope to arrive. Some wise man

has said (and the remark has more meaning than may at once appear) that dying is usually one of the last things which men do in this world.

Against the foil of the butcher-bird's stolidity we may set the inquisitive, garrulous temperament of the white-eyed vireo and the yellow-breasted chat. The vireo is hardly larger than the goldfinch, but let him be in one of his conversational moods, and he will fill a smilax thicket with noise enough for two or three cat-birds. Meanwhile he keeps his eye upon you, and seems to be inviting your attention to his loquacious abilities. The chat is perhaps even more voluble. *Staccato* whistles and snarls follow each other at most extraordinary intervals of pitch, and the attempt at showing off is sometimes unmistakable. Occasionally he takes to the air, and flies from one tree to another; teetering his body and jerking his tail in an indescribable fashion, and chattering all the while. His "inner consciousness" at such a moment would be worth perusing. Possibly he has some feeling for the grotesque. But I suspect not; probably what we laugh at as the antics of a clown is all sober earnest to him.

At best, it is very little we can know about what is passing in a bird's mind. We label him with two or three *sesquipedalia verba*, give his territorial range, describe his notes and his habits of nidification, and think we have rendered an account of the bird. But how should we like to be inventoried in such a style? "His name was John Smith; he lived in Boston, in a three-story brick house; he had a baritone voice, but was not a good singer." All true enough; but do you call that a man's biography?

The four birds last spoken of are all wanting in refinement. The jay and the shrike are wild and rough, not to say barbarous, while the white-eyed vireo and the chat have the character which commonly goes by the name of oddity. All four are interesting for their strong

individuality and their picturesqueness, but it is a pleasure to turn from them to creatures like our four common 'New England *Hylocichla*, or small thrushes. These are the real patricians. With their modest but rich dress, and their dignified, quiet demeanor, they stand for the true aristocratic spirit. Like all genuine aristocrats, they carry with them an air of distinction, of which no one who approaches them can long remain unconscious. When you go into their haunts they do not seem so much frightened as offended. "Why do you intrude?" they seem to say; "these are our woods;" and they bow you out with all ceremony. Their songs are in keeping with this character; leisurely, unambitious, and brief, but in beauty of voice and in high musical quality, excelling all other music of the woods. However, I would not exaggerate, and I have not found even these thrushes perfect. The hermit, who is my favorite of the four, has a habit of slowly raising and depressing his tail when his mind is disturbed — a trick of which it is likely he is unconscious, but which, to say the least, is not a mark of good breeding; and the Wilson, while every note of his song breathes of spirituality, has nevertheless a most vulgar alarm call, a petulant, nasal *yeork*. I do not know anything so grave against the wood thrush or the Swainson; although when I have fooled the former with decoy whistles, I have found him more inquisitive than seemed altogether becoming to a bird of his quality. But character without flaw can hardly be insisted on by sons of Adam, and, after all deductions are made, the claim of the *Hylocichla* to noble blood can never be seriously disputed. I have spoken of the four together, but each is clearly distinguished from all the others; and this, I believe, is as true of mental traits as it is of details of plumage and song. No doubt, in general, they are much alike; we may say that they have the same qualities;

but a close acquaintance will reveal that the qualities have been mixed in different proportions, so that the total result in each case is a personality strictly unique.

And what is true of the *Hylocichla* is true of every bird that flies. Anatomy and dress and even voice aside, who does not feel the dissimilarity between the cat-bird and the robin, and still more the difference, amounting to contrast, between the cat-bird and the bluebird? Distinctions of color and form are what first strike the eye, but on better acquaintance these are felt to be superficial and comparatively unimportant; the difference is not one of outside appearance. It is his gentle, high-bred manner and not his azure coat, which makes the bluebird; and the cat-bird would be a cat-bird in no matter what garb, so long as he retained his obtrusive self-consciousness and his prying, busy-body spirit; all of which, being interpreted, comes, it may be, to no more than this, "Fine feathers don't make fine birds."

Even in families containing many closely allied species, I believe that every species has its own proper character, which sufficient intercourse would enable us to make a due report of. Nobody ever saw a song-sparrow manifesting the spirit of a chipper, and I trust it will not be in my day that any of our American sparrows are found emulating the virtues of their obstreperous immigrant cousin. Of course it is true of birds, as of men, that some have much more individuality than others. But know any bird or any man well enough, and he will prove to be himself, and nobody else. To know all the birds well enough to see how, in bodily structure and mental characteristics, every one is different from every other is the long and delightful task which is set before the ornithologist.

But this is not all. The ornithology of the future must be ready to give an answer to the further question how these divergences of anatomy and tem-

perament originated. How came the chickadee by his endless fund of happy spirits? Whence did the towhee derive his equanimity, and the brown thrush his saturnine temper? The waxwing and the vireo have the same vocal organs; why should the first do nothing but whisper, while the second is so loud and voluble? Why is one bird belligerent and another peaceable; one barbarous and another civilized; one grave and another gay? Who can tell? We can make here and there a plausible conjecture. We know that the behavior of the bluejay varies greatly in different parts of the country, owing to the different treatment which he receives.

We judge that the chickadee, from the peculiarity of his feeding habits, is more certain than most birds are of finding a meal when he is hungry; and that, we are assured from experience, goes a long way towards making one contented. We think it likely that the brown thrush is at some special disadvantage in this respect, or has some peculiar enemies warring upon him; in which case it is no more than we might expect that he should be a pessimist. And, with all our ignorance, we are yet sure that everything has a cause, and we would fain hold by the brave word of Emerson, "Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable."

Bradford Torrey.

LILY OF STRATH-FARRAR.

My lady comes of knightly race;
Her forbears oft on many a field,
Ere arms to merchandise gave place,
With life's best drops their honour sealed.
She beareth lilies on her shield;
The flower-de-luce is her device;
And on the roll of her degree
Crosses are blazoned twice and thrice.

Some served their king on foreign strands;
One yeoman fell to make us free;
One, at his country's high commands,
Helped build the country that you see:
What wonder that his child to me
Seems of that life a precious part,
Or that I render her in rhyme
The constant service of my heart?

I know mine age forbids to me
More than a distant lover's doom;
To worship still and dream that she
Some day may wander to my tomb
And haply hang a clover-bloom
Upon my marble cross, in sign
That she remembers me with love,
Though always cold and never mine.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THIS handsome book¹ comprises the fifth and sixth volumes of the French edition, without abridgment. It is edited with care by Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Nicholson, a gentleman well known as a careful student of the war of the rebellion. Its typographical execution is very good. We wish it had been possible to reproduce more of the excellent maps which illustrate the original edition.

In this volume the author treats of perhaps the most interesting and important incidents of the war. He gives us a narrative of the operations in Virginia for the entire year 1863, embracing Hooker's miserable failure at Chancellorsville and Meade's great victory at Gettysburg. He describes Grant's masterly campaign against Vicksburg and Banks's siege of Port Hudson. All these operations are treated of with great fullness of detail, and in a fresh and natural manner. The count's style is animated, and the most involved military movements are never allowed to weary the reader.

The arrangement of the topics is, however, in our judgment, in some respects objectionable. The count has given to each chapter a name, as if the chapter related solely or mainly to the matters summarized in that name. Some of them, however, contain a great deal that is altogether foreign to the name. And as the count has rejected the aid of a running title and of marginal notes, it is sometimes very difficult to find what one is in search of. Thus, in the chapter headed Suffolk, not only do we have the operations near that town detailed at rather unnecessary

length, but we have to look here for all that the count has to say about the naval attacks upon Charleston, about the capture of the Atlanta, about the doings of the Alabama, about the destruction of the Hatteras. Finally, at the end of this same chapter, we are taken up, as it were in a balloon, from the ocean, and carried to West Virginia, to witness the capture of Philippi by General Jones! In like manner, it is in the chapter entitled Port Gibson, a name which is identified with the Vicksburg campaign, and with that only, that we are to look for an account of Rosecrans's operations in Tennessee, Mar-maduke's in Arkansas and Missouri, and Banks's in Louisiana. To say that this is confusing is certainly to keep within bounds. It may, of course, be impossible to give an adequate description of campaigns like Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, or Vicksburg in a single chapter, and we are not disposed to criticise the count for giving, as he does, different names to the chapters which contain the continuous narrative of these campaigns. We ourselves think that it is hardly worth while to call one chapter Dowdall's Tavern, and the next chapter Chancellorsville; to call one Oak Hill,² and the next Gettysburg. But this is immaterial. What we complain of is this: that in those chapters where more than one subject is treated of, sufficient information of their contents is not given to the reader. The book has no index. It has, to be sure, a full table of contents; yet this is not printed (as it should be) with a reference after each topic to the page where it is treated of, as in the histories of

¹ *History of the Civil War in America.* By the COMTE DE PARIS. Published by special arrangement with the author. Volume III. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

² Curiously enough, the American draughtsman

Hallam, Lord Mahon, Macaulay, and others, but all the subjects are grouped *en masse*, the only reference to the page being to that on which the chapter begins. This is not enough. A history, especially a military history, is eminently a book of reference, and no pains should be spared in the way of tables of contents, indices, running titles, marginal notes, or anything else, to render the contents easily available to the student.

The count has not preserved in his narrative of the Western campaigns that continuity of treatment which renders his narrative of the campaigns of the army of the Potomac so interesting and so valuable. The operations against Vicksburg were simply successive attempts to solve the same military and naval problem; and they should have been, in our judgment, given in a connected narrative. Instead of this, we find the story interrupted by accounts of the doings of Rosecrans and Forrest and others in Kentucky and Tennessee; so that there is an interval of seventy-four pages between Grant's arrival at Hard Times on the 28th of April (page 217) and his crossing the Mississippi on the 30th (page 291). It would have been better, as it seems to us, to have refrained religiously from interrupting a narrative so striking and dramatic as that of Grant's campaign against Vicksburg, and to have relegated the accounts of the cavalry operations and of the operations in other departments to some other portions of the book.

Making all due allowances, however, this third volume of the count's history is a very interesting and useful work. He has tried to be impartial as between the two contesting parties; and, in our judgment, he has succeeded. A more difficult thing by far — the due apportionment of praise and blame among the different officers — the count has no doubt also honestly tried to do. Here, of course, there is room for in-

finite difference of opinion. We may, nevertheless, point out a few characteristics of the count's method in arriving at an estimate of the characters and capacities of the actors in his history.

In the first place, the count is always polite, — nay, more, he is always considerate. He dislikes to blame any one, and rarely does so in express terms.

Secondly, while he is, of course, obliged here and there to censure officers, he is always willing to praise them, if on other occasions they may deserve it.

Thirdly, he rarely, if ever, indulges in the elaborate summings-up of character, which have generally furnished such an irresistible attraction to historians.

Accordingly, the reader will find it no easy work to get at the count's real notion of the persons of his drama. He will find many statements apparently inconsistent with each other, and no attempt at reconciling them. For instance, on page 4, he will find General Stoneman spoken of as "this excellent officer," and on page 19 he will find him described as "an experienced leader," as "always master of himself, although very zealous, endowed with a clear and discriminating mind, prompt and just in his decisions;" so that he will be surprised at learning on page 27 that "Stoneman aggravated the blunder of his chief by giving to his operations the character of a guerrilla expedition, and by scattering his forces, instead of concentrating them, in order to destroy the communications of the enemy." So, again, we learn on page 456 that "Hooker no longer inspired the army with the same confidence as before Chancellorsville;"¹ so that we are not prepared to find on page 522 that "the confidence with which he inspired the soldiers was of itself a power for his army." These are specimens of the count's method; and while, no doubt,

¹ This statement is certainly within bounds!

some of these discrepant estimates are caused by accidental oversight, and others are capable of being reconciled, it still remains that we are without those careful summaries of capacity and character which would add greatly to the value of the count's work.

In the same way, the count speaks of many matters in respect to which it would seem that we were entitled to have his deliberate opinion. His words are generally carefully chosen, but they seem often to be chosen with the intention of avoiding an explicit decision. For instance, speaking of the appointment of General Meade to the command of the army, he says, —

“For the second time within the space of a year President Lincoln had selected the worst possible moment for making a change in the chief command of this army. This change might have been reasonable on the day following the battle of Chancellorsville; it was singularly inopportune at present, when the two armies were about to be engaged in a decisive conflict.

“Far from justifying it, the manner in which Hooker had handled his army for the last fortnight deserved nothing but praise,” etc.

That it was extremely unwise to defer the supersession of Hooker till the 28th of June may be readily admitted. But it having been deferred till then, was it unwise to remove¹ him then? To this question the count would seem at first sight to give an affirmative answer. But we are inclined to think that he means merely to express his opinion of the folly of deferring the change so long, and at the same time to give General Hooker the credit he is entitled to for his manœuvres during the preceding fortnight. We do not believe that the count would maintain that it would have been prudent, or even safe, for the government to have allowed the army to

fight another great battle under General Hooker. And these are our reasons : —

General Hooker had lost in the early part of the preceding month the battle of Chancellorsville. In this battle he had an immense superiority of numbers, he had a most favorable start, he had a perfectly plain course to pursue. He completely threw away his advantages by deliberately renouncing the initiative, and by intrenching his army in a tangled wilderness. When disaster came, he lost all heart. Beyond personally exerting himself from time to time to restore order, which he certainly courageously did, he did nothing. He seems to have relied on Sedgwick to help him, with 75,000 men, fight Lee, with 45,000 men. In fact he did not even engage the whole of his army. Two corps were never put in. Nothing but the weakness of the enemy saved our army, under the command of this helpless and pusillanimous chief, from a most disastrous defeat. What would have happened to us at Gettysburg if Hooker had been our leader; if it had devolved upon him instead of upon Meade to decide whether to concentrate the army upon Gettysburg, when the First and Eleventh corps had been routed, and the Fifth and Sixth corps were many miles away, or to risk the demoralization attending on a retreat following immediately upon the severe losses of the 1st of July, let those answer who recall the insistence of Hooker upon a retreat across the Rapahannock, when our army was still largely superior to that of Lee, when we had plenty of fresh troops to oppose to his exhausted and decimated battalions, and when every instinct of a resolute man bade us fight it out. What would have been the result if it had been for Hooker to restore the left of our line at Gettysburg, on the afternoon of July 2d, when the enemy, taking advantage of the false position which Sickles

¹ Strictly speaking, General Hooker was not removed, but he was virtually forced into resigning

by General Halleck's course in regard to Harper's Ferry.

had assumed, came in like a flood, and threatened to carry everything before them, let those say who recollect how this same Sickles had exhausted in vain, on the 3d of May, every means to obtain from Hooker ammunition and reinforcements, and had gallantly maintained his position till lack of the ample supplies and reserves which were within Hooker's reach compelled its abandonment.

That the Comte de Paris is perfectly cognizant of Hooker's wretched failure at Chancellorsville is plain. He speaks of Hooker's having "doomed himself," by going back into the forest, "to powerless immobility;" thereby permitting Lee "to venture upon a manœuvre which it would have been impossible to execute in any other locality," namely, the flank march of Jackson so as to attack our right. No doubt the count entertains for General Hooker the respect and admiration which he deserved as an excellent brigade, division, and corps commander; but none the less does he consider him to have made an absolute failure as an army commander. Speaking of the battle of Sunday morning, he says (page 87), "The Confederates have not a battalion left that is available; they have not a man who has not been in action. Is Hooker similarly situated? . . . Without counting the Eleventh corps, which has not yet fully recovered from its disaster, he has the First and Fifth corps under his control, that is to say, nearly thirty-five thousand men, who have not yet fired a shot, with not a single enemy in front of them." But there is no need that we should quote further. Nowhere is the battle of Chancellorsville better described, and the causes of our miserable failure analyzed, than in the pages of the volume before us.

Why then do we find that doubtful utterance about the inopportuneness of relieving Hooker, to which we have just called attention? Partly because the

count wishes to dismiss Hooker with a word of praise for his recent manœuvres; and partly, we suspect, and we regret to say so, because the count has fallen under influences hostile to General Meade. We surmise this partly from certain indications, such as the very high terms in which certain officers, of whose dislike of General Meade we have abundant evidence in their testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war and in their published writings, are uniformly spoken of; and partly from the very measured terms in which the count intimates his approval of those acts and doings of General Meade's of which he does approve. We may, perhaps, be mistaken as to this; still, we think that we cannot be wrong in saying that the reader will find that, for some reason or other, Hooker has, and Meade has not, the sympathy of the author; and that, while the grievous faults of the one are made as little of as justice will permit, the imagination of the reader is encouraged to frame an hypothetical test of Meade's conduct by dwelling on what Meade might, or rather on what some people thought that he might, have accomplished, had he done on certain well-known occasions something else than what he did do.

The inconsistency of human nature is surely never more clearly and more painfully exhibited than in such a disposition as this. Let it be granted that the army of the Potomac ought to have attacked the enemy, if possible, after the repulse of Pickett's division: that is only the first step in arriving at a conclusion that General Meade was to blame for not ordering such an attack. The army had been weakened enormously by two or three days of hard fighting; several of its best and bravest generals, Reynolds, Hancock, Sickles, and others, had been killed or wounded; three of our corps had been very severely handled, many of our best officers placed *hors de combat*. We are not going to argue the

matter one way or the other; we simply say that it was by no means a plain question, and that the decision arrived at on the spot by the general who, taking command of the army on Sunday, has by Friday afternoon won such a protracted, obstinate, and terrible battle as Gettysburg ought not be lightly complained of. It may, of course, be re-examined, but only with great care, and with every disposition to do justice to the man who has had the responsibility of the decision.

And this brings us to another remark on the count's history, which is this: that he does not, like Napier in his *Peninsular War*, or Chesney in his *Waterloo Lectures*, devote a certain space in each of his chapters, well marked off, to the criticising of men and operations, but he throws his remarks in anywhere. This has the merit of avoiding anything like a lecture, and it takes the reader, as it were, into the author's confidence; for it is extremely difficult to resist the force of conclusions which are arrived at and stated in the course of the count's charming and animated narrative. But it has its disadvantages, nevertheless. It masks the force of certain arguments, and enhances the force of others. It enables the writer to make a great many suggestions about the course of conduct he is describing, every one of which may have some weight; and, as he does not give himself the trouble of summing up these suggestions and arriving at and enunciating his conclusion, it is quite possible for him to avoid the charge of having expressed an opinion on the question; while, at the same time, the suggestions thrown out by him on the side of the question on which his sympathies lie would naturally and almost inevitably outweigh those on the other. The result is that the reader's mind is unconsciously impressed by the preponderating weight of the suggestions on that side of the question which the author would like to favor. And yet, it

is perfectly possible that, were the writer to impose upon himself the duty of weighing the evidence and arguments, he would be forced to adopt an opinion entirely contrary to this, and so to instruct his readers. The propriety of the removal of Hooker from the command of the army, of which we have already spoken, is an instance in point. The wisdom of General Meade's decision not to take the offensive at Gettysburg, and of that not to attack the enemy at Williamsport, are others. These questions we should like to have seen discussed in a more systematic manner, and the facts and arguments on both sides carefully weighed.

The appendix contains, besides rosters of both armies, President Lincoln's most characteristic note to General Hooker (page 851), on placing him at the head of the army. It is not generally known, and it is one of the wisest and best letters that Mr. Lincoln ever wrote.

There is also (page 911) a very valuable itinerary of the different corps of the army of the Potomac in June and July, 1863, compiled, under the direction of Adjutant-General Drum, by J. W. Kirkley, Esq., of that office.

The count has also given us some additions and corrections to his former volumes, of which the most important begins on page 859, and relates to the second battle of Bull Run and the case of General Porter. We would call attention to a misprint on page 860, line two from the bottom, where "His," the first word in the line, should be "Kemper's." The new matter contains a retraction of any opinions unfavorable to Porter expressed in the previous volume. The count, in his statement of the events of the 29th of August, falls into a very unnecessary error, though not a very material one. He states that on the morning of that day McDowell, with King's division of his corps, was with Porter's column, "while Ricketts, at

the head of the second division of McDowell's corps, had borne more to the right, and was to strike the turnpike north of Groveton" [sic]; that McDowell "sought to deploy" King's division to the right of Porter "in order to assist Ricketts, and thus form a continuous front of attack;" but "the impenetrable thickets which covered the ground on that side rendered such deployment impossible, and McDowell . . . determined to bring King back to the rear, in order to overtake Ricketts and operate with his whole corps in a less eccentric fashion against Jackson's right wing." We are sorry to say that this explanation of McDowell's course

is incorrect, inasmuch as Ricketts's division, which had on the morning of the 29th arrived at Bristoe at the same time that King's division had reached Manassas Junction, remained in rear of it throughout the day. King's division led in the march up the Sudley Springs road in the afternoon of the 29th, and this division only was engaged on that day. General McDowell expressly states in his report that "Ricketts's division, coming on in the rear of King's, was taken up the Sudley Springs road," — that is, was not turned into the Warrenton turnpike, as King's had been, — "north of the Warrenton pike, and held as a reserve for the time, in front."

MARK TWAIN'S LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

OF the first fifteen chapters of Mr. Clemens's book,¹ twelve are reprinted from *The Atlantic*; but they are so full of entertaining and instructive matter that they will repay a second reading. In the three introductory ones which precede these, the physical character of the river is sketched, and brief reference is made to the early travelers and explorers of the stream, — De Soto, Marquette, and La Salle; these latter belonging to the epoch of what Mr. Clemens quaintly calls "historical history," as distinguished from that other unconventional history, which he does not define, but certainly embodies in the most graphic form. There are some good touches in this opening portion; as where the author refers to "Louis XIV., of inflated memory," and, speaking of the indifference which attended the discovery of the Mississippi, remarks, "Apparently, nobody happened to want such a river, nobody needed it, nobody

was curious about it; so, for a century and a half, the Mississippi remained out of the market and undisturbed. When De Soto found it, he was not hunting for a river, and had no present occasion for one; consequently he did not value it, or even take any particular notice of it." We are also presented with a chapter from an unpublished work by the writer, detailing the adventures of a Southwestern boy a quarter of a century ago, which places before us in vivid colors the rough, hilarious, swaggering, fighting, superstitious ways of the bygone raftsmen. Rude, sturdy, unflinching, and raw though the picture is, it is likely to stand a long while as a wonderful transcript from nature, and as a memorial of the phase of existence which it describes that will not easily be surpassed in the future. The chapter on *Racing Days* is perhaps a little disappointing, although suggestive. Then there comes a short autobiographic summary of Mr.

¹ *Life on the Mississippi.* By MARK TWAIN, author of *The Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, etc.

With more than three hundred Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

Clemens's life after he had ceased to be a pilot and several other things, and until he became a New Englander; followed by an account of the trip which he made down and up the Mississippi, twenty-one years from the time when he last sailed upon it in charge of a steamer's course. At St. Louis he found a steamer which was to stop at the old French settlements sixty miles below St. Louis. "She was a venerable rack-heap, and a fraud to boot; for she was playing herself for personal property, whereas the good honest dirt was so thickly caked over her that she was righteously taxable as real estate. There are places in New England where her hurricane deck would be worth a hundred and fifty dollars an acre. The soil on her fore-castle was quite good; the new crop of wheat was already springing from the cracks in protected places. The companion-way was of a dry, sandy character, and would have been well suited for grapes, with a southern exposure and a little subsoiling. The soil of the boiler-deck was thin and rocky, but good enough for grazing purposes." He finally concluded not to take this boat, but another, called the *Gold Dust*, upon which he was subsequently anxious to make the return trip from New Orleans; but luckily he was prevented by circumstances from doing so, for the *Gold Dust* was blown up on her way back to St. Louis, during the voyage he had intended making with her. The material offered by observations on the journey is various beyond enumeration, and much of it is extremely amusing. Hoaxes and exaggerations palmed off by pilots and other natives along the way upon supposed ignorant strangers; stories of gamblers and obsolete robbers; glimpses of character and manners; descriptions of scenery and places; statistics of trade; Indian legends; extracts from the comments of foreign travelers, — all these occur, interspersed with two or three stories of either hu-

morous or tragic import, or of both together. One of the tales thus interpolated — Ritter's Narrative — is not only complicated and ingenious in plot, but bears witness also to its author's startling power of weird imagination; and a perhaps still more remarkable thing about it is the manner in which at last it is given a sudden turn, which carries the reader away from one of the most ghastly situations imaginable with a sensation of amusement and of humorous surprise. At the same time, the story, with consummate skill, is made tributary to the main current of the book, and of the river with which it deals. Mr. Clemens is never tired of noting the extraordinary changes which take place in the course of the Mississippi and the conformation of its banks; the appearance and disappearance of islands; the sudden action of the mighty flood in making new "cut-offs," which play havoc with state boundary-lines, and playfully transfer towns from one river-bank to the other. The general reader stands in some peril of finding these observations wearisome; but just as he is on the brink of fatigue, Mr. Clemens enlivens him with a dry remark like this: "We dashed along without anxiety; for the hidden rock which used to lie right in the way has moved up stream a long distance out of the channel; or rather, about one county has gone into the river from the Missouri point, and the Cairo point has 'made down,' and added to its long tongue of territory correspondingly. The Mississippi is a just and equitable river; it never tumbles one man's farm overboard without building another farm just like it for that man's neighbor. This keeps down hard feelings." The peculiarities of local speech occasionally draw down severe condemnation from the author, who appears to be sharply on the lookout for offenses against grammar, — something that savors of ingratitude in one who has profited so well by the collo-

quial crudities upon which he now turns. In considering the cemetery at New Orleans, which is kept in very fine order, "If those people down there," at the levee or in the business streets, says Mr. Clemens, "would live as neatly while they are alive as they do after they are dead, they would find many advantages in it." Of the memorial wreaths: "The immortelle requires no attention; you just hang it up, and there you are. Just leave it alone; it will take care of your grief for you, and keep it in mind better than you can." He declares himself in favor of cremation, and considers unjustifiable the old form of burial, which preserves disease germs to such an extent that even "a dead saint enters upon a century-long career of assassination the moment the earth closes over his corpse." All this is in keeping with that grimness which is a constituent of the author's humor. There is a good deal of grimness and soberness in the

book, underlying the surface of fun and incident and panoramic diversity of scene. There is also a good deal of solid sense and of information. What the future investigation — if people of the twentieth century have any time left for investigating the past — will conclude concerning the life depicted in these pages we can conjecture only from our own impression; which is that the Mississippi has developed prosperity and misery in about even measure, and that the type of character most frequent along the line of its flow has combined with great hardiness and practical dexterity a Greek love of skillful lying and a peculiarly American recklessness of personal safety. Meanwhile we are very sure that Mr. Clemens has given us the most thorough and racy report of the whole phenomenon which has yet been forthcoming, and that much more significance is contained in it than we are able to concentrate in these few words.

THE SPANISH PENINSULA IN TRAVEL.

THERE are signs of a rediscovery of Spain by Americans. We are so greatly indebted to that peninsula for our own continent that there has always been a disposition to make some return. In spite of the antagonism between English and Spanish history, perhaps because of the picturesque contrasts, American men of letters have been drawn to Spain for subjects, and have done much toward familiarizing readers with aspects of the life there. Irving and Prescott led the way, both in historical and descriptive literature. Hay followed with a book of singular felicity, which reproduced the atmosphere of Spain as Howells's *Venetian Life* did that of Venice; and now that the tide of travel sets in that direction, we may look for

many reports of the country, varying in their character according to the taste and interest of the reporter.

For certainly one must be very limited in the range of his nature who failed to find in Spain a field for the exercise of his favorite hobby. The lover of the picturesque, the student in art, the historical student, the philologist, might each claim the country as a museum arranged for his special delectation; and the restless traveler, in search of novelty, is not likely to be driven out of Europe for a long time to come if he will but haunt this corner of it.

As an instance of the variety of occupation which a traveler may find, we have only to take up two recent books

of travel, which have little in common except a general field of observation. Dr. Vincent,¹ to be sure, does not spend all his time in Spain; he flits back and forth across the Pyrenees, remaining most of the time by the Biscayan coast, but shooting off also nearly to the Gulf of Lyons. Yet his book connects itself in the reader's mind with Spain, and by its treatment, as well as by the region which it covers, serves very well as an introduction to travel in Spain proper. Indeed, one might learn a lesson in travel in any region, from this agreeable little book. The leisurely manner in which the author hovers about the entrance to the country which he proposes to explore, the genuine interest which he takes in the historic apparatus of his work, and the good-natured indifference which he shows to the petty discomforts of travel all mark him as a sensible companion; while the simplicity of his descriptions and the absence of any obtrusive rhetoric or profound philosophic speculations give one a confidence in his honesty as a reporter. He is not conspicuously a humorist in his narrative, but he is always good-tempered, and often has a playful touch which makes the reader attached to him; as where, in describing the bathing at San Sébastian, he remarks how "some small boys, who know well that they are on forbidden ground, surreptitiously strip under the shadow of the balcony, and scamper, like frightened snipe, to hide themselves in the water."

The thorough enjoyment which this writer takes in his little excursion, and the absence of all hurry and the business of travel, have an influence upon the book greater, we suspect, than the author himself knows. It is impossible for a reader not to be strongly affected by the mood of his traveling companion, and he quickly learns whether his guide is of an anxious or of a genial

turn of mind. Dr. Vincent's enjoyment of his journey is that of an educated man, who likes all the by-play of travel, but gives his serious thought to that which demands thought. He does not weary the reader with his speculations regarding the Basques, nor with his reflections upon Lourdes or Loyola, but he recognizes the kind of interest which all intelligent readers will take in such subjects, and does not belittle them by flippancy. How well he can succeed in giving his impressions may be seen by his words after describing the monastery of Ignatius Loyola:—

"With all the stony splendors of the church, and the elaborate and costly adornments of this chapel, the effect was more than tawdry and vulgar. It went deeper than that to one who knew the history of the remarkable order which it represented. It carried with it the sense of a strong, pitiless hand laid upon the breast. To a man fresh from the robust contact of men and the healthful clash of opinion; to one with the free breath of the glorious mountains yet in his nostrils and the salt of the ocean spray scarce gone from his lips, this place was like a prison and a baby-house combined. The subtle, passionless, inexorable policy of the order seemed to have infused itself into the atmosphere. Though no warden appeared, and no attendant followed the visitor through the desolate halls, one might well feel as though a wary eye saw every movement from some secret spying-place, and that the very walls conveyed each word to a practiced ear."

The last chapter in the book is an agreeable account of Carcassonne, that precious bit of mediævalism, which ought to be put under a glass cover and preserved for our unhappy descendants to turn to when they are discontented with modern civilization. The etchings by Smillie, Gifford, and Yale add much

¹ *In the Shadow of the Pyrenees from Basque-Land to Carcassonne.* By MARVIN R. VINCENT,

D. D. With etchings and maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

to the pleasure one gets from this little book, and the maps and plans interspersed give one the satisfied feeling that he has been treated with respect and liberality.

The trighness of Dr. Vincent's volume and the modesty of its aim find an interesting antithesis in Mr. Lathrop's and Mr. Reinhart's book of travel in Spain proper.¹ From Dr. Vincent's sketches we get the impression that he was on a vacation jaunt; Spanish Vistas suggests a more deliberate, picturesque tour, undertaken for the purpose of working up a good subject, and making a special literary and pictorial report. The result, though of a different sort, leaves an equally agreeable impression of truthfulness and thoroughness. Whatever other use Mr. Lathrop or Mr. Reinhart might have made of their studies in Spain, they have given the reader in this handsome volume no merely desultory notes, but a succession of clearly defined pictures of Spanish life. They entered Spain at Burgos; went thence to Madrid, and then to Toledo; from Toledo to Cordova, and thence to Seville, Granada, and the Alhambra; they struck down to Malaga on the sea-coast, and there taking to the sea, cruised along the southern and eastern shores of the peninsula to Barcelona, where they bade good-by to Spain.

The effect of a succession of pictures is enhanced by the absence of detail in traveling from one point to another, and by the contrasts which Spain herself presents, as one shoots from city to city, leaving a place at dark, and waking at a new and strangely different place. The conglomerate character of the kingdom is well shown in the change from Castile to Andalusia, to Granada, and to Aragon, when each stride in the journey brings to light some new and strange grouping.

¹ *Spanish Vistas*. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Illustrated by CHARLES S. REINHART. New York: Harper & Bros. 1883.

Mr. Lathrop's strength is in his artistic sense of what is essential to a complete picture, and he employs words to reproduce the scenes in so decorative a manner that one is affected by the richness and suggestiveness of the phraseology. When, for example, in speaking of the people of Burgos, he says, "The splendidly blooming peasant women showed their perfect teeth at us, and the men, in broad-brimmed pointed caps and embroidered jackets, whose feet were brown and earthy as tree-roots, laughed outright," the grotesque suggestion gives a distinct touch to the picture over and above the clear description. There is indeed a constant exuberance of fancy, which serves to heighten the artistic quality of the work. The sights which are depicted are less likely to call out Mr. Lathrop's ethical reflections than his purely fanciful constructions. "As I looked," he says, when approaching the Alhambra hill, "at the rusty red walls and abraded towers palisading the hill, the surroundings became like some miraculous web, and these ruins, concentrating the threads, were the shattered cocoon from which it had been spun."

It is primarily as an artist that Mr. Lathrop views Spain; yet he has the interest also of a student in history and society, and very possibly, if he were to go again and stay longer, he would more frequently ask and answer questions. He gives, as he is bound, a faithful description of a bull-fight; but with a just sense of effect, he uses low tones in his picture, and trusts to the severity of his lines. Part of this is due, doubtless, to resolution, and part to the impression which such scenes make upon a self-possessed man of slight sympathy with mere animal excitement. The cold blood of the thing, he says, impresses him,—the business-like manner in which the brutality is carried to its conclusion; and he turns away from the spectacle with this curious bit of information: "The

utter simple-mindedness with which Spaniards regard the brutalities of the sport may be judged from the fact that a bull-fight was once given to benefit the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!"

It is, however, the picturesqueness of Spain which appeals chiefly to this writer, and the reader is not called upon to take more than a superficial view of the country. There is thus an evenness of merit in the work and a singleness of aim which render it exceedingly satisfactory. The pictures by Mr. Reinhart admirably agree with the spirit and temper of the narrative, and often enrich it in an unexpected manner. Indeed, when the text and the picture describe the same scene, each seems complete by itself, yet each often embroiders the other. In Toledo, Mr. Lathrop was amused by the drowsiness of humanity: "Men and boys slumber out-of-doors, even in the hot sun, like dogs; after sitting meditatively against a wall for a while, one of

them will tumble over on his nose, — as if he were a statue undermined by time, — and remain in motionless repose wherever he happens to strike." Mr. Reinhart saw the same group which may have suggested the description, and his humorous treatment is cleverly realistic, while his sly parenthesis is in a recumbent statue in a niche of the wall against which two of the figures are lying. The pictures throughout the book are vigorously drawn, and richly engraved. They harmonize, as we have said, with the text, and altogether the general effect of the book is so satisfying that the reader stops to consider what a happy conjunction it was which brought these two travelers together; for each saw and pictured the same subjects, the one with pen, the other with pencil. Had Mr. Lathrop also drawn, or had Mr. Reinhart also written, we please ourselves with thinking that there would not have been so fine a diverse unity.

TWO JOURNALISTS.

THE common ground on which Mr. Bryant and Mr. Weed may be said to meet seems at first sight merely conventional. Both had a long and contemporaneous career as editors of influential journals; but Mr. Bryant, in the eyes of most people, was a poet, and Mr. Weed a political manager. The occupations which they followed were their means of livelihood; the real lives which they led, and for which they will be remembered, were widely remote and distinct. Nevertheless, each was too individual a man for any mechanical separation between his vocation and his occupation, and the biography of each

offers an interesting opportunity for a comparison which may help to bring out both the common qualities of the men and their peculiarities.

It is a great pity that Mr. Bryant's autobiography should have been a mere fragment, introducing the completer narrative of his life,¹ which his son-in-law has provided; for although Mr. Godwin has probably made a fuller and more methodical record than Mr. Bryant would have cared to furnish, he has also divested the record of that personal quality which constitutes the charm of autobiography, and of which we have a glimpse in the delightful chapters con-

¹ *A Biography of William Cullen Bryant, with Extracts from his Private Correspondence.* By

PARKE GODWIN. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

tributed by Mr. Bryant. The mellowness of this autobiographic fragment, its playfulness and serenity, are the true notes of a reflective old age, and had the strain been continued the work would have been a notable one. It is not difficult to understand why Mr. Bryant left a fragment only; he might well have carried the narrative a little farther along; yet the reserve of his nature would infallibly cause him to feel a growing disinclination as he moved away from that period of childhood and youth, and the contemplation of those figures of the past, which to an old man may easily seem properties of another world and another person.

This reserve has doubtless controlled the biographer, partly through a force of personality, which would deter one who knew Mr. Bryant well from indulging in too curious observation; partly through the necessary obscurity attaching to Mr. Bryant's life. There was no mystery about his career, or his judgments of men and events; but what one man knew every one might know, and the sum of knowledge has left the world still unacquainted with Mr. Bryant. It is possible, indeed, that his was one of those natures so classic in form and style that their grace is impenetrable because wholly open; we are so wonted to the romantic conception of human life, which demands deep shadows and yields to subtle analyses, that when we come to apply our habits of mind to more rigidly classic models we set aside too lightly, as thin and superficial, a cast of human nature which is rarely fine in outline and firm in form.

Certainly, a careful reading of Mr. Godwin's *Life of Bryant* does not add to the impression which has already been formed of a man so long in the public eye. The image created by his poems and public utterances is not essentially enriched or modified by the extracts given from his private correspondence. Here and there are glimpses

of a tenderness of nature which might not be apparent otherwise to any but a very close reader of his poetry; but the general result is to deepen those familiar lines of passionless fidelity to elemental properties in literature, politics, religion, and society which have conspired to make Mr. Bryant's personality one respected and admired rather than enthusiastically loved. Enthusiasm, indeed, did follow him; but it was wrested from a long-indifferent public by the accumulation of sentiment, as the severe figure of the poet held with unswerving integrity the same characteristics in old age which had marked it in youth. It was impossible to withhold hearty applause from so venerable and sturdy a product of American democracy, and the public seemed to regard Mr. Bryant finally as a sort of human mountain.

The more one studies Mr. Bryant's career, the more do his poetry and his profession display their essential unity. The subjects of his verse were not the subjects of his editorial articles, but the man behind each was the same, and the two modes of expression have a common origin and end. Simplicity, love of truth, and a lofty conventionalism characterized both poems and political leaders. Now and then there was a verse in his poetry which had the flight of a bird in the highest ether, and occasionally in his political precepts he rose to a noble strain of patriotic fervor; but in the main there was an evenness of tone which expressed the dignity of his life and thought. There was a constant reference in his mind to certain large, elemental conceptions of nature and society; so that while he could not be called a doctrinaire in politics, he was apparently indifferent to the personal element, and moved on his way with a confidence in his political views which was born of a confidence in the order of things. Other men might look at the clock to see what time it was, but he

was satisfied with the sidereal system for a timepiece. At the outset of his career as a journalist he had something to say of the profession which might stand as a tolerable expression of his professional creed.

"The class of men," he said, "who figure in this country as the conductors of newspapers are not, for the most part, in high esteem with the community. . . . The general feeling with which they are regarded is by no means favorable. Contempt is too harsh a name for it, perhaps, but it is far below respect. Nor does this arise from the insincerity or frivolousness of their commendation or their dispraise in the thousand opinions they express in matters of art, science, and taste, concerning all of which they are expected to say something, and concerning many of which they cannot know much; as from the fact that, professing, as they do, one of the noblest of sciences, that of politics, — in other words, the science of legislation and government, — they too often profess it in a narrow, ignorant, ignoble spirit. Every journalist is a politician, of course; but in how many instances does he aspire to no higher office than that of an ingenious and dexterous partisan? He does not look at political doctrines and public measures in a large and comprehensive way, weighing impartially their ultimate good or evil, but addicts himself to considerations of temporary expediency. He inquires not what is right, just, and true at all times, but what petty shift will serve his present purpose. He makes politics an art rather than a science, — a matter of finesse rather than of philosophy. He inflames prejudices which he knows to be groundless because he finds them convenient. He detracts from the personal merits of men whom he knows to be most worthy. . . . Yet the vocation of the newspaper editor is a useful and indispensable and, if rightly exercised, a noble vocation. It pos-

sesses this essential element of dignity: that they who are engaged in it are occupied with questions of the highest importance to the happiness of mankind. We cannot see, for our part, why it should not attract men of the first talents and the most exalted virtues. Why should not the discussions of the daily press demand as strong reasoning powers, as large and comprehensive ideas, as profound an acquaintance with principles, eloquence as commanding, and a style of argument as manly and elevated as the debates of the senate?"

In the exercise of journalistic duties, Mr. Bryant acquired a somewhat more flexible style of writing. Yet the grave, formal English in which he was trained was so expressive of his nature that the above passage fairly represents the serious attitude which he always maintained toward journalism. He did not ignore personal politics, and he used a direct and forcible form of attack when engaged in political warfare; but after all, he fought constantly from behind those intrenchments of political philosophy which he believed were most necessary to defend, and most efficient bulwarks of democratic liberty. It must be remembered that journalism, when this was written, — that is, when Mr. Bryant had just succeeded to the principal editorship of the *Evening Post*, — was of a pretty acrimonious order; and though it may be doubted if Mr. Bryant had as great an influence upon the development of journalism in the country as some of his contemporaries, it is quite certain that the cool temper and even tone of his paper had a conservative power not to be despised. Mr. Bryant's democracy was of a somewhat ideal order, and more inflexible than the democracy of the party which bore the name. It was, indeed, somewhat regardless of historical movements, but, as we have intimated, was saved from the un wisdom of mere theory by its integral consistency with the whole tone of Mr.

Bryant's mind. His democratic faith was a part of the severe principle which extended to the most mechanical routine of his daily life, and so lofty was it that it becomes impossible to give it a party significance. Who would ever think of calling Mr. Bryant a war democrat! Like Wordsworth's cloud,

"Which moveth altogether, if it move at all,"

Mr. Bryant's nature comprehended professional duty, poetic inspiration, and religious faith within one consistent, large, and simple whole.

Just when Mr. Bryant was assuming full control of the journal with which his name is identified, Mr. Thurlow Weed was engaged, with the assistance of friends, in establishing the *Evening Journal* at Albany; and although he relinquished his editorial duties earlier than Mr. Bryant, the careers of the two men were substantially synchronous. We are not so ill off in our knowledge of the details of Mr. Weed's life as we were in the case of Mr. Bryant. The distaste which the poet had for a minute record of his experience gives place to a hearty and genial review¹ of his career by the political manager. Mr. Weed's autobiography shows, as Mr. Bryant's fragmentary sketch does, how significant and interesting to an old man are the incidents of early life and the circumstances out of which his education has come. Mr. Weed dwells with affectionate and lingering concern upon the sterile ground of his boyhood, and without much moralizing presents a very clear picture of the local scenes among which he moved. Both Mr. Bryant and Mr. Weed were country boys: but with Mr. Bryant the country, as a recollection, was chiefly nature; with Mr. Weed it was rustic humanity. Indeed, Mr. Weed remained to the end of his days a countryman. Not that he was wanting in the civility of cities, and

engaged in the companionship of men of the world, but he was always at home with the farmer and the legislator from the country districts. There was a homeliness in his nature which appeared in the strong local attachments which he manifested, and in his minute acquaintance with a wide range of life.

The autobiography was written at different times, under different impulses, and it bears the marks of leisureliness and of indifference to complete form. Names of men who have figured in New York politics, but are only village Hampdens to the general reader, fall from Mr. Weed's pen as if he were sitting in his editorial office, and talking uninterruptedly with friends who had been with him in interminable political contests. He is an old soldier telling over his battles, and he recites catalogues of heroes who are as real and as valiant as Homer's are to him. Mr. Weed is as minute in his political history of New York as Gilbert White in his *Natural History of Selborne*. There is the same absence of perspective, the same delightful parochialism. There is not much attempt at individualizing the persons who crowd these pages; but they are so real to Mr. Weed, and the circumstances which he relates are so vivid in his memory, that he leads the reader on and on simply by the force of his own energetic companionship.

To Mr. Weed a journal was a political instrument, and politics was a most interesting and absorbing occupation, requiring a minuteness of knowledge of men and affairs to be compared only with the detailed acquaintance which a stock-broker has with the market. The time when Mr. Bryant and Mr. Weed were most deeply engaged in journalism was one when politics in America was a passion. It was the one excitement which overbore all other occupations, once in every four years at least. As we look back upon those days, we

¹ *The Autobiography of Thurlow Weed*. Edited by his daughter, HARRIET A. WEED. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

are able to see that there was a groundswell of real political movement, and a superficial froth and fume which were thrown off by the wind and current of present feeling. It was a time when a rapidly growing nation was fitting itself not only to the land which it occupied, but to the political principles which were its birthright; when men were learning the use of that most delicate instrument of modern civilization, the ballot. It was a time, also, when the order of society was ruder and simpler, and the passions of men had freer play. If the ballot was a weapon, it was also a toy; and in the absence of those resources which a more complex society offers, politics was the opera-house, the theatre, the club, the library, the music-hall, the ball, the picture-gallery, the foreign tour, the summer sport, the dinner-party, the institute, and one may almost say the church.

Let any one acquaint himself with the circumstances of the "campaign" of 1840, and he will understand this. How it appeared at the time to our two journalists illustrates the difference in the two men. Mr. Bryant, to be sure, was on the losing side; but one does not need that fact to explain the contempt which he had for the wild nonsense of the Whig party. Mr. Godwin, in describing his work at this time, says, "Mr. Bryant was at first disposed to treat this immoral tomfoolery, which the most respectable classes promoted by a personal participation in it, with serious and indignant argument. But he soon saw that he might as well attempt to reason against the northwest wind or the tides of the sea. The only answer would have been a hurrah and a horse-laugh; and so he took the times in their own spirit, and flung at them the keenest shafts of banter and ridicule. On no other occasion were his humorous powers so frequently called into play; and his hits at the muzzled candidate, the mouthing orators, the immense pa-

rades, and the junketings, though ineffective, were among the best sallies of his pen."

Mr. Weed, on the other hand, in recalling the time, recounts eagerly the political incidents both in state and national affairs, and if we had room we should like to quote the whole of the naive narrative which relates the *coup d'état* by which New York State was wrested from the democratic party on the eve of election. The political change was effected, according to Mr. Weed, by the judicious use of money paid to him by New York gentlemen, whose names are given. They brought packages of bank-notes of various denominations, amounting to eight thousand dollars, and stood ready to draw checks for as much more as might be required.

"The election," says Mr. Weed, "was to commence on Monday morning, and to terminate on Wednesday evening. I informed them that it would be quite impossible, in so short a time, to use any such amount of money, and, after explaining what I thought might be accomplished in the brief interval before the election, took \$3000, \$1500 of which was immediately dispatched by messengers to Columbia, Greene, Delaware, and Rensselaer counties; \$1500 was reserved for Albany. . . . Thus a memorable *coup d'état*, completely revolutionizing the State, was effected, on the very verge of the election, by the thoughtfulness and liberality of a few zealous politicians in the city of New York. The secret was well kept, for until now no whisper of it has ever been heard."

The circumstance is related chiefly to give opportunity for telling an amusing "blind," by which the politicians of the other side were hoodwinked, when the news got abroad of the appearance at a strange hour of a steamboat at Albany; for the zealous politicians of New York had chartered a steamer for their purpose. All this is very well; but the

critical reader will notice that Mr. Weed does not explain to him, however carefully he may have explained to the New York gentlemen, just what was done with three thousand dollars in twenty-four hours to effect a change in political sentiment or principle in the doubtful district. Are we then hastily to accept the conclusion that the money was used corruptly? Familiarity with recent political operations would go far toward justifying one who should take such a view; but while, in the absence of fuller information, we are unable to settle the question conclusively, the real evidence is all the other way.

That is to say, the book before us is so frank, and the incidents of Mr. Weed's career are related with so much minuteness and fullness, that the reader has no great difficulty in forming a tolerably consistent conception of a man of singular force of character. Mr. Weed had great astuteness, but it is impossible, in the face of the full revelation which this book affords, to believe him a man of low cunning, least of all a man capable of glorying in such cunning. On the contrary, his very faults had the air of noble defects. He tells with evident gusto how he once "got even" with Mr. Everett, who had treated him with cool civility in London, and one begins to think him a vindictive man; but the incident, taken with others, leads one finally to regard him as a man of spirit, of long memory, and extremely jealous of his rights. To be sure, these qualities are not of the highest order: they made him an enemy to be feared, but they also made him an unflinching friend. The persistency with which he pursued his object in the extraordinary Morgan affair was a persistency which made his enemies helpless; and while, in all his political and journalistic career, he was capable of working in the dark, of keeping his own counsel, and of meeting subtlety with subtlety, his strength lay not in his adroitness, but in his steadfast-

ness and unflagging zeal. The autobiography abounds in entertaining incidents, illustrative of this quality, and illustrative also, by the way, of the circumstances of journalistic and political life at the time.

"There used to be a sharp rivalry," says Mr. Weed, "between the *Argus* and the *Evening Journal* to obtain the earliest news. The earliest copy of the President's annual message to Congress was the occasion of much solicitude. Such messages were usually received about the close of the season of navigation. On one of these occasions I went to New York to obtain the earliest possible copy of President Jackson's message. Mr. Obadiah Van Benthuyzen, one of the proprietors of the *Argus*, went to New York on the same boat and on the same errand. Colonel J. Watson Webb, one of the editors of the *Courier and Enquirer*, had been favored with a copy of the message in advance of its delivery to Congress. No other New York paper had it. Colonel Webb, then in political accord with the *Argus*, promised Mr. Van Benthuyzen the first copy printed of the *Courier*, while I was to receive the second. The steamboat *De Witt Clinton*, Captain Sherman, by an arrangement which Mr. Van Benthuyzen had made with the agent, was to delay her departure from five o'clock, P. M., until Mr. Van Benthuyzen came on board, should he be able to do so by eleven o'clock.

"My friend Captain Sherman advised me of this arrangement, adding that his orders were to have everything in readiness and cast off his lines the moment Mr. Van Benthuyzen could get on board; expressing the hope that I might also get there before the boat was out of the dock. We both passed the evening at the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, with hacks in waiting at the door. Towards ten o'clock the first proof impression of the message was taken, and handed to Mr. Van Benthuyzen, who

instantly made his exit. There was a delay of nearly two minutes before I obtained my copy. In descending three flights of stairs I found the lights extinguished, and was compelled to grope my way down. In this way I lost another minute, in consequence of which I reached the wharf to find the steamer under way about twenty feet from the dock. I learned from an acquaintance, who was standing on the dock, that a freight steamer would leave early the next morning. Proceeding to the dock of that steamer, I induced the agent to fire up and get under way at as early an hour as practicable. We were off in two hours after the departure of the *De Witt Clinton*, and reached Poughkeepsie, where both boats were detained by the ice an hour or two, after Mr. Benthuyzen had departed in the mail stage for Albany. I found Bally, a well-known and active livery-stable man, who assured me that he could overtake the stage before it reached Albany. In a very few minutes, therefore, I was seated in a cutter (for the sleighing was good) and off, express to Albany. Bally was as good as his word; for in approaching Greenbush the stage was in sight, scarcely a quarter of a mile ahead of us. Mr. Van Benthuyzen and myself ran a foot-race across the river on the ice, and the *Journal* and the *Argus* issued the message in an extra simultaneously."

A paper like the *Albany Evening Journal* probably offered a better fulcrum for a political manager than it would now. At any rate, Mr. Weed seated in the editor's chair was a power behind the throne, and his narrative gives abundant illustration of the activity with which he exercised his power. He believed heartily in the newspaper, and he used it vigorously as a means to an end. In 1841, while in Washington, he learned privately that there was a secret understanding in the Senate, under the lead of the South Carolina senators,

by which the nomination of Everett as minister to England was to be rejected. This information Mr. Weed received when calling, one Sunday evening, upon Senators Mangum, of North Carolina, and Morehead, of Kentucky. He had with him Mr. Christopher Morgan, and all four gentlemen were agreed that such a proceeding would wrong the Whig party. The senators had been under a pledge of secrecy, but had revealed the secret to the other two.

"Both senators," Mr. Weed naively says, "then became disembarassed, and a plan to avert this evil was arranged. Messrs. Mangum and Morehead said that they would either prevent an executive session on Wednesday, or, failing to do so, would get the question on Mr. Everett's confirmation postponed for a week. Meantime, Morgan and myself were to arouse a strong popular sentiment against the 'deep damnation' of rejecting the nomination of the most distinguished citizen for a position to which his eminent talents and character entitled him. We repaired to Morgan's apartment, and set ourselves to work writing 'correspondence' for Whig journals in Raleigh, N. C., Richmond and Winchester, Va., Wilmington, Del., Louisville, Ky., Baltimore, Philadelphia, Trenton, New York, New Haven, Providence, Boston, Albany, etc., followed by brief letters to influential Whigs, asking them to write to all Whig members of Congress with whom they were acquainted, protesting against the contemplated rejection. This labor was completed at sunrise, just in season to get our letters off by the morning mails. The question of Mr. Everett's rejection was laid over for a week. Meantime, indignant 'public opinion' poured in through journals and letters from so many quarters, and with such telling effect, that Mr. Everett's nomination was confirmed, nearly all the Whigs and two or three Northern Democratic senators voting for it. No one except

Messrs. Morehead, Mangum, Morgan, and myself knew what had caused that 'great commotion.'"

There are many disclosures of political secrets in the volume, but the most interesting of all is the general revelation of that species of political manipulation which found its most complete exponent in Mr. Weed, and its most perfect apparatus in the partisan press. The greater part of the volume is a more or less conscious exhibition of this; and no student of our political life can fail to find interest in the story, for it is a personal narrative of a régime which is fast becoming historical and obsolete. Political manœuvring has been bolder and coarser since Mr. Weed's day, and the changes which have taken place in society and government render exactly such a career as his no longer possible. There is an element of picturesqueness in the personal politics of his day which redeems it from grossness, and an individual value in leadership which was in part a tradition from the early days of the republic, when leaders and led were farther apart than they are now.

As the autobiography passes into the later years of Mr. Weed's life, it grows more desultory, but it also deals with larger, more vital subjects. We no longer are confronted by a host of New York village politicians, but by the names of men of historical significance. Very interesting is the whole of Mr. Weed's report of his interviews with Mr. Lincoln; the report, also, of his diplomatic journey to Europe, of his shrewd dealings with Mr. Bennett, when Mr. Lincoln sent him to convert the New York Herald; and the judgments which he passes upon the men who were in affairs are valuable and sometimes surprising. We are a little disappointed at the brief mention of Mr. Greeley; but perhaps this is due in part to the fact that some of the latter portion appeared in the form of letters to *The New York Tribune*.

The reader rises from this most interesting autobiography with an impression of the growing power of the man whose life is told in it. The polemic character of the early part of the book gives place in the conclusion to the broad, catholic judgment and charity of a man whose years had mellowed him. What was it, we ask, in Mr. Weed's disposition and education which enabled him to pass the test of an active politician's career, and issue unimpaired in conscience and integrity? If a single word can cover the answer, it would be "patriotism." In these later days, we have become used to thinking of the word in connection with the ordeal of battle; but a life like Mr. Weed's shows very clearly what a passion patriotism was in the days when the nation was gathering itself together. We do not think this power of patriotism has been sufficiently recognized in taking account of the national forces forty years ago. The country was not so large; the memory of the men who had established its order was still alive; the parties which strove in conflict had no geographical lines; there were fewer distractions in life, and a keener interest in public affairs. Mr. Weed was a patriot. He believed in his country heart and soul; and while he was a thorough partisan, his party, in his mind, was the servant of the nation. This passion for his country ennobled his political energy and gave it bent and direction. It caused that, after having been a Warwick in New York, he could go to Washington and show himself something more than merely a friend of Mr. Seward. His counsels in the critical time after Mr. Lincoln's first election were the wise counsels of a patriot, and it is entirely just to revise one's judgment of his early career by a reading of his later. No man could have brought the wisdom which Mr. Weed brought to government whose life had been one of political chicanery, for that warps and twists a man's judgment.

How strangely different were the two journalists! Yet they meet on this common ground of patriotism, after all. In a crisis, they were found on the same side; in the movements which led to the crisis they were often opposed. Their modes of working were very different: Mr. Bryant contented himself with the exposition and insistence of a few strong ideas; Mr. Weed was forever working at

his ends through men. The former has more classic dignity, the latter more human picturesqueness. In a great profession like journalism there is room for both characters; and while journalism could not hold the poet, neither could it limit the politician. Later times will furnish other types of journalists, but we doubt if there will ever be more marked contrasts in the types.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THIS confession differs from that of most criminals who are classed under the same head; for whereas house-breakers usually break into houses, I broke out. It was not a difficult exit, for there was no glass to be broken, or any occasion for a burglar's tool-box. The truth is that one night, lately, I could not sleep, and when the eastern sky began to show a tinge of light I seated myself by the window; and by the time the clocks and bells of the neighborhood struck three, I became possessed by a desire to go out-of-doors to watch the coming of the June morning, and to see the world before the sun himself, and to hear the matins of the birds from beginning to end, because I had been at best an unpunctual worshiper at this service. An occasional early waking or late falling asleep had given me a fragment of the music; but it was much like the way a foreign tourist saunters idly in at the door of a cathedral while mass is being performed.

So after I had leaned out of my eastern window for a few minutes longer, and I had heard one sleepy note from the top of an elm not far away, I dressed myself hurriedly, and took my boots in my hand, and prepared to escape. It was no easy matter, for I belong to a household of light sleepers, who are

quick to hear an untimely footfall. I stole carefully by the open doors and down the stairs, remembering fearfully that one was apt to creak, and I hardly took a long breath until I found myself out in the garden.

It was startlingly dark under the trees, and the alarmed shadows appeared to be hovering there as if to discuss the next move, and to find shelter meanwhile. A bat went by me suddenly, and at that I stood still. I had not thought of bats, and of all creatures they seem most frightful and unearthly, — like the flutter of a ghost's mantle, or even the wave and touch of its hand. A bat by daylight is a harmless, crumpled bit of stupidity; but by night it becomes a creature of mystery and horror, an attendant of the powers of darkness. The white light in the sky grew whiter still, and under the thin foliage of a great willow it seemed less solemn. A bright little waning moon looked down through the slender twigs and fine leaves, — it might have been a new moon watching me through an olive-tree; but I caught the fragrance of the flowers, and went on to the garden. I went back and forth along the walks, and I can never tell any one how beautiful it was. The roses were all in bloom, and presently I could detect the different colors. They

were wet with dew, and hung heavy with their weight of perfume ; they appeared to be sound asleep yet, and turned their faces away after I had touched them.

Some of the flowers were wide awake, however. One never knows the grace and beauty of white petunias until they have been seen at night, or, like this, early in the morning. It is when the dew has fallen that this delicate flower and mignonette also give out their best fragrance ; and if one is lucky enough to be able to add the old-fashioned honey-suckle his garden is odorous indeed. Roses need the sunshine to bring out their full beauties, though when I held my face close to the great wet clusters it seemed to me that I had taken all their store of perfume for the coming day in one long, delicious breath. The white flowers looked whiter still in the pale light, and the taller bushes were like draped figures ; and suddenly I was reminded, nobody knows why, of a long walk with some friends through the damp avenues of Versailles, when the leaves were beginning to fall, and the garden of the Little Trianon was gay with blossoms. I remembered most vividly how warm the sunshine was upon the terraces ; how empty and silent the pathetic holiday rooms ; how we strained our eyes to catch sight of the ghosts who must be flitting before us, and trying to keep out of sight, lest one of us might be a seer of spirits, and might intrude upon their peaceful existence. If there were a little noise in the court-yard, I thought it was the merry servants of a hundred years ago, busy with their every-day duties. The scent of the petunias and geraniums and mignonette was filling all the air. We were only stealing in while the tenants of the house were sleeping, or were away in Paris ; we had not even a fear or suspicion of the sorry end. It was a strange jumble of reminiscences, personal and historical, that flitted through my mind,

as I went walking slowly up and down my own New England garden, among the roses, in the middle of the night.

I could not say it was the middle of the night, or still less the dead of night, and have any respect for myself as a truth-teller. It had suddenly become morning. I sat down on one of the garden benches, and watched and listened. A pewee began his solo somewhat despairingly and without enthusiasm, and the song-sparrows tried to cheer him, or at least to make him hurry a little. The bobolinks tuned up, and the golden robins ; and presently the solos were over, and the grand chorus began. One joyful robin, who had posted himself on the corner of a roof where I could see him, seemed to have constituted himself leader of the choir, and sang and sang, until I feared for his dear life ; one would have thought he had reached bird-heaven before his time. It must have been the dawn of a long-looked-for day with him, at any rate, he was so glad to have it come at last. I remembered the young English soldier whom Howells saw at daybreak in Venice, and like him I hoped that I should know in another world how my robin liked the day's pleasure, after all.

I became very neighborly with a sober-minded toad, that gave an eager scramble from among the flower-deluges, and then sat still on the gravel walk, blinking and looking at me, as if he had made plans for sitting on the garden bench, and I was giving him great inconvenience. He was a philosopher, that fellow ; he sat and thought about it, and made his theories about me and about the uncertainty of temporal things. I dare say he comes out every morning, and looks up at the bench, and considers his ambitions and the adverse powers that thwart them, in common with many of his fellow creatures.

The colors of the world grew brighter and brighter. The outline of the trees, and of some distant fields even, became

distinct ; yet it was a strange, almost uncanny light, — it was more like looking through clear water, — and I still expected something out of the ordinary course to happen. I was not continuing my thoughts and plans of the day before, though abruptly I became conscious that one of my friends was awake, and an understanding between us sprang up suddenly, like a flame on the altar to Friendship, in my heart. It was pleasant, after all, to have human companionship, and it was difficult to persuade myself that the mysterious telegraph that was between my friend and me measured so many miles. I thought of one and another acquaintance after this, but only the first was awake and watching at that strange hour ; the rest slept soundly, and with something approaching clairvoyance I could see their sleeping faces and their unconsciousness, as I looked into one shaded room after another. How wonderful the courage is which lets us lie down to sleep unquestioningly, night after night, and even wait and wish for it ! We have a horror of the drugs that simulate its effect ; we think we are violating and tampering with the laws of nature, and make the false sleep a last resource in illness or a sinful self-indulgence. But in the real sleep, what comes to us ? What change and restoration and growth to the mind and soul matches the physical zest which does us good and makes us strong ? He giveth to his beloved *while sleeping*, is the true rendering from the Psalms.

No wonder that in the early days a thousand follies and fables and legends were based on the dreams and mysteries of sleep. No wonder that we gain confidence to approach the last sleep of all, since we find ourselves alive again morning by morning. And as for the bewildered state into which some of us fall in our later years, is not that like a long darkness and drowsiness, from which the enfeebled mind and body can-

not rouse themselves until the brightest of all mornings dawns ?

The ranks of flowers in my garden took on a great splendor of bloom, as the light grew clearer. After having watched them fade in the grayness of many an evening twilight, it was most lovely to see how the veil was lifted again at daybreak. It seemed as if the quiet June morning ushered in some grand festival day, there were such preparations being made. After the roses, the London pride was most gorgeous to behold, with its brilliant red and its tall, straight stalks. It had a soldierly appearance, as if the flower were out early to keep guard. Twice as many birds as one ever sees in the day-time were scurrying through the air, as though they were late to breakfast, at any rate, and had a crowd of duties to attend to afterward. The grand chorus was over with, though a number of songsters of various kinds kept on with their parts, as if they stayed to practice a while after service, though the rest of the choristers had thrown off their surplices and hurried away.

I had a desire to go out farther into the world, and I went some distance up the street, past my neighbors' houses ; feeling a sense of guilt and secrecy that could hardly be matched. It had been one thing to walk about my own garden, and even to cross the field at the foot of it to say good-morning to a row of elm-trees and the robins in their tops, of which incident I forgot to speak in its proper place. But if any one had suddenly hailed me from a window I should have been inclined to run home as fast as my feet could carry me. In such fashion are we bound to the conventionalities of existence !

But it seemed most wonderful to be awake while everybody slept, and to have the machinery of life apparently set in motion for my benefit alone. The toad had been a comfort, and the thought of my friend even more, if one

will believe it; and besides these, I had become very intimate with a poppy, which had made every arrangement to bloom as soon as the sun rose. As I walked farther and farther from home I felt more and more astray, and as if I were taking an unfair advantage of the rest of humanity. In one house I saw a lamp burning, the light of it paling gradually, and my glimpse of the room gave me a feeling of sadness. It was piteous that no one should know that the night was over, and it was day again. It was like the flicker of the lamp at a shrine, — an undying flame that can lighten the darkness neither of death nor of life; a feeble protest against the inevitable night, and the shadows that no man can sweep away.

A little child cries drearily in a chamber where the blinds are shut, — a tired wail, as if the night had been one of illness, and the morning brought no relief. A great dog lies sleeping soundly in the yard, as if he would not waken these three hours yet. I know him well, good fellow, and I have a temptation to speak to him, to see his surprise; and yet I have not a good excuse. He would simply wonder what made the day so long afterward; and I turn towards home again, lest some other house-breaker might go in where I have come out. A belated pewee, who appears to have overslept himself, sets up his morning song all by himself, and the pigeons, who are famous sleepy-heads, begin to coo and croon, as if they are trying to get themselves asleep again. The cocks crow again once or twice apiece all over town, and it is time to go home. The spell of the dawn is lifted; and though I cannot resist leaping the front fence instead of opening the gate for myself, I am a little dismayed afterward at such singular conduct, and take pains to look up and down the street, to make sure there are no startled passers-by.

The house is still dark, and it seems

hot after the dew and freshness of the out-of-door air; but I draw the bolts carefully, and take off my shoes and steal up-stairs. The east is gorgeous with yellow clouds; the belated pewee is trying to make up for lost time. I hear somebody in the next room give a long sigh, as if of great comfort, and I shut out the dazzling light of the sun, and go to bed again. Presently I hear the mill-bells up and down the river ring out their early call to the tired housekeepers, and I think it is a reluctant rather than a merry peal; and then I say to myself something about to-morrow — no, it is to-day — yes — but this was daylight that was neither to-morrow's nor yesterday's. And so I fall asleep, like all the rest of the world, to wake again some hours later, as much delighted and puzzled with my morning ramble as if it had been a dream.

— I have been considering the relations of the apologizer and the apologizee (if this strange verbal coinage will pass), and I find that my sympathies go out decidedly towards the latter. I do not envy him his momentary ground of vantage, though he certainly has an opportunity of displaying the rarest tact. It depends very greatly upon him whether the effort at reparation of which he is the involuntary object shall result in graceful accomplishment or in ungraceful *contretemps*. If the apologizer hesitate, or become involved in his emotions, it seems to be expected that the apologizee will haste to the rescue, and save the dignity of the occasion. His attitude should never be merely passive and receptive; it should be graciously adjusted between gentle remonstrance and reluctant assent. He should not remain silent; he should not appear to recall with circumstantial accuracy the matter of offense; nor should he seem to have forgotten it wholly, as to do so places the apologist under the painful necessity of re-stating the case. It will not do for the apologizee to take high

stoical ground, and affirm that where no injury is felt no injury exists; for what is this but arrogating a calm and invulnerable self-superiority? He should show himself to have been sufficiently hurt to find comfort in the apologizer's kindly offices; and it will be the height of generous art if he contrive to make the apologizer feel that it is himself who has acted with the utmost magnanimity, — himself who now deserves a handsome acknowledgment. Should I ever meet the genius who wrote the Book of Etiquette, I shall suggest his inserting in the next edition some remarks designed to illustrate the duties and responsibilities resting upon the apologizee. I confess I would be rejoiced to see the apology dropping into desuetude. In most cases, its use is but an aggravation of the original injury, — is, in a measure, “adding insult to injury.” It undoubtedly affords considerable relief to the offender to anticipate judgment, to plead guilty, and pronounce sentence for himself; but this is a species of selfishness. If one be heartily sorry for having given offense, surely there will be enough vitality in his persistence to hit upon some terser form of expression than that to be found in words. By the exercise of a little patience and watchfulness, he will at length make his conduct speak intelligible and perfect *amende*. There is something — perhaps we ought to respect it — which, when we would make verbal acknowledgment of our fault, and crave pardon therefor, goes against the grain of nature. It is a curious fact that I never indulge in apology without straightway feeling the need of apologizing for my apology.

— Some months ago a contributor gave an account of the sensitive plant, its nature and habits; but as this account did not include directions as to treatment, it may not be amiss to offer a few suggestions on this head. In our experience, — and we have had several

species under observation at different times, — we have found the tenderness of the plant to be directly increased by any access of tenderness in the care bestowed upon it; on the other hand, we have seen plants rendered wonderfully hardy through a little salutary neglect on the part of the gardener. What, indeed, can you expect of a tenderling, that is kept sheltered as much as possible from all vexing contact, — that the noon sun and stormy elements are not allowed to reach? Perceiving that you expect it to shrink at your touch, while you cry out with admiration of its extreme delicacy, the plant determines never to disappoint your expectation. If its phenomena were uniformly passed by unremarked, such treatment, we believe, would go far towards modifying its unhappy nature. This is one of the instances in which clemency is cruelty; since to humor your sensitive friend is to help confirm him in the error of his ways. If you follow our advice, when the plant exhibits signs of agitation you will not protest that you spoke or acted with the best intention in the world; you will not dwell upon the fact of your continued esteem and affection for the injured one, nor will you denounce yourself for a miserable blunderer. On the contrary, if you can bring yourself to the point of behaving with crispness, — nay, even with some barbarity, — do so, and deserve credit for your courage and candid benevolence. Tell your friend that he is not a sensitive plant, but a nettle, whose irritable papillæ both wound and are wounded, whoever ventures near. If your patient has a right constitution, he will thrive under this heroic treatment, and be grateful, by and by, for the rigor practiced by his physician. The man who labored under the delusion that he was glass, on being restored to sanity, ought not to grumble over the contusions given him in order to dispel his vitreous theory.

— I believe that I am not without the sympathy of many friends when I say that there should be a reform in the custom of making calls. The pleasant fashion of paying an afternoon visit, or spending half an hour of the morning with some friend whom one really wishes to see and to be with, has fallen into sad disgrace. In nine cases out of ten, the people who come to see us do it simply out of ceremony. We wait until our conscience cannot longer bear the thought of the length of the list of society debts, and then start out to strike as many names as possible from the list; feeling that fortune has favored us when we discover that our acquaintances have also chosen that afternoon for being abroad, and that, instead of having comfortable little talks with three or four friends, we have been able to leave our cards at a dozen or fifteen doors.

It is a pity that we do not make this custom a wholly ceremonious one, and conduct it by means of cards. Even with the appointment of one day in a week we find ourselves little helped, though that is much the most sensible way of avoiding the evil of having one's time broken in upon ruthlessly and needlessly every afternoon in the week. A most wise and sympathetic woman was once heard to cry out in despair that she thought nobody had a right to steal her time any more than her money; and that people should no longer come without excuse to stay with her for an hour or two, and with excuse there should be some sort of permission given or appointment made.

If a lady goes much into society, and does her part in receiving guests in her turn, there will inevitably occur some opportunity or other, in the course of the season, when she will meet, either in her own house or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, most of her acquaintances. Those who are not met in this way will either be invalids or busy souls who can spare but little time to pleasure. There

is one other class, — those who are never met except in the exchange of ceremonious visits. Now this seems quite idle, — that we should feel bound to carry on the time-squandering fashion of a mock friendship. We either know people, or we do not; we are either associated and linked with them in some useful and purposeful way, or we are simply feigning it.

The present writer would be the last person to overlook the delights and satisfactions of intercourse with friends, even of stray interviews with our fellow creatures, which give us an opportunity to see the workings and the inner trials and purposes of their lives. Such talks are most helpful and delightful, and may give us a chance of helping and pleasing in our turn. Country life is the better for seeing everything one can of the outside world and of one's associates and neighbors; else it becomes narrowed and selfish. City life should be as much sheltered and keep as much privacy as it can; else it becomes broken and purposeless and unsatisfactory, and at the mercy of idlers and of the thousand demands of every-day life which of necessity assail it. A great deal of our fancied duty to our neighbor and our recognition of her existence can be done by cards, at any rate. There is exactly time enough for those things which are really our duty. We ought to be quick-witted enough to know them as they come, and sensible enough not to fret at the occupations which must be pushed aside.

— It is on a day like this that a poet should come into the world. To be born under such a sky, to open the eyes to such a light, and to draw in with the first breath an air like this, it seems, should be enough to gift and consecrate a soul for the poet's lifelong dream of beauty and of love. It is almost enough to make poets of us who have had no short experience of the rude prose of earthly existence. The memory of the burden

and heat borne through sad and toilsome days is charmed away, and we feel ourselves new born, as it were, into some happier sphere, and rebaptized with a spirit of fresh delight. It cannot but be believed that one source of the joy of the divine life must lie in the exercise of the creative energy that has made and is forever making the beauty of the earth. We human beings have intimations of the same, — poets and painters, I mean, and all who live to express, even imperfectly, what they see and feel of the natural beauty surrounding them, and their imaginative conceptions of the beauty we call ideal. Biographers tell us that poets and painters are no happier than the rest of mankind; that some, indeed, have been far less blessed than commoner men. Surely it was not in virtue of their artistic endowment that they were unhappy, but in spite of it. No doubt a finer sensibility is a two-edged sword, opening opposite ways to pleasures and to pains. The same thing is true of all men according to the measure of their susceptibility; yet what but this capacity for receiving impressions of supersensuous things makes the life of the civilized man more worth having than that of the savage? To have desires after the higher joys, though often ungratified, is better than to exist as the beasts. For a like reason, it is not altogether a pain to feel on such a day as this the stirrings of soul which for the real poet are the prelude to a burst of song, but which for the great majority of the ungifted mean nothing more than to let us know that we are of kin, though far off, with him. The longing to express ourselves, to utter our thoughts, our feelings, — it may be it is not always the restless movement of vanity; who knows but it is the sign of an inner struggle toward the light of an embryonic sense or faculty yet to be developed somewhere, at some time?

The reason why one would be grateful for the gift of artistic utterance on a

day like this is the sense of its beauty as a fleeting thing, that one longs somehow to hold and keep for one's self and others. Summer will be a joy forever to man while the earth endures, but each beautiful day of it is short-lived. The serene blue of the sky, made lovelier by quiet clouds of silver and faint gray; the clear, sweet light and mellow shades; the big bright bees, — it is easy to catalogue these things, but that is not to make them seen and felt. A landscape painter who had the skill to put into his picture the true atmospheric quality of the scene could reproduce a part of it, but he could not give the shifting of the shadows on the hill slopes and the river, nor the passing into one another of the luminous grays and pearly whites of the cloud-heaps. A poet could describe it better; a musician could fill us with the sentiment of the whole. I remember a bit of music of Schumann's, "*Mai, lieber Mai*," a haunting little melody, which at any moment will bring up all the sweet, half-melancholy longing of early spring. And there are lines, or even single epithets, of the poets that take us out-of-doors at once, and make us feel the air and sunshine, and give us definite vision of place, season, and hour. Here are two clear pictures in half a dozen of Browning's lines: —

"Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles,
On the solitary pastures where the sheep,
Half asleep,
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight."

"The gray sea and the long black land,
And a yellow half-moon, large and low."

There is a beautiful series of such word pictures in Tennyson's *Palace of Art*; his verse, indeed, is everywhere full of them.

The birds, their flights and their singing, are a part of to-day's deliciousness. I think that hardly even Shelley has sung a bird-flight as it ought to be sung. Is there anything more fascinating than to watch that free, swift taking of the

whole wide air? I positively envy the little creatures, though it is likely their enjoyment of the actual sensation no more than equals our imagination of it. I would like to be a sea-gull, or an eagle, or any bird that visits the high places of the earth, where the barriers and bounds of space seem to be done away with. In reading the poets I like to come on passages that give broad outlooks and large suggestions; they are rarer than pictures of detail. Browning, greatest of modern masters, has them both. If he were a smaller poet, — to utter a commonplace, — he would appear larger in the eyes of many; but when his constant readers note what he can do in certain directions, they understand that if he does no more on those ways it is only because he does not choose; he cares for so many more things than mere picture-making. Others can paint as well as he, but who better than he does sometimes? Take the little song in Paracelsus, beginning,

“The river pushes
Its gentle way thro’ strangling rushes.”

That is one manner; in another and larger one is the passage of the same poem,

“From the east, fuller and fuller
Day, like a mighty river, is flowing in;”

and this from *Two on the Campagna*:

“The champaign, with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air, —
Rome’s ghost since her decease.”

There is no lack of companions for our out-of-door excursions, and we may choose them to suit our taste. There is Chaucer, cheerful as the sunshine, ready to enliven the way with tale-telling; Cowper for those who like his wild society; and Wordsworth for those who do not object to his sermonizing tendency. There are our own hearty Lowell and Emerson and Whittier, who can tell us secrets of out-door nature as well as of the nature of humankind. It is said of Rossetti by his friend Mr. Watts that he

had no genuine affection for the natural world, — a strange want in a poet who nevertheless has sometimes noted natural effects with a keen perception and a fine and firm reproductive touch. Mr. Watts, it seems to me, must be right in ascribing to this defect in Rossetti’s nature some part of his morbid melancholy. It is a rather curious affiliation that some have found between this poet and Keats, who loved Nature, though with small opportunity for knowing her. To digress a little, I lately read an essay on *The Grand Style* in poetry, in which notably fine examples of this style were given from Milton, Matthew Arnold, — whose verse, by the way, has at times a fine out-door quality, — and others. Rossetti might have furnished the writer with one or two noteworthy instances, as in the little poem of *The Sea Limits* and the sonnet called *Retro me, Sathana*. It seemed strange that Browning, too, should not have been cited in this connection, since his poetry assuredly contains passages which would have illustrated the writer’s theme. Browning’s manner is often wanting in the composure which is one of the marks of the style called “the grand,” but for the reason that he is commonly speaking not out of his own personality, but dramatically, through that of a fictitious character. The writer denied to Shelley the possession of a grand style, except in one or two instances, such as the closing lines of *Alastor*. However that may be, Shelley, too, is an out-of-door poet, in his own peculiar fashion. He spent much of his time, we know, among woods and waters, that often furnished the direct inspiration of his verse. His poetry would seem to show that he had more affinity with the elements of the natural world than with humanity; not that his love for his kind was not both genuine and deep, but in his verse human nature is treated always in the large, and more in the abstract than the concrete. As

he writes in one of the letters lately collected in a volume of the Parchment Library, "As to real flesh and blood, you know I don't deal in those articles; you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as expect anything human or earthly from me." He is speaking here in reference to his *Episychidion*, but what he says applies more generally. To go abroad with Shelley is somewhat like getting into a balloon for an excursion in mid-air, or being invited to climb with him to some tremendous elevation, whence he will show us all the kingdoms of the world, ancient and new. Since he will probably begin straightway to declaim against these and pour shame on all their glory, some of us may not care to undertake these more formidable expeditions in his company; in which case, we can suggest his leading us instead to the hidden abode of the beautiful Witch of Atlas, or taking us with him in his boat for a sail upon the Serchio.

— It promised to be a hot day, when, having waked half breathless at a very early hour, I looked out at the sky. A still, noontide heat (painted dark) pervaded the air. Those old associates of the long winter nights, the Pleiades, Taurus, and Orion, seemed strangely astray in that sultry heaven. Not a frosty shaft or piercing eye-glance from any of the troop; instead, I thought of hot coals dully glowing through ashes, or of "seeds of fire" sown in smoke. There was little heralding of the morning on the part of the birds; only a faint voice here and there, listlessly protesting at the prospect of heat. The trees were as motionless in all their branches as though an enchanter's wand were held over them. The sun came up so fiercely thirsty that all the dew scarcely availed to slake his very earliest beams. But before long, more than one flower had drooped its devoted head, like another Hyacinth wounded by the golden quoit. Even the brave

and hardy grass appeared to lose vital color, and to shrink under the steady glare.

On such a day the birds are silent, yet there is no lack of musicians to fill up the rests. Chief among these substitutes is the harvest-fly (often called locust).

"He takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights."

I should not wonder, indeed, if this be the very insect which Anacreon hailed as "happy;" it is certainly "fleshless" and "bloodless," and has its habitation in a tree, in which particulars it corresponds with the subject of the ancient ode. Just at the climax of its harsh roundelay, the harvest-fly throws in a few notes imitating the chirp of the smallest and shrillest of the sparrow tribe. I could fancy the fervid, incessant sound had a heating effect upon the atmosphere; that, as the insect mounts his scales, the thermometric current rises accordingly. The tremolo to the ear is repeated to the eye in the constant quivering seen above distant fields, the air seeming to be pierced through and through with keen stilettos of sound.

Insect life asks only for a sunshine holiday; no hour so hotly shining that it cannot be improved. From my place in the shade, I watch with lazy interest the career of a large butterfly, — a rich Ethiopian, with gorgeous decorations. In the parched and discouraged garden, only one flower offers him any attraction: this is a poor, stunted, crimson verbenas, about which Sir Butterfly hovers for an instant, and then is off on a zigzag tour of the garden. Wherever he goes, he always returns to keep tryst with the flattered verbenas, as who should say, "I find nothing so sweet as you; you are indeed my none-such." Also, as I sit under my favorite tree, and look up at its goodly canopy, studying its scalloped and pointed border, I be-

come curiously interested in the company of flies hovering under the branches. These insects appear to be ranged along an imaginary barrier, and to be beaten back whenever they attempt to cross it; or one might suppose they are each held by an invisible string, which pulls them in check when they have gone its full length. I would like much to know the purpose of these mysterious hoverings, which the observer finds after a while to be exceedingly sleep-inducing.

At noon, when our tent of shadows has contracted to the utmost, and when all nature seems to be patiently enduring, how still is the world about us, or through what a somnolent medium all sounds reach us! The cicada chorus has become pleasantly droning and confused; "that flying harp, the honey-bee," passes us with a lulling air; as in a grotesque dream, we find ourselves listening to the conversational tones of the poultry, and discovering a wonderful likeness to human parley in the *sotto voce* remarks exchanged by chattering and partlet over their noonday meal. Or perhaps in the distance we hear the moaning of a threshing-machine; a sound which is like the wind breathing through a crevice, a first fore-runner of autumn, a good accompaniment for a Lityerses or Linus song, or other lament at the passing of the season. It is a still world to the eye, also, no wind stirring grass or foliage; any moving object far away in the fields being quickly remarked. The whisking of tails, where the cows are fighting flies in yonder pasture, is rather absurdly conspicuous, in the utter quiet of the landscape.

Ninety in the shade! The birds ought long ago to have retired to the densest woodlands they know of, the fish to the deepest root-roofed recesses of the creek, and the crab to the very bottom of his damp cellar. Are they all under shelter? It is well; there was no time to lose.

"Hither rolls the storm of heat;
I feel its finer billows beat
Like a sea which me infolds."

Thus sings the poet of all serenity. I may some time have questioned crudely the fitness of the storm figure, but do so no longer; for I am convinced the dynamic marks were well put in.

— In this country, where traveling is not always interesting, especially in the Western country, where the day's journeys are like reading one page of a book over and over, it is a good plan to consider a comfortable method of spending one's time. Reading is the first and best way of occupying the mind; but many persons cannot read in the fast-moving and jarring railway train without serious damage to their eyesight. Everybody does not find games with cards agreeable. I for one hold that nothing can possibly be duller. I always get thinking of something else, and have to be reminded when it is my turn to play.

Sometimes I take it upon myself to name all my fellow travelers, and this is no such trifling undertaking as one might suppose it to be. There is always a certain correspondence between a man and his name. He grows to resemble it more and more. It is not that one learns to associate the two; for it is sometimes possible to guess what the name is, after a careful survey and consideration of the person's appearance. Whether christening is a greater responsibility than has been believed, and a name is a sort of rudder which steers us through life, is, to say the least, an unsettled question. It is very good fun to try to recall some former journey, and follow one's self through its successive stages; but many persons only find amusement in looking out of the windows, and idly taking note of the scenery and inhabitants. Some one once invented a railway game at which two can play together, or several persons can take sides. It is certainly a good

way to beguile a weary hour for impatient children. One chooses one side of the railway, and one the other, and counts two for a red cow, two for a spotted one, three for a horse, and four for a dog, and so on, with high numbers attached to improbable beasts or birds. It is needless to say that it is an excellent sum in addition, and that the one who gets the highest number in an hour wins the game. It really grows exciting toward the last, for the one who is ahead may be hindered by an unpopulated waste of water, alongside the track, and during the passing of it his opponent catches up triumphantly.

My own favorite diversion is trying to see a freight car marked with a certain number. I have never succeeded in finding it, after several years of search. I do not know why I chose 4711, which is the well-known number of a brand of cologne water; but having once done so, I shall never spend even a half hour on the railroad without hoping to see it. Once, in London, I saw the mystic figures on a hansom cab, and it gave me great satisfaction. I think all the 4711 freight cars have found me out, and have escaped together to Texas, or some far corner of the country, where I am not likely to go.

— Not long ago, after reading Kit Marlowe's *The Passionate Shepherd* to his Love, I turned to *The Nymph's Reply*, by the Philosophic Muse of Raleigh, and read that also. While meditating the two, I became aware that a third voice, light, inconsequent, and yet not without its note of sincere regret, had joined the musical dialogue. The voice and the mood it uttered; the troublous self-consciousness; the desire yet inability to return to first principles; the wistful regard toward Arcadia, crossed by a humorous sense of having outgrown the prime conditions of Arcadian life, — all seemed strangely familiar, and I have since concluded that what I heard must have been

THE REPLY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

ACROSS the ages, blithe and clear,
I hear thy song, O shepherd dear!
Thy suit I hear, and sigh, alas,
That words so sweet must vainly pass.
I cannot come and live with thee, —
Shepherd, thy love I cannot be:
For thou art constant, plain, and true;
I, fond of all that 's strange and new, —
Exotic gardens, gems of price,
And trappings rich and skilled device,
And speed that vies with wingéd winds,
Yet runs too slow for vanward minds!
Soon would I drain thy promised joys,
Soon would despise thy country toys;
In each thy gifts would find some flaw:
A posied cap, a belt of straw,
A lamb's-wool gown, a kirtle fine,
Not long would please such heart as mine.
Thy trilling birds would soon become
So irksome I should wish them dumb,
And in the tinkling waterfall
I'd hear but vexéd spirits call.
With Gorgon looks I'd turn to rocks
Thy merry fellows and their flocks.
Shouldst thou a bed with roses strew,
And line it with the poppy, too,
Thy tenderest care would never do, —
Some hateful thorn would still prick through!
In riddles I would ever speak,
And puzzle thee with whim and freak.
I am distrustful, veering, sad;
With subtle tongue I'd drive thee mad:
And so, for very love of thee,
Shepherd, thy love I will not be!

— While the veteran reader of newspapers scans with satisfaction the bristling column of telegraphic news, does he ever reflect that, since his paper was issued, other dispatches, some of them quite contradictory to previous ones, have been arriving; and that even as these were being communicated by the wires decisive events were "transpiring," soon to be reduced to telegraphic terms, and startle the world with their novelty and unexpectedness? 'Tis not probable that the reader of newspapers troubles himself with any such absurd speculation, making the printed sheet stale while still damp from the press. Yet the thoughtful subscriber to the *Times* and the *Eternities* habitually reads with this cautious reservation; interpreting relatively, not absolutely, the engaging caption "latest dispatches."

"Every hour adds unto the current arithmetic, which scarce stands a moment." Every hour brings fresh intelligence, compared with which the bulletins of an hour ago seem trivial and irrelevant. The commissioner may make a faithful but not an exhaustive report on any given subject; one comes after him who has made more recent investigation, or whose eye was opened to see what he could not see. *Later advices* are always arriving. Our after-thoughts are an infinite series. Just as we think we have made a complete inventory of our cogitations, and are about to submit the list, comes up something pat and close related, which we cannot afford to count out. It is a lame result that gives a remainder greater than the divisor. I suppose that the writer of an elaborate volume might subscribe *FINIS* with as haunting a sense of the incompleteness of his work as he might have who had treated the same subject in a

single brief essay. These later advices are very insistent. The naturalist cannot write the biography of a flower, a bird, or an insect, but the next day some of the creature's neighbors will be dropping in with bits of interesting gossip about the biographee; or, worse yet, with denials of certain statements contained in the history. Long after he had finished the poem, the poet heard the muses singing "*complemental verses*," which, to have heard before in their proper sequence, he would have given all his laureate hire. Condense as we may, there are always some volatile and delicate atoms of philosophy or of fancy that escape the condensing process. Sublimated in some mysterious way, they afterwards fall in clear crystalline grains, but too late to serve our special purpose. It scarcely becomes us to treat contemptuously half-truths, when we get all our truths in fractional remittances at uncertain intervals.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. The series of *The Navy in the Civil War* (Scribners) is continued by *The Atlantic Coast*, by Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, and *The Gulf and Inland Waters*, by Commander A. T. Mahan. The former naturally treats of the two great centres on the Atlantic, Port Royal and the North Carolina coast; and Admiral Ammen had the advantage of commanding a vessel in the battle of Port Royal, and also of being present in the two bombardments of Fort Fisher. Commander Mahan's volume treats of the Mississippi Valley, the battles of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, and Mobile, and also of operations on the Texas shore and on the Red River. — From Gettysburg to the Rapidan, by Brigadier-General Andrew A. Humphreys (Scribners), was intended originally to form a portion of the author's volume in the Campaigns of the Civil War, but was omitted because of the bulk of that volume. It is a compact narrative, with almost no comment. — *English Towns and Districts* is the title which Mr. E. A. Freeman gives to a volume in which he has collected about thirty papers, contributed originally to the *Saturday Review* and other journals and magazines. (Macmillan.) They are special studies illustrative

of early English and Welsh history, and are of archaeological interest chiefly. There are several illustrations from Mr. Freeman's own drawings and from photographs. — Mr. George Meade issues through Porter and Coates a pamphlet upon the question, Did General Meade desire to retreat at the Battle of Gettysburg? which is a vigorous reply to the assertions which have their latest presentation in General Doubleday's volume, in the Campaign series. — The Brooklyn Bridge is a reprint, in Harper's Franklin Square Library, of historical and descriptive papers previously published in Harper's periodicals. — The Puritan Conspiracy against the Pilgrim Fathers and the Congregationalist Church in 1624 is a pamphlet, by John A. Goodwin (Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston), which treats of Lyford and Oldham, and their underhand attempts to capture the Plymouth Colony.

Poetry. An *Idyl of the War*, *The German Exiles* and other Poems, by Ellwood L. Kemp (Potter, Philadelphia), draws chief inspiration from the Pennsylvania Germans. We should like the author to try the effect of printing his *Idyl of the War* as prose, and see what minute changes only

would be required. It could be read aloud without creating any suspicion that it was blank verse. — *Pedantic Versicles*, by Isaac Flagg (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is a little volume of verse by a student in the ancient classics, who has sometimes amused himself, sometimes touched his lyre with more serious intent. We doubt if he sets a high value on his *jeux d'esprit*, but he would have a right to linger a little, as we have done, over his first song of Eros. — *Poems Antique and Modern*, by Charles Leonard Moore (John E. Potter, & Co., Philadelphia), has all the attractiveness of print and binding which an author can well desire. It is made agreeable to the eye and hand, and the smoothness of the verse agrees with the externals. Even the taste gets its satisfaction, as in the line,

"And jellied treasures of some summer task."

— *Poems, Songs, and Ballads*, by X. Y. Z., is a quarto pamphlet, printed by Frank N. Pettit at Jarvis, somewhere in Canada, apparently. While looking for the poetry we came across some good advice to parents as to their treatment of children: —

"And should another in a plight,
Caused by a tumble or a fight,
Startle you with a gory nose,
And soiled and even tattered clothes,
Chastise him not with hand or cane,
For he has quite sufficient pain."

— *Catiline*, an historical play in three acts, and *The Rival Runners*, a farce in one act, by Arthur J. O'Hara, are published in a little pamphlet, by Stephen Mearns, New York. — *Poems of History* (M. W. Ellsworth & Co., Detroit) is an anthology, chosen and annotated by Henry A. Ford, in which are collected poems by the most famous poets of all ages, relating to most notable nations, eras, events, and characters of the past, from the time of Adam to the year 1883. So reads the title-page. The design is a good one, but in trying to cover all the period from Adam to Peter Cooper the compiler has sometimes sacrificed his idea of securing the most famous poets.

Biography. In the series of *English Philosophers* (Putnams) the latest volume is *Shaftesbury and Hutcheson*, by Thomas Fowler. The close relation of the writings of the two men is the reason for treating them in a composite volume. The author recognizes the secondary place which they occupy in a history of philosophy, but justly contends that secondary men have played too important a part in the development of special phases of philosophy to be left in neglect. — *Twelve Americans*, their lives and times, is a volume of biographical sketches, by Howard Carroll (Harpers), of men eminent in various professions, when the biographies first appeared in the columns of the *New York Times*. Mr. Carroll appears to have followed his own taste in collecting sketches of Seymour, C. F. Adams, Cooper, Hamlin, Gilbert, Schenck (not the Bitters Schenck), Douglass, Allen, Thurman, Jefferson, E. B. Washburne, and Stephens. From the nature of the work it is necessarily somewhat eulogistic in tone, as well as limited by the fact that the subjects were living when their lives were written; but the style is ani-

mated, and Mr. Carroll supplies the reader with many suggestive facts. — In the serial *Topics of the Time* (Putnams), the second number is devoted to *Studies in Biography*, and contains seven papers from English reviews, upon Gambetta, Swift, Miss Burney, Wilberforce, George Sand, and other topics. The editor might do good service by making up his numbers from obscure journals, special pamphlets, and small books, more commonly found in England than here. — *George Sand*, by Bertha Thomas, is the third in the series of *Famous Women*. (Roberts.) There is added also a paper by Justin McCarthy, reprinted from *The Galaxy*. Miss Thomas does not trouble herself to use much discrimination in her eulogy. — *The Life of Schiller*, by Heinrich Düntzer, translated by Percy E. Pinkerton (Macmillan), is a full and orderly biography, abundantly illustrated by wood-cuts, and is every way acceptable; for English readers as well as German have lacked the completeness of knowledge about Schiller which they have had about Goethe.

Literature and Criticism. *Studies in Literature* is the title of a number of the serial *Topics of the Time* (Putnams), which contains half a dozen papers drawn from English reviews upon *American Literature in England*, — *The Bollandists*, *The Humorous in Literature*, and other subjects. — A second edition has been published of W. Y. Sellar's work on *Virgil* (Macmillan), which was designed originally as one of a series of the *Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*, but has never been followed by a *Horace*, although, as our readers know, the author has published a most acceptable work on the *Roman Poets of the Republic*. This volume is a critical and biographical work on *Virgil*, the critical element greatly predominating, and occasion is taken to discuss freely other aspects of Latin literature. — *Two volumes of Essays*, by F. W. H. Myers, have been published (Macmillan): one devoted to classic subjects, and treating of Greek oracles, *Virgil*, and *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*; the other to modern subjects, which are chiefly literary, although theology and history are incidentally treated in a paper on *Ecce Homo* and *Mazzini*. Mr. Myers is always a thoughtful and earnest writer, and the reader of these essays will be made to perceive the character of the best contemporary criticism in England. — *The Greek and Latin Inscriptions on the Obelisk-Crab in the Metropolitan Museum*, New York, is a monograph in scholarship by Augustus C. Merriam, adjunct professor of Greek in Columbia College. (Harpers.) It is in the form of a report to President Barnard.

Travel. From the *Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules* is a volume of observations on Spain, its history and people, by Henry Day (Putnams), who carries to Spain no special equipment for bringing back the best which Spain offers. There is a commonplaceness about the work which seems unnecessary in these days of really good travel-writing.

Theology, Philosophy, and Morals. *The Lamb in the Midst of the Throne*, or the *History of the Cross*, is an octavo volume of five hundred pages, by James M. Sherwood. (Funk & Wagnalls, New

York.) It is the work of an old clergyman, no longer in pastoral service, who was once editor of *Hours at Home*, and undertakes to pass in review the philosophy of redemption. Mr. Sherwood sees everything in literature and art around him going wrong; he believes in a future redemption of the world, but somehow fails to discover any of the redemptive process now going on, simply because his own traditional conception of the redemptive power is not so generally accepted as he could wish. But a theology which has the remoteness of Mr. Sherwood's interpretation does not seem a ground of immediate hope.

Social Economy. Handbook for Hospitals, (Putnams) is an issue by the State Charities Aid Association, and is intended to give in compact form the latest and most sensible hints regarding the structure and care of hospitals, with special reference to the needs of small towns and villages. The book will do good, and we hope it may help to establish a preference for small hospitals in the place of great caravanseries. — The Engineering News Publishing Co. of New York has issued Statistical Tables from the history and statistics of American water-works, compiled by J. J. R. Cross, consisting of an alphabetical list of towns which have a public water supply, with the number of population, date of construction of works, by whom owned, source and mode of supply, cost of works, bonded debt, rate of interest, and officers of works. — The Control of Defective Sight on Land and Sea, with especial reference to the subject of color-blindness, is a résumé of what has been done in this country and abroad toward arriving at proper legislative action. It is a pamphlet issued from the office of The Railway Review, Chicago, and containing the editorial articles which have appeared in that journal upon the subject. The editor urges legislative action, and insists that the railways are powerless without it.

Text-Books and Education. Mr. Rolfe has ac-

companied his school Shakespeare with two volumes upon the same plan, devoted, one to the Sonnets, the other to the Poems. It can hardly be said, however, that they belong to a school edition, for he has published *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece* without change. — *Two Shakespeare Examinations*, with some remarks on the class-room study of Shakespeare, by William Taylor Thom (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is a most interesting volume, illustrative of work done by young women in a Southern college, and full of suggestion to teachers and students. The book has also a pathetic interest, delicately hinted at by the author and editor. — A *Robinson Crusoe* for schools has been edited by W. H. Lambert. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The editing has been in the omission of some parts and condensation of others, as well as in the expurgation of gross terms and allusions. These last, however, are exceedingly few. We should treat with more suspicion the editor's statement that "the long and involved sentences which characterize the writers of the age of Defoe have been cast into a simpler form, while the diction of the author has been carefully preserved;" but we welcome so good an addition to school-books as a cheap *Robinson Crusoe*.

Fiction. In the *No Name* series (Roberts), the latest volume is *Princess Amélie*, which is in the form of an autobiography; the scene being laid in the French Revolution. — In the *Round Robin* series (Osgood), *His Second Campaign* is a story of North and South: the first campaign having been of war, the second of love. — *Those Pretty St. George Girls* (Peterson) is a silly story of so-called English society. — In the *Transatlantic* series (Putnams), *Her Sailor Love*, by Katharine S. Macquoid, may be commended on the score of the author's name. — *X. Y. Z.* is a detective story, by Anna Katharine Green (Putnams), wherein a mystery is propounded, deepened, and solved in less than a hundred pages.